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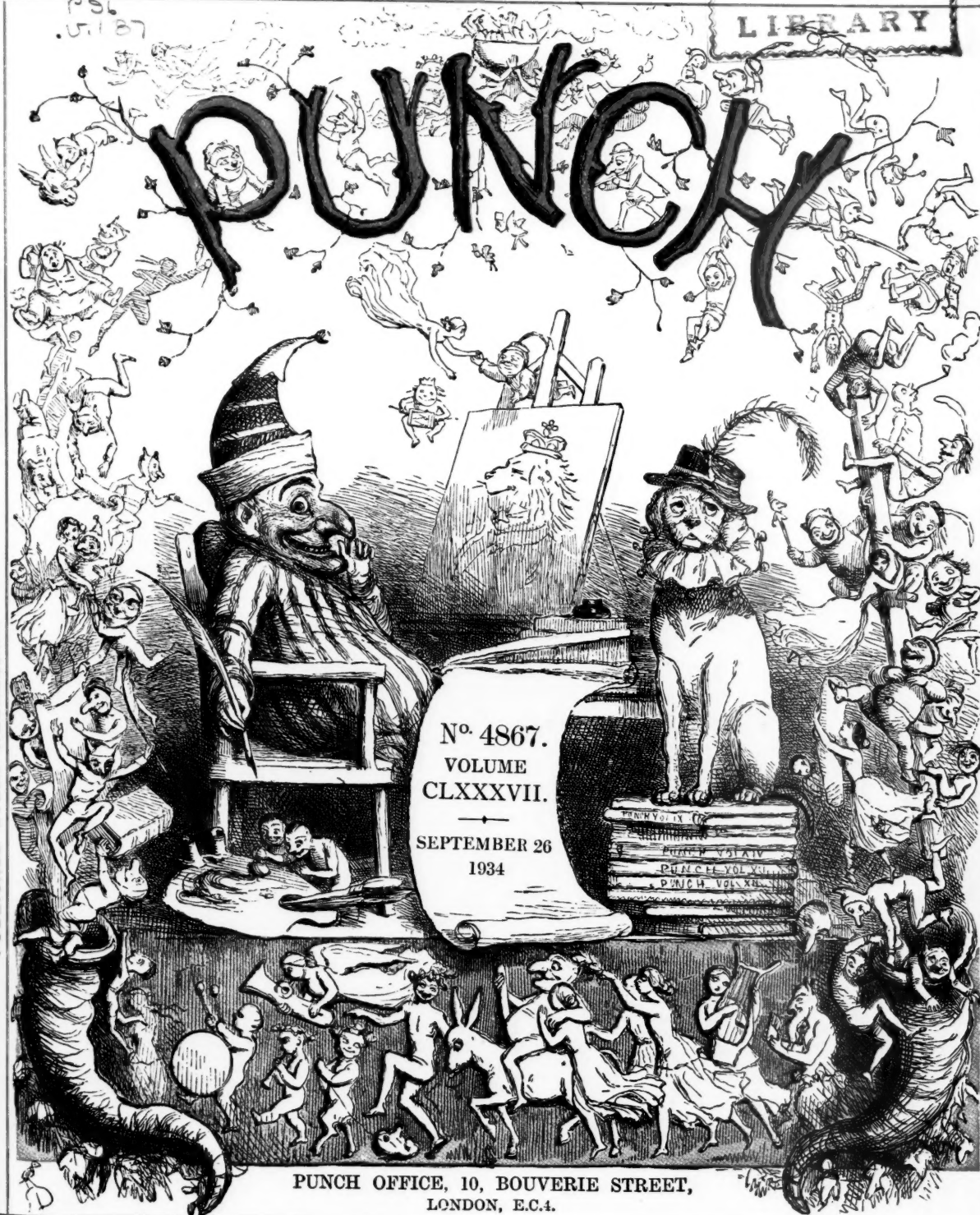
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**PUNCH**

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**"Triplex" throughout**  
*on the Big Six* **VAUXHALL**

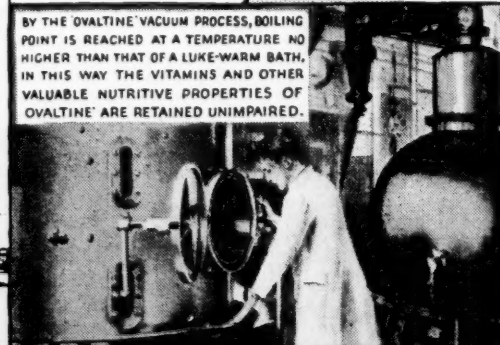
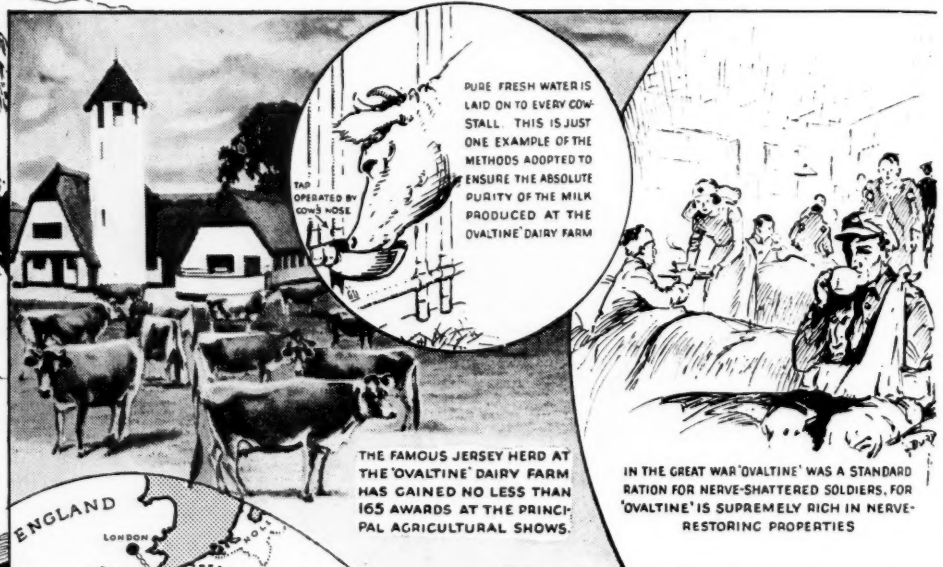
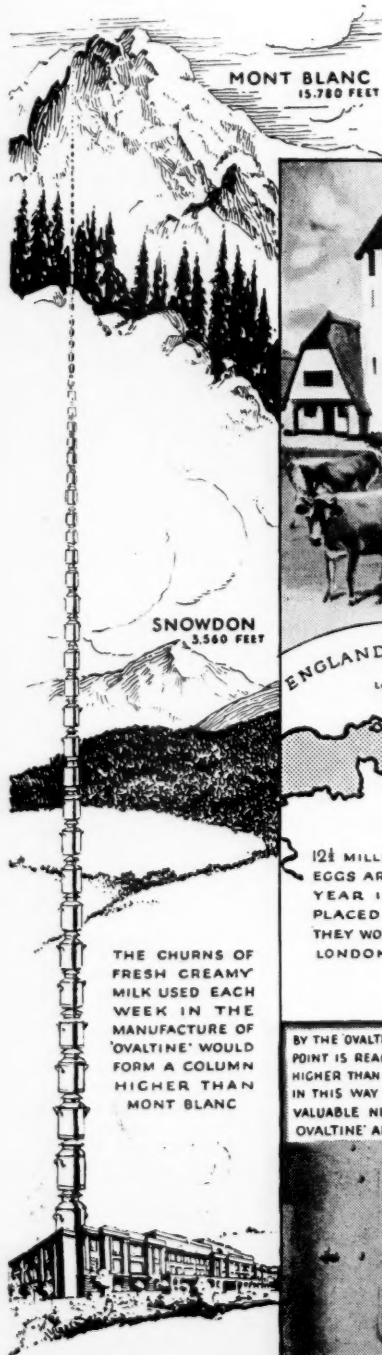


# Did you know

*these interesting Facts about*

## 'OVALTINE'

*The Supreme Beverage for Health*



THE interesting facts illustrated here give some idea of the widespread demand for 'Ovaltine,' the extreme care and thought which attend every detail of production, and the exceptional manufacturing resources available.

The 'Ovaltine' Factory, Dairy Farm and Egg Farm are organised on the most modern lines. They play important parts in ensuring the supremely high quality of 'Ovaltine' and in producing it at the lowest possible cost.

Scientifically prepared from the finest malt, milk and eggs, 'Ovaltine' is unequalled for maintaining robust health and abundant vitality. Although imitations are made to look like 'Ovaltine,' there are extremely important differences.

'Ovaltine' does not contain Household Sugar. Furthermore, it does not contain Starch. Nor does it contain Chocolate, or a large percentage of Cocoa. For quality and value 'Ovaltine' definitely stands in a class by itself.

Prices in Gt. Britain & N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 & 3/3

Quality always tells — insist on 'Ovaltine'

# Charivaria.

OPPOSING the admission of Soviet Russia to the League of Nations, M. MOTTA, the Swiss delegate, declared that the request was caused by "fiery letters appearing in Far Eastern skies." The League, on the other hand, has been little influenced by fiery letters appearing in Western newspapers.

A girl admitted to a London magistrate that she often spent nine hours a day powdering her face. Will the Plasterers' Union take this lying down?

Wireless reception has been found to be adversely affected by the moon. At Broadcasting House the opinion is that the moon will have to go.

A vegetarian who neither smokes, drinks nor dances announces that he is celebrating his eightieth birthday. Surely "celebrating" is rather a strong word to use in the circumstances.

Rioting in Rhode Island has amounted to a rising of Communists. Rhode Island Reds, in fact.

An electric pump has been inaugurated at a village near Sevenoaks. We may yet hear of the steam-driven oldest inhabitant.

A fashion-expert says that a girl wearing a long trailing skirt should be arrested. For having no visible means of support?

Potatoes are on the small side, but cheaper. Well, we must be thankful for small murphies.

Certain peculiarities of handwriting are said to indicate that the writer is

Sardine-tins are now re-made into toys. It would be very appropriate if they are made into toy Underground trains.

"Mere words will not bring us anything," declares an M.P. They bring some people four hundred a year.

The bride of Mr. D. R. JARDINE is "not frightfully interested in cricket," but no one asked her what she thought of journalism.

From our pocket diary: "October 1, Monday. Cold-bath boasting begins."

A Birmingham man who swallowed more than a pound of nails and screws in three months explained that he did so because he liked the taste of the iron. Not, as might have been supposed, because he felt the need of a tonic.

The prevalence of the small car has recently been diagnosed as the cause of the passing of the doctor's tall hat. A case of the *multum in parvo* displacing the *shiny qua non*.

When it was notified that the Sussex police were hunting for a woman described

as "very good-looking," it seems that several not very good-looking women stayed indoors for fear of being arrested on suspicion.

Some night-clubs are reported to be doing away with dance-floors. The space thus made vacant will be filled with a couple of extra tables, we presume.

Mr. JULIUS BRITTLEBANK, a retired American business man, who is completing his fifteenth journey round the world, is believed to intend going round until he feels dizzy.



"THIS IS LITTLE CHROMIUM, AUNTIE; BUT DON'T DISTURB HIM, HE'S HAVING HIS HOUR'S RECREATION."

PONY.



### Military Matters.

I HAVE received the following extraordinary letter:—

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Cutting out preliminaries, I wish to enter in the strongest possible manner my indignant protest against your recent yielding to the abominable practice of the crossword-puzzle. If I wanted to be funny I would say that this is the first time that a cross word has ever appeared in your pages. But I don't. This is too serious. For some time past I have seen that poison creeping into the veins of the most cherished and respectable periodicals, organs held in universal esteem by all true Englishmen. Lately, indeed, things have come to such a pass that *The Thunderer*, the very *Thunderer*, instead of being coy about its fall from dignity, actually seemed inclined to brag about it. Oh, *Hamlet*, and so on.

In this welter of dissipation you, Sir, stuck to your guns. One could pick up your columns in the confident anticipation that one would not be blinded by a lot of black squares floating in front of one's eyes. One could appreciate your jokes—devilish subtle, some of them were—and at the same time admire your—solidity isn't the word I want, but it's the only one I can think of. And now all that's blown to the wind at one fell swoop. When the first appeared I thought (1) that it was a dud and you were pulling our legs or (2) that at the worst it was a momentary lapse, or aberration, if you like that better. But here's No. 2, and it seems that if somebody doesn't lodge an objection, and a pretty strong one, the thing will become a habit in no time. Before you know where you are you'll find yourself gripped by a Vice. And once you're in that sort of boat you'll find it damned hard, jolly hard to break off. *I know*.

It isn't merely your immorality to which I object; this innovation of yours is the cause of immorality in others. Up to now *Punch* has arrived in our smoking-room and has been genially passed from hand to hand. Now mark. This very day old Bludgeon, who commanded some Phulkari catch-'em-alive-o's or other, has hung on to the new number for two hours by the clock with a pencil, getting redder and redder in the gills in the process. That has already made bad blood. You should have seen the other members sitting round him with their tongues out. But worse remains. Last week I caught a man—I won't give away the fellow's name—in the very act of tearing out the page. Now you know yourself that that sort of thing isn't to be stood for a moment. It goes to the very heart of society. And it would spread, mind you, it would spread.

I could give you lots of reasons for getting out of this while you can, but surely I have said enough. I'm all right personally because I never look at the things. But for your own credit (*Et tu, Brute*, and all that) and in the noble cause of public morals, drop it.

Your obedient Servant,

INCOGNITUS.

P.S.—What the devil is it that comes round a gap in the hills?

Let me be content to answer the postscript and the postscript alone. Clearly "INCOGNITUS" is or has been a soldier. His familiar reference to Old Bludgeon in the body of his letter (not to speak of the coarseness of his language) proves it. Yet he cannot find the easy answer COMPASSES to the riddle, "Comes round a gap in the hills." Is it for this that the British Army has toiled and fought in every quarter of the habitable globe? Has "INCOGNITUS" no idea of tactics or strategy? Is he unacquainted altogether with military topography? Does he know what a col-

is and what a ravine, or even the difference between coniferous and deciduous trees? Has he never used protractor and compasses? Has he seen a range-finder? Can he bracket? A thousand questions surge into my mind. I see the lonely frontier posts, the grey dawn breaking over the Afghan hills, the wild shaggy tribesman. . . . But enough. "INCOGNITUS" must pull himself together and not be too ready to think the hope forlorn when one swift stroke of alphabetical intuition may turn grey-hued defeat into golden victory. When working out a crossword-puzzle clue I always try to murmur to myself those memorable lines:—

"What though the some thing somewhere breaking  
Seem here no painful inch to gain;  
Far back by some thing somewhat making  
Comes silent flooding in the main."

Let "INCOGNITUS" do the same, remembering Balaclava and Malplaquet; and no more of this pusillanimous whining, if you please.

Whilst I am speaking thus of soldiers I find that I owe an apology to one at least. He is Brigadier A. F. THOMSON. It was stated in a newspaper that he first told the "Autumn Manœuvre" story about the subaltern who crossed a river-bridge which was supposed to be blown up, and, on being reprimanded by an umpire, replied, "And I am supposed to be swimming across." The date was given as 1911 or 1912, and I commented on the fact that the joke had appeared in *Punch* in 1908. But it turns out that only the date was wrong; the incident did really occur (in 1908). Brigadier (then Captain) THOMSON was there; and he sent the story to *Punch*. He has maintained his position and kept the flag flying regardless of the number of rivers that have been bridged and swum on active service between that date and this. Other witnesses have testified in his favour, and the bulk of historical evidence produced puts an end to all controversy for ever.

I can only hope that "INCOGNITUS" will show something of his spirit hereafter in dealing with our crossword-puzzle clues.

EVOE.

### Subject to Beelzebub.

#### The Dragon-Fly.

Who gave thee for thy wings the bar  
upon a jewelled scimitar,  
to cleave the air as though the brand  
were whistled in a master-hand  
with snapping flashes from the cruel  
cold condescensions of the jewel?  
Who taught thee to outspeed the eye  
in thy green motion, dragon-fly,  
and leave the dazzled sense in vain  
to follow, elfin aeroplane,  
the soaring beams, the dropping jambs  
of starry parallelograms?  
Idle to ask! Enough to trust  
that this bright figment of the dust,  
these spilt and Indian inks, designed  
to scribble beauty on the mind,  
come on the air, on air are spent  
a brief and coloured accident,  
crumbs shaken from the garment's hem  
(unnoticed as they tumbled them  
into existence) by the forces  
that nail the planets to their courses,  
in these as in the dragon-fly  
asserting the eternal "aye."

HUMBERT.



ANOTHER CHALLENGER.



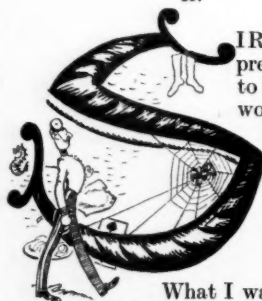


## THE VERY SILENT ZONE.

Burglar. "NO NOISE, PLEASE, MADAM. WE ARE ALL TRYING TO HELP. JUST TELL ME WHERE THE JEWELLERY IS AND I'LL SLIP OUT AS QUIET AS ANYTHING."

## Quiet.

II.



SIR,—May I present to you, to the political world—nay, to the nation—a new pet-name?

HORBY!  
Hail,  
HORBY!

What I want to say—more lengthily—is Hail, Mr. LESLIE HORE-BELISHA, His Majesty's Minister of Transport!

But who can say all that in these impatient hurrying days? Besides, there is the difficulty of pronunciation. Only to-night, in an evening paper, I see that the sound-sequence should be Hore-Belisha and not, as many ignorantly think, Hore-Belaisha (the "i" like the "ei" in "receive" and not like the "ei" in "Geisha," or the "ei" in "eiderdown"). I, of all people,

ought to know about this, and yet I had forgotten. Yes, I ought to know (and here is my one excuse for making impertinent sport with another man's name), for was I not Secretary of the Oxford Union Society in the year—what was it?—yes, 1913? It is one of the duties of the Secretary—lowest of the four fine officers of that Society—to ascertain and record in a book provided for the purpose the names and colleges of those who take a vocal part in the weekly debates. As a rule, most of the students departed to their beds some time before 11.0, when the "House" rose; and for the last half-hour or more there were left only a few earnest individuals on either side, waiting patiently for their chance to address the House. There was one particularly zealous and patient young politician who, during my term of office, was always in at the death of the debate. I remember his maiden speech, rather a fiery speech, delivered at about 10.50 P.M. to an audience of six or seven (including the four officers whom duty compelled to remain). Well, no, I do not remember the speech (nobody listened to anyone's speech for the

last hour). But I remember the occasion, for I had to sidle up to the hon. Member when he sat down and whisper, "What is your name?" And he whispered back, "HORE-BELISHA." And I whispered "What?" After his next speech I had to ask the gentleman his name again; and indeed it took the unfortunate orator three or four speeches to get his name fixed in my inefficient head. I remember thinking that here was a resolute young man who was determined to go far, and might well go far, if only he could get rid of that mouthful of a name. I was right—and wrong; for now he's the Ruler of the King's Highway—the one Minister in the news, and winner of the first prize for rapid and vigorous action.

But I was not very wrong. This young Minister has, in record time, deserved and won the admiration, nay, affection of many millions. But I still maintain that it is difficult to murmur "Good old HORE-BELISHA!" with affection or even to cry, "Well done, young HORE-BELISHA!" with much feeling or dramatic effect. And so I cry, "Hail, HORBY! HORBY the horn-

killer! HORBY the hospital's friend! HORBY for the hikers! Vote for HORBY!"

But while we are hailing this Minister of Transport, let us not forget the Minister who went before him and made smooth the way. Hail, OLIVER also! Major OLIVER STANLEY, the first person in authority to set his face against the Speed-mania, who met determined and well-equipped opposition, but firmly and tactfully held on. Hail, OLIVER! HAIL, HORBY!

Sir, it is a pleasant thing to be able to distribute praise. Let us therefore throw a bouquet to the Pedestrians' Association and another to the Anti-Noise League; let us record with gratitude, for the information of posterity, the names of Mr. T. C. FOLEY, Sir ALEXANDER KAYE-BUTTERWORTH and others (of the former); of Lord HORDER, Mr. H. G. STRAUSS and others (of the latter). For the labours of these two bodies (among others), mocked by many in their early days, prepared the ground for the Ministers already mentioned.

And you, Sir, modest though you are, must have your little posy. For you were the first in this honourable field. For many years you have permitted your contributors to blaspheme against the Speed-God and to question the benefits of Needless Noise. Yours, I think, was almost the only organ to protest with vigour against the abolition of the speed-limit and to demand consistently its restoration, in spite of trouble with short-sighted motor-manufacturers. You must have been almost the first in this country to suggest the muting of the motor. Did not Mr. Justice Wool, early in 1933, remark in your columns:—

"The idea that there is some virtue in the sounding of motor-horns as a prelude to collisions has in the past, I am aware, received the thoughtless blessing of magistrates and policemen: but it cannot survive juridical analysis and will receive no encouragement in this Court. . . . In my view their use should be prohibited. . . ."

And his Lordship on the same day quoted prophetically the words of the poet GRAY:—

" . . . . the echoing horn  
No more shall rouse them from  
their lowly bed."

And so, Hail you, Sir, as well as OLIVER and HORBY!

But the battle is not yet won. The Demons Speed and Noise have been taken aback by the sudden boldness of two Ministers of the Crown—but only for a moment. There are still those who run about the City uttering the (in this connection) senseless phrase,



"MY DEAR, I HAD NO IDEA YOUR GEORGE WAS GETTING SO THIN ON THE TOP."

"You can't stand in the way of Progress." (The right answer to that has always been "Can't I? Why not?") And now the two Ministers have said it.) There are still Young Things who think, like the savage warrior, that the more noise they make the more people will think of them, and that their speed is more important than other people's safety. On the other hand, the motor-manufacturer is learning wisdom. I have lately seen motor-advertisements (inspired, no doubt, by your article on "Quiet" of April 4th) in which cars were recommended for their quiet and not for their speed. Hail, DAIMLER (and one or two more)! Hail, also, Mr. WATLING, the Motor-Cycle King, for his efforts in that department. Hail, too, the British Ass.! Clever men at

last are devising silencers for aeroplanes, though they may mean some sacrifice of speed. Yes, we are moving; and all this is real Progress. But the strange distinction between civilisation and savagery still persists: that when the savage tribes want to celebrate some remarkable event they make a terrific noise and run about very fast (because their normal lives are quiet and slow); while, when we wish to make an extraordinary gesture we order two minutes' silence and walk very slowly. The savages, of course, are right; and if we all work hard we may gradually rise to their level. And so you must all join the Pedestrians' Association and the Anti-Noise League and whisper softly, "Hail, OLIVER! Hail, HORBY!"

A. P. H.





### Mr. Shagreen's Dilemma.

"YEARS," said Mr. Shagreen, "have passed by since the time of which I speak, yet I recall my dilemma as if it were yesterday."

I asked him how many years, and he said forty-six.

"It was somewhere about 1888," he went on, "and I was in love with two beautiful young women."

"Three?" I said, mishearing.

"Two," Mr. Shagreen said sharply; "even at the age of twenty I was not entirely devoid of concentration. Two. Beautiful, and yet different—different not precisely as chalk from cheese, but as Stilton, let us say, from Limburger."

"Ripe Limburger?"

"Limburger," said Mr. Shagreen, "on which the hand of Time had laid one gentle mellowing finger," and he became lost in reflections that I perceived with displeasure to be mainly gastronomic.

"Their names," I prompted.

"Lucy and Susan. Lucy was the blonde one. Now I remember, she had one of those triple-barrelled surnames that begin strongly, waver in the middle and then prove at the end to have been wasting your time for nothing—Smith-Brown-Smith, I think it was. Susan—I have completely forgotten Susan's surname."

"She had black hair?"

Mr. Shagreen said it was more the colour of a really well-cooked piece of sirloin, and as he appeared to be getting off the subject again I interrupted him to inquire what precisely had been his dilemma.

"It has been expressed," he said, "by Mr. GAY. 'How happy could I have been with either, had t'other dear charmer been away!' or words to that effect. And they were exceedingly dear charmers. Meals alone; I remember one meal, consisting of—"

I said "Yes, yes."

Mr. Shagreen proceeded that at that time he had the idea that a serenade was the thing to soften the heart of the fair—"and being in love with two," he went on, "I felt called upon for a double dose. Now, I could not then play any readily-portable instrument. To-day this would not matter; one might take a waistcoat-pocket radio-set and unleash it at the appropriate spot; but the best I could do then was to hire a barrel-organ. The monkey was thrown in, but I threw it out again; no devout lover performing in duplicate wishes to be companioned by a monkey."

"I don't know," I said. "*Tarzan*—"

"I took up my position," Mr. Shagreen proceeded loudly, "as the shades of night were about to fall, outside the house of Susan. Beneath a sky of pearl and old rose I began to turn the handle and scatter upon the evening air the wheezy notes of—I forget, at this distance of time, what. Very soon an upper window opened and I was rewarded by a sight of my beloved. 'She will lean there,' I thought, 'her slender throat pulsing in time to the music, until the composition draws to its end.' But I had forgotten that she would be unlikely to recognise me at dusk in charge of a

barrel-organ. What happened was that she tossed something down and closed the window again."

"A rose?"

"A coin," said Mr. Shagreen—"a golden coin; I rapidly identified it as a half-sovereign. There seemed no point in stopping. I withdrew with my barrel-organ to serenade Lucy, hoping for better luck in the way of recognition."

"And did Lucy," I inquired, "get the second half of the same tune?"

"She did. It drew to its close outside her window; and again I was unrecognised. Her hand emerged, and before I could call to her another coin jingled at my feet, and again the window shut. But this time the coin was not a half-sovereign," Mr. Shagreen said slowly. "This time it was only sixpence."

"Ah!" I said, and there was a pause. But when I observed at length that I supposed he afterwards loved only Susan, the generous one, he said he had not gone for generosity.

"I decided, taking the organ back," he said, "that Lucy was the girl for my money, because she would be careful with it. 'What sort of a hash,' I thought, 'would a girl who throws half-sovereigns to casual organ-grinders make of the household budget?' And in this frame of mind I returned the organ and sped back on wings of love to see Lucy. On the way I took out Susan's coin with the idea of paying my cabman with it; and what did I find? I found," said Mr. Shagreen, "that it was not a half-sovereign. It was a Jubilee sixpence gilded. This was a severe blow."

"What did you do?"

"I did not go to see Lucy. My dilemma was intensified instead of solved. For if Susan had not known the coin was fraudulent, she was extravagant; if she had known, she was deceitful—and yet no less economical with cash than Lucy; if she had gilded it herself, she was clever; if someone else had gilded it for her, she had useful acquaintances; if the coin had been palmed off on her, she needed a protector. What had Lucy to offer against all this intense revival of interest?"

"She was a blonde," I said. "The gentlemanly thing—"

"The sleepless nights I spent, placed end to end," declared Mr. Shagreen, "would fill a hospital. No telegraph-boy sucks his stick of rock with more assiduity than I bestowed on thinking of my problem. I even went away to ponder—a thing no devout lover should do, however divided his allegiance. Nevertheless, when I came back my problem was solved. Susan was married to a retired Post Office official."

"It was Fate," I said. "So you had Lucy?"

"No, I did not," said Mr. Shagreen. "Lucy was also married, to an inspector of weights and measures."

A dreamy expression came into his eyes and I remained respectfully silent. The old wound had reopened, I thought.

"Where do you suggest we go," Mr. Shagreen went on with some eagerness, "for lunch?"

### World's Masterpiece of Clear-Thinking.

"Mr. Henderson added: . . . 'If we do not regulate armaments we will have unregulated armaments.'"—*Daily Paper*.

"Beef made from rice is the latest alcoholic drink in Tokyo." *Yorks. Paper.*  
The East gets more mysterious every day.

"As to his playing of the Chopin numbers, even those of the audience who were familiar with them were given the impression that they were hearing them for the first time."—*Japanese Paper.*  
Just what they used to say of our recitals in the village hall.



THE DOG'S POINT OF VIEW.

*Old Retriever (sol.).* "I SUPPOSE I'VE GOT TO LOOK FOR ANOTHER BIRD THE IDIOT'S MISSED!"

## Loch Ness.

O Scotia, my Scotia, thy bards a time recall  
When thou couldst boast no hostelry nor any road at all,  
And all thy folk were savage Gaels, hairy and tanned and mottled,

And Luss had not been photographed or Lagavulin bottled;

Ah then, ah then

Down the Great Glen

Strode only Scottish Hielantmen

And too adventurous tourist folk were promptly dirked or throttled.

Culture advanced and in her train a gentleman called WADE  
Who cut some roads; the savage Gael from Thuggee turned to trade;

No more he smote the tourist down in unenlightened quarrel  
But fed him oats and potent drink and lured him to the corral.

How fine, how fine

A rôle was thine—

The traveller's goal, the tourist's shrine—

My Scotia, when VICTORIA reigned and good men built Balmoral!

Augustan age of dignity; how fair a thing to lose!

For ah! the Scot has cast his kilt and capers in his trews;

Behold the Salle de Danse where stood the honest Hielant "biggun'."

The Picture Palace o'er the cot JOHNSON was glad to pig in;

And now Loch Ness—

"Glen More, no less—

Is made a mockery and a mess,

A music-hall comedian's jest. It might as well be Wigan.

Oh, Monster, gracious Monster! was there no ocean deep  
Where great sea-serpents crawl the ooze, where ocean dragons sleep?

No sea-girt island citadel with bastion, keep and fossa  
Wherein you could have lain at rest like slumbering BAR-BAROSSA?

Or if you must

Kick up a dust

Upon the surface, why mistrust

Waters more distant and less dear—let's say, the Saragossa?

I can remember—I who write—a noble loch that spread  
In pride and peace beneath the bens, by silence tenanted;  
A winding road rough-surfaced, slow, with beauty creeping closer

At every bend; gross indolence; contentment even grosser.

That winding way,

That kind array,

That was Loch Ness and Urquhart Bay . . .

I can remember all these things, but do I see them? No, Sir.

I see instead a charabanc, a road of steel and tar,  
A postcard-booth, a petrol-pump, a megaphone, a bar;  
Fishmongers and confectioners and dealers in flapdoodle  
Sell comic "Monsters" by the road to every passing noodle.

Ah me, ah me—

That dignity

And beauty should so squandered be! . . .

Monster! come forth and make amends. Swallow the whole caboodle!

H. B.





Wife (to football fan). "Oh, 'ERBERT, YOU DO DESCRIBE THINGS WELL!"

### For the T. B. M.

EVERY country no doubt has its Tired Business Men, although every country does not bother about them as America does. There are plenty of us, for instance, in London, as evening comes on, catching buses and trains or even getting into private cars on our way to whatever form of refreshment and repose we fancy. There are plenty in Paris, those who travel by the Metro being by no means too tired to fight. But they are not segregated. It is only in America that the Tired Business Men form a class apart, to be catered for and soothed. The soothing used to be confined to the theatres, which put up shows especially fitted to the needs of these jaded industrialists, the most tonic of lenitives or remedies being the female nether limb in all its beauty unadorned.

Recently, however, the weary Colossus of Labour, the King of Finance, the Controller of Corners, has come in for home treatment, and there lies before me a first list of books in an American series called "The Tired

Business Man's Library," carefully chosen to afford relaxation and entertainment. For the T. B. M. is not one of those who when a new book is published reads an old one. He likes his books new and he likes them hot and snappy. See what a feast is offered him, no fewer than fifteen ingredients, and all but one palpitatingly of the present day, and not one to remind him of office cares, the daily task or the trivial round of suspicion, struggle, caution and finesse.

I quote some titles: *Scrambled Yeggs*, adventures of the famous sleuth, the drawling and hugely fat *Jim Hanvey*; *Crime at Cobb's House*, week-end drinking party of fashionable Virginians resulting in baffling double murder; *Thunder in the West*, cattle-rustling, gun-fights and murder on a ranch; *Murder Below Wall Street*, bringing into action the picturesque investigator, *Hiram Watson*. I admire the author's courage in calling his detective Watson, but am a little doubtful of the publisher's tact in employing such a title. Not so comforting as the others, anyway; possibly even disquieting. Better are *The Pleasure*

*Cruise Mystery*, where an artist-detective solves a pretty woman's murder amid the gaiety aboard ship; *Out of the Dark*, presenting a likeable Pennsylvania-Dutch detective and a strange case of incarceration; *The Empty House*, the puzzling case of the corpse found therein; *Death and the Dowager*, where murder and robbery on Lord Banbrooke's estate provide a double mystery; *Murder in Church*, a "sophisticated mystery," whatever that may be; *The King in Check*, where a French plot against an Arab chieftain is thwarted by Jimgrim and his followers; *Inspector Higgins Sees it Through*, featuring a mysterious house and a gang of crooks; *Shadows*, the story of an actor shot on location and the investigations of clever *Jimmy Lane*; *Marked Man*, a "taut, colorful, Western novel" with two murders on CC ranch and resultant gun-play; and *Smash and Grab*, another adventure of smart *Detective Harrison*.

So far, you see, the Tired Business Man has never been allowed to forget his own times and perils. But there is one book in the library which transports him to a period before revolvers

and the telephone, the scene being laid in feudal England. But as the title is *The Ready Blade*, and lusty battles and villainy are the staple, he is not really let off.

What a life he leads, this T. B. M.—frantic finance by day and murder tales until it is time for bed! What would happen if by mistake he picked up *The Compleat Angler* or *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* or a volume of BOSWELL? Could he survive it? Or, worse still, BAXTER'S *Saint's Everlasting Rest*? E. V. L.

### Andy's Road.

THE road wandered indefinitely between the village and Andy's cottage. Andy had lived there for so long that it had come to be called Andy's Road. That was in the days when Andy's cottage was the only habitation it served. Then other and more pretentious houses sprang up, and people wrote to the County Council and the Press about the road.

One day an advance guard of the County Council arrived in the shape of two carts, two horses and a foreman. Labour was enlisted locally, and soon picks and shovels were at work. Justly enough, one person to be engaged on the reconstruction of Andy's Road was Andy. Some might have thought that the breaking-up of his own road would have saddened the old man, but he wielded his pick no more slowly than did those about him.

One thing he objected to, however, was the straightening out of the bends. "How'm I to find my way home if there's no corners?" he said. But nobody took any notice until he dumped a barrow-load of stones on a part of the road which was not to be.

Scotty the foreman said Andy would do as he was told or go and work somewhere else. Andy said it was his road and he would do what he liked. So Scotty gave Andy a week's notice.

Having only one more week in which to work on his road did not seem to upset Andy. He went on dumping stones where he thought they should be dumped. At last Scotty paid him off and sighed thankfully in Lowlands.

But on Monday Andy was at work as usual. "I thought I gave you the sack?" said Scotty.

"So you did," said Andy, "and my old woman is very annoyed about it. She says you're not to do anything like that again."

"Anyway, you can't work here," said Scotty.



"No, that's not it. I meant the one of me standing by the summer-house."

Andy went off and started on a bit of road all by himself. Scotty sent for the surveyor. The surveyor saw Andy.

"It's my road," said Andy; "everybody knows that."

"It's going to be called Baldwin Avenue," said the surveyor, "and you must keep away from it."

Andy moved round the bend and started again. Scotty came and took away his tools and his barrow. "They're the County Council's property," he said, "and you'd better leave them alone." Andy went home and fetched his own pick and shovel.

The surveyor spoke to Robbins the policeman. Robbins spoke to Andy. Andy said he knew all about Robbins,

and that he had seen the slate at the "Dun Cow," and that he wasn't going to be spoken roughly to about working on his own road. "You can't stop a man working," he said; "that ain't the law."

Robbins spoke to the surveyor and told him it wasn't the law. The surveyor spoke to Andy and said he would get an injunction. Andy said he didn't hold with new-fangled steam-rollers.

Then they gave Andy his job back and he sat and watched the others and didn't do a thing.

And now they call it Andrew's Avenue, which, as Andy will tell you, sounds damn silly.



THE SELECT COMMITTEE OF AN ANCIENT ANTI-NOISE LEAGUE PASSES A VOTE OF CENSURE ON THE INVENTOR OF THE BAGPIPES.

### As Others Hear Us.

#### Arranging the Picnic.

"If only you'll all say what you prefer."

"I don't mind in the least."

"Neither do I."

"What would everybody like is the question."

"Well, Aunt Dorothy said shade."

"No, no, that doesn't matter; I'm quite happy anywhere."

"So long as we get out of the wind."

"Aunt Dorothy says shade, and Henry wants out of the wind, and we don't want to carry the things much further. Besides, there's the tide."

"The tide's going out."

"The tide's coming in."

"The tide must be just about on the turn."

"Does anybody know if the tide's going in or coming out?"

"What was it doing yesterday?"

"It was high tide in the morning yesterday, just about lunch-time, so it'll be half-an-hour earlier to-day—or is it later? Anyway, it'll be just about right if we bathe before lunch."

"Mummie, can we bathe now?"

"Mummie, the tide must be going out, because look at that rock, all wet; so could we bathe now, please?"

"Look, dear, there's poor Grand-

mama carrying that heavy basket; go and take it at once. How would it be if we stayed *here*?"

"Yes, we could. Only it's rather in the sun, isn't it? But just as you all like, I'm sure."

"Oh, Aunt Dorothy wants shade."

"No, dear, not at all. Let's stay here by all means."

"Mummie, did you mean *me* to go and carry the basket for Grandmama, or Ruth?"

"The only thing would be if that flat rock over there wouldn't make a very good table. And we could get some shade from the cliff for Aunt Dorothy."

"Oh, don't think about that, dear, for a moment. I quite like the sun really. Anyhow, it's what *everybody* likes, isn't it?"

"I know a marvellous place just up *above* here, with shade and sun and rocks and pools and everything."

"Oh, Grandmama, *why* didn't you let one of the children take that heavy basket? Quick, darling, run and help Grandmama."

"Thank you, my boy, don't trouble. I've managed to get *down* here, so I may just as well go on."

"Well, what about Gwen's place?"

"Well, the question is, could we all get up the cliff?"

"Why not round?"

"Oh, you can't get *round*. You've got to go up, and then along the top for a bit, and then down some steps, and after that I'm afraid it's rather a scramble."

"I must say I don't care about this wind."

"Mummie, it's not a bit cold once you're really in."

"Cold! It's *boiling*."

"Michael says the sea is boiling."

"So it is, absolutely boiling—the bit where I am."

"If the children have actually begun to bathe already I should think we'd better stay where we are. Unless Aunt Dorothy thinks there isn't enough shade."

"Don't think about me, dear. I only want to do what suits everybody."

"There's a lot more shade over there, really."

"I only want to do what everybody else wants, my dear, but I must say I find this great basket rather heavy, if it has to be carried very much further."

"Johnnie, take Grandmama's basket for her. No, really, Grandmama, he can manage it perfectly—you'd love to help, wouldn't you, darling?"

"Mummie, look—my feet are all covered with *tar*. Will it come off?"

"The child's quite right, it's tar. You'll have to get it off with petrol, I



expect. Of course this whole coastline is tar from end to end."

"Quite a cold wind standing about, isn't it?"

"Henry, it's *frightfully* hot in the sun."

"The sun's much more treacherous in September than it is at midsummer really. I mean, one gets sunstroke and things."

"Dear, it doesn't matter in the very least, but did you know she's put the milk in with the jam-sandwiches and it's got all over everything and leaked on to my skirt?"

"Try hot water."

"Try sea-water."

"Try letting it dry in the wind."

"I wonder if we'd better move a little way back because of the tide? And didn't Aunt Dorothy want to go into the shade?"

"Oh, yes, we must find some shade for Aunt Dorothy."

"Don't trouble about that, please. I'd really just as soon stay here—"

"I must say, dear, I should have thought the poor children would be wanting their lunch by this time."

"Why not let's stay where we are?"

"Yes, why not let's? What a good idea!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"It seems too bad when we're all so nicely settled, but I wonder if we couldn't find a spot with a little shade?"

E. M. D.

#### This Water-Shortage Again.

"2 guineas.—Breakfast, Dinner, Bath, full week-ends."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

#### Germany's Breakfast Broadcast.

"A revolving bacon light for aviators has been installed on top of a Berlin radio station tower."—*Chinese Paper.*

An illuminated frying-pan indicates the direction of the wind.

"In furtherance of his plans for quieter road traffic generally, Mr. Hore Belisha is meeting this afternoon at the Ministry of Transport Sir Henry Fowler, chairman of the newly formed Noise Prevention Committee. The committee will naturally review the progress of the London experiment in silence."—*Daily Paper.*

Isn't this carrying it a bit too far?

#### Harvest Moon.

FROM force of habit, God knows why!

You've done your duty, little field;

The wagons, as in days gone by,

Will groan beneath your needless yield.

No cities look to us for bread—

At let of submarine and mine

Their dumped abundance comes instead

From Sydney and the Argentine.

The moonlight gilds unwanted sheaves

And stubble none need stoop to comb;

O'er unpaid bills the farmer grieves—

Unwelcomed comes our Harvest Home.

Fair as of yore the scene is set;

Artists will come to paint it still;

Fled is the ruined miller, yet

At least he left the ruined mill.

We make a picture, but in truth

Our ancient service earns but scorn,

And rural England stands, like RUTH,

In tears amid the alien corn.



"I'VE TOLD YOU SO QUITE FINALLY, EVER SO MANY TIMES—STILL I'LL THINK IT OVER, HENRY!"

### Efficiency.

UNTIL the coming of the Magnificent Supply Stores there was only one shop in our village where you could purchase elephants' whiskers. Or where, to be more correct, you could negotiate for the purchase of elephants' whiskers. When Edith saw the huge poster announcing the coming of the Magnificent Supply Stores she smiled cruelly.

"It is about time Bloggs had a bit of competition," she said. "As soon as the new store opens I shall cease to deal with Bloggs. Too long have I groaned under his tyranny."

I smiled sympathetically. Last time we gave a party the first thing we thought of was that we had no elephants' whiskers, without which, of course, no party is complete. So I ran down to buy a gross or so from Bloggs.

"Sorry," said Bloggs. "I sold the last this morning, and I shan't be having any more till next week."

"But we are giving a party on Saturday," I said, "and we *must* have elephants' whiskers."

"As you are regular customers," said Bloggs, "I will write off to-night to the manufacturers."

"You're certain that they will be here by Saturday?"

"I can definitely promise them for Thursday. That will give you time to soak them thoroughly before the party."

On Friday morning I went again to Bloggs.

"We have received no elephants' whiskers," I said humbly.

"Sorry," said Bloggs. "The manufacturers were out of stock of the colour you wanted so I have had to order them from Snelfbridge. They will be delivered punctually this afternoon."

Actually, the elephants' whiskers did not arrive until the party was over, and then they were green instead of maroon.

elephants' whiskers for our party on the following Saturday.

"Elephants' whiskers?" said the high priest. "Certainly, Sir! What colour? Maroon? We have light maroon, dark maroon, and medium maroon. Light maroon?"

He hurried away and I rubbed my hands gleefully.

"So sorry," he said, "but we appear to be out of light maroon—you will take medium maroon?"

He was gone rather longer this time.

"A strange coincidence, Sir. We appear to have exhausted our supply of medium maroon."

I sent him, with a sinking heart, in quest of dark maroon. This time the stock was not exhausted, it was cleaned out.

"But I can phone London," he said, "and have some down by this evening."

On Wednesday morning he delivered three gross of green ottermoustaches. On Saturday he delivered a dozen Manx cats' tails. A week after the party we received an exceedingly courteous letter from his head office saying that the Directors were grieved to hear that the bedstead we ordered had been delivered without the mattress. . . .

But, though sharing the Directors' grief, we have gone back to Bloggs.

"The manager of the hotel told me: 'I have never seen such a happy couple. . . . They have had a kind word with almost everyone on the staff. We all gathered outside when they left to wish them luck.'"

*Evening Paper.*

We too have experienced such charming demonstrations on the part of hotel staffs at our departure.



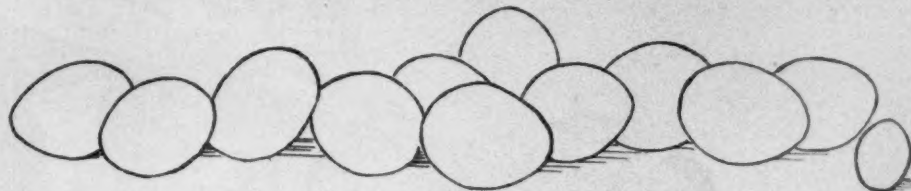
THE WOOD-CARVINGS OF M'BONGO M'BONGO.

No. VI.—A MINISTERIAL ORATOR AT A CEREMONIAL FEAST.

With the coming of the Magnificent Supply Stores, however, we felt that a new era had begun. We should be able to wallow in elephants' whiskers to our hearts' content. The completed shop was a thing of beauty, with a stainless steel and invisible-glass window, and three assistants dressed, like the angels, in white.

The first day that they opened I was sent by Edith to purchase

"A DOZEN ASSORTED EGGS"—AND HOW THEY HATCHED OUT.



A GAME-COCK,



DOMESTIC HEN,



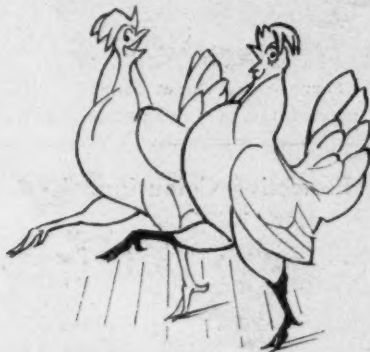
BARNDOR,



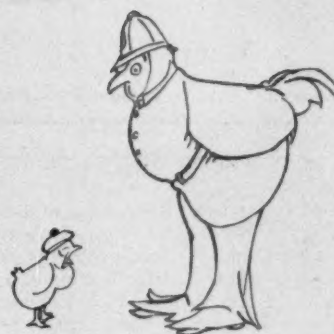
POLISH CHANTICLEER,



PLYMOUTH ROCK,



TWO BRIGHT PULLETS WHO WENT  
"ON SHOW,"



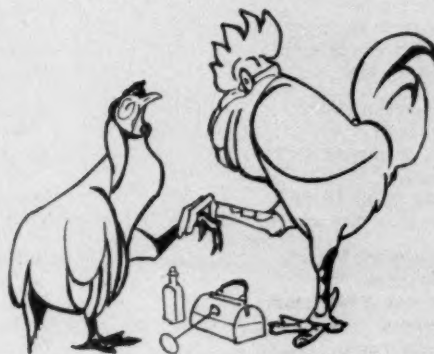
ONE SUITABLE FOR THE FORCE,



HEAVYWEIGHT,



BANTAM,



THE HEN WHO NEVER DID WELL,



AND A BAD EGG.





SCENE—Small French Town.

HIGHBROW TOURISTS EXPERIENCE DIFFICULTY IN SELECTING SUITABLE RESTAURANT.

## Protective Colouring.

SHE was no phantom of delight,  
That nurse, when she turned up—  
To tend the poet in his plight  
And hold the healing cup;  
I said then, and I say again,  
She seemed exceptionally plain.

Great spectacles concealed her eyes,  
A stony cap her hair;  
Her mouth was average in size,  
But there was sternness there;  
No one, in point of fact, would pick  
Her out as bracing to the sick.

She was a thing compact of starch,  
One who would ill abide  
Aught that was light, or gay, or arch;  
Not that I ever tried;  
Though in a mild way prone to such,  
She did not tempt me that way, much.

And when the moment came to part  
And she went up to dress  
The prospect did not wring my heart  
With grief or bitterness  
Till, on a sudden, in she came.  
This vision. Could it be the same?

Gone was the rigid cap, and gone  
Those grim disfiguring specs;  
The natty hat that she had on  
Did credit to her sex;  
Her hair was sunny brown, and gave  
Signs of an agitating wave.

Her eyes, now clearly seen, revealed  
My favourite shade of grey,  
And in them, frankly unconcealed,  
An impish demon lay;  
Those thin, firm lips betrayed a curve  
Most shattering to a patient's nerve.

A word—a laugh—she went. So stunned,  
So stricken down was I  
As quite to paralyse my fund  
Of harmless pleantry;  
My being was in such a whirl  
That I forgot to chaff that girl.

But if, by some untoward germ  
I am again undone,  
I will, on one sole point, be firm:  
She shall be nurse, or none;  
That I will cling to like a vice;  
Nor will she put it over twice.

DUM-DUM.



### LONDON REVISITED.

THE ACTING PRIME MINISTER. "HOW PERFECTLY PEACEFUL! SOMEBODY SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN STUDYING MY FAVOURITE MOTTO WHILE I WAS AWAY."

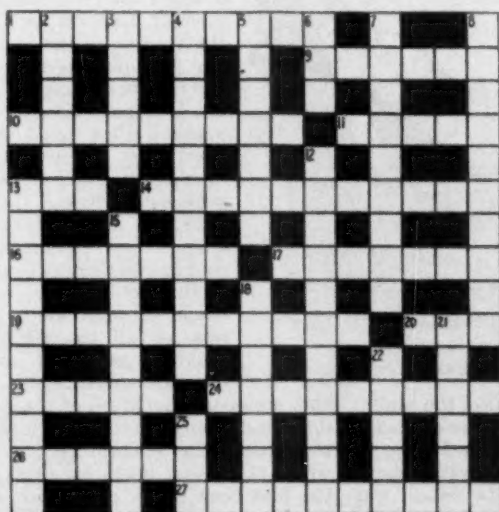






"I ALWAYS MAKE HIM COME HERE THIS MONTH. HE HATES IT—SAYS IT'S HIS BUSIEST TIME. WHAT I SAY IS, THE BUSINESS CAN TAKE CARE OF ITSELF. WHAT'S THE GOOD OF HIS BEING HIS OWN MASTER?"

### Mr. Punch's Crossword No. 3.



#### Across.

1. Rejoices in any number of flames.
9. Judge of appeals.
10. One goes when one hears this by nine.
11. Deuce of a brown complexion after South Africa.
13. She gets spicy with a nut.
14. Whatever is in this will make a confounded mess therein.
16. Owe two?
17. Goes red when it loses its head.
19. Sorry work of an old seer.
20. I might be this myself in the House of Commons.
23. Short-measure beer.
24. Funny.
26. You might find me confused by a gnat.
27. These may mean that the clients have the wind up.

#### Down.

2. Knowing.
3. A bloomer occurred.
4. Ate cod with a slight stop to oblige.
5. Summaries.
6. Fetch aft the . . . . . Darby.
7. No dry speeches here.
8. Sends a P.C.
12. Sovereign quality?
13. Matty.
15. Fast following triumph.
18. So this is one of the things the days that are no more are.
21. Seedy specimen.
22. I am an anagram.
25. What cook said to the pancakes.

## At the Play.

## "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA" (OLD VIC).

THE Old Vic has inaugurated its new season with as rich-seeming and impressive a *décor* as I ever remember to have seen there. This is, I think we must admit, a producer's *Antony and Cleopatra*. The new permanent stage with apron equivalent and stairways leading up from the orchestra was excellently handled by Mr. HENRY CASS, who skilfully emphasised the hurrying movement of the plot, the marchings and counter-marchings of the soldiers—brave figures in their likely armour.

The black-and-orange set in which the palace scenes were played was most effective. I doubted the curtains with the black and red streaks of lightning (or were they bayonets?) before which the short intermediate scenes were rushed through. And what was *Antony* doing in that square-cut black tuft of a beard which made him look like one of W. W. JACOBS' longshoremen, an effect enhanced by a pair of quite obvious black gum-boots (with gold markings). He fortunately jettisoned both beard and boots on the way to Rome, or I doubt if that honourable alliance with *Octavia* would ever have been suggested.

We had something near the full text of this noble but immensely long play. And if producer's integrity goes so far as this I submit that it is illogical to allow so much of that text to be filched away again by too great speed and too slovenly elocution—or at least insufficiently clear elocution. Old Vic producers can rarely be got to believe how bad the acoustics of their theatre are—the less flattering explanation I reject.

It would surely be wiser to begin an hour-and-a-half earlier and have a good long interval in which the fanatically enthusiastic members of the audience could work off upon each other the emotions which have been stirred in them. It is simply impossible to play fairly all *Antony and Cleopatra* with two intervals between eight and eleven P.M.

Of course there were many scenes in which the pace was mitigated to allow their flavour to be appreciated—notably the admirable scene between *Cleopatra* and the *Messenger*

(Mr. ABRAHAM SOFAER); the short and often neglected scene between *Enobarbus* (Mr. DAVID HORNE) and the pirate *Menas* (Mr. CECIL TROUNCER). Mr. DAVID HORNE was most happy in bringing out the rough soldierly humour and



A TROUBLED TRIUMVIR AND HIS LIGHT-HEARTED FRIEND.

*Enobarbus* . . . MR. DAVID HORNE.  
*Antony* . . . MR. WILFRID LAWSON.

shrewd wisdom of *Enobarbus*, but was less comfortable with the barge that burned upon the water and the tragic remorse after the betrayal. But I remember no one who has so inconsequently

affair. And great sacrifices of personal dignity were finally demanded of Mr. HORNE in the legitimate interests of gaiety.

Mr. MAURICE EVANS' study of the impetuous soldierly and—dare one say?—somewhat priggish and self-righteous *Octavius* pleased us all. And we heard him well.

Of the two chief parts it is more difficult to speak. Parts are not badly played because they happen not to suit the prejudices of a particular critic. Miss MARY NEWCOMBE did most successfully put aside certain of the tricks of voice and gesture which seem so often to hamper her interpretations. There was petulance, feminine caprice, a hint of cruelty, a brave spirit; but she seemed a little too obviously Western in mood (which effect was not merely the result of electing to remain an emphatic blonde); was rather swaggering than seductive, sleek, and "cunning past man's thought." And she seemed to be curiously outside rather than inside her part.

In the *Antony* too of Mr. WILFRID LAWSON, while one paid tribute to a fine soldierly bearing and to a power of forceful expression (not a little hazarded by a tendency to shout), one could hardly see the *great soldier*—great enough, that is, to justify the comments of his captains and his enemies; and not at all (or so it seemed to me) the *great lover*. Was it that both artists had determined by agreement to translate the whole relationship into less heroic terms, and are really to be praised for discretion? I hope so, though I am not particularly sanguine.

But I shall not easily forgive Mr. LAWSON for killing the rhythm of the loveliest line in a play teeming with lovely lines by suppressing—not I suppose actually suppressing (that would be incredible) but completely blanketing—an indispensable conjunction, "Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done. . . . We must sleep." And indeed there is a quality in this actor's voice which made us miss more than was at all reasonable or could be explained merely by bad acoustics. It was

this omission of so much of the splendour and sanity of the text (more I think than the attempt to give the whole of it) that made me think, for the first time in my experience, that this play was much too long. T.



"UNEASY LIES THE HEAD"

EVEN WHEN NOT WEARING A CROWN.

*Cleopatra* . . . MISS MARY NEWCOMBE.

and amusingly expounded the unilluminating discourse upon the crocodile. The carousal scene aboard ship, of which the general sense was perhaps more important than the detail, was indeed a very riotous and delectable

"THE NIGHT HAWK" (VAUDEVILLE).

The impartiality of scientists and the infinite discretion of doctors are things we take so much for granted that it comes as a surprise to find a play hingeing on a doctor's refusal to grant a woman the benefit of his miraculous invention unless she promises to reform the manner of her living—an ultimatum based purely on moral, not on medical grounds. It seems not only a very dangerous and undeserved supposition—for it is almost as if one's doctor so far confused his mission as to say, "Yes, I'll be pleased to look into your case, but first kindly sign this paper renouncing the frightful heresy of Free Trade"—but quite inconsistent with the enthusiasm to experiment which we should naturally expect of a man who has perfected, at least to his own satisfaction, a discovery of the first importance to the human race.

For that is what *Doctor Perry Colt* has done, leaving *VORONOFF* a century behind by his invention of a safe and non-surgical method of rejuvenation. Within his grasp, almost certainly, are lasting fame, the gratitude of most of the old people in the civilised world, and incalculable wealth. The prospect would be enough to excite any man. You would say that, having got so far as this, the one thing *Doctor Colt* would ache to do would be to try out his theory on a living person.

But when a suitable case presents itself in the person of *Maisie de Vere*, a tragically elderly street-walker, who begs on bended knee that he should make her young again, the *Doctor* lays down what I take to be the highly unprofessional doctrine that it is his duty to withhold his cure from a patient who will put its benefits to anti-social uses, and compels her to sign a paper promising chastity. It says a great deal for Mr. *ROLAND OLIVER*'s play that from such an improbable beginning it develops as well as it does.

The treatment is a complete success, so complete indeed that when we next see *Maisie*, five months later, she is so transformed from the pathetic creature of the First Act that even her

accent is changed for the better—a small fault in a long and clever performance by Miss *BEATRIX THOMSON*; and when *Maisie*, keeping her promise

young brother leads speedily to a shared flat—partially, since his meritorious intention to marry her is dimmed by the theft of the necessary £200. Thus we are led to the play's crisis, when *Doctor Colt* discovers whom his brother is to marry and is faced with a decision lying between professional confidence and his brother's interest. The latter wins; and in a last scene, which Miss *THOMSON*'s sensitive acting makes impressive, the moralist reveals his streak of inhumanity and *Maisie* goes back, hating it, to her old life.

Mr. *MARTIN LEWIS* manfully shoulders the responsibility of manipulating a medical *Colt* with certain grave blanks in its magazine, and so far as this is possible succeeds, looking and sounding just like a doctor, which so few actors can do; as his *Nurse* (and, we understand, his future wife, although their wooing is strangely desiccated) Miss *EVE GRAY* contributes a realistic and carefully-sustained background which greatly helps the play; and Mr. *WILLIAM FOX*'s charming scallywag is good, saying only that in dramatic moments he is a little apt to stand stiffly to attention, a thing scallywags never do. Miss *EVELYN DANE* plays the part of *Maisie*'s professional manageress well enough to make one profoundly uncomfortable, and Miss *ROBIN COLES*' *Assistant Nurse* would brighten any convalescence. Lastly (because they have no true part in the action) Miss *MAIRE O'NEILL* contributes two delightful impressions of, so to speak, a Dublin-BELCHER character.

With all its faults Mr. *OLIVER* has carried his play nearer tragedy than melodrama, and what is sordid in its theme is relieved by some fine acting. ERIC.

Splendid Opportunity for Pycraft.

"A lady going abroad (October to April) offers Entire Upper Part of five good rooms, Furnished, to quiet tenants at 2½ gns. per week."

Advt. in Daily Paper.

Overheard in a village inn where the cricket season in its entirety was being reviewed: "Well, what I say is that Badman is the best brat in the world."



THE PATIENT WHO WOULDN'T PAY.

Mrs. Hayes . . . Miss MAIRE O'NEILL.

and doing her best in a series of poorly-paid jobs, drops in to see her beloved *Doctor*, we hear him telling her that she will soon find some good man to marry.

This prophecy comes partially true, for a chance meeting with the *Doctor*'s



TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE OVER NATURE.

THE DOCTOR TAKES TWENTY YEARS OFF.

Dr. Perry Colt . . . Mr. MARTIN LEWIS.  
Maisie de Vere . . . Miss BEATRIX THOMSON.





## GETTING USED TO US.

"LOOK AT 'EM! NOW WOULDN'T YOU 'AVE THOUGHT THEY WOULD ALL 'AVE BIN EXCITED AN' 'APPY AT SEEIN' ENGLISH VISITERS?"

## A Plain Tale from the Balkans.

"THE detective story," said my uncle, breaking a long silence, "is becoming over-mechanised. I confess that some of the latest examples, with their far too elaborate complications, weary me. I don't want to be bored by the minutiae of police routine. The taking and sifting of endless statements from a cloud of witnesses is the dull task of Scotland Yard. I can't see that it has any entertainment value, either in real life or in fiction. No," said my uncle, stretching out his hand to the tobacco-jar, "give me the sort of murder mystery that can be solved, not by the methods of the card-index but by quick wits and an observant eye."

Modesty is one of my uncle's strongest traits; but I suspected from the glint in his eyes that he was thinking of one of his own adventures, and I pressed him to go on.

"I was fortunate enough," he con-

tinued, "to come across just such a case as far back as my undergraduate days in the eighties. In my youth I was both active and enterprising, and I proposed to devote one summer vacation to walking across country, unaccompanied, from Budapest to Constantinople. When my father had failed to dissuade me, he gave me a revolver and put me to practise on a target in the orchard; and so equipped I set out.

"All went well enough until a day when I managed to lose myself in the Balkans; never a difficult matter. Night was falling as I came at last to a lonely inn among the mountains. It was the rudest possible hostelry, but I was glad to see it; and the landlord, brigand though he looked, gave me a rough welcome. While he prepared a meal I rested on a wooden bench outside, and presently I saw the oddest shape looming up through the darkness. It was only a man riding on a donkey, but he was so piled about with sacks and burdens of one kind and

another that really he made an astonishing apparition. He dismounted and talked somewhat sourly with the landlord; it seemed that he was belated like myself, strange to the neighbourhood and accustomed to put up at less primitive places. When I was called indoors to supper, he asked permission to sit with me. By the light of the lamp he was a commonplace person enough; indeed, apart from the enormous riding-boots he wore, he was such a man as you might count in hundreds any evening east of Aldgate.

"At first he had little to say; but the local wine, a concoction more congenial to his palate than mine, loosened his tongue. Indeed, as the hour lengthened he talked far more freely than I thought was safe in such a place as that. He told me that he travelled about from farm to farm, buying anything of value that the peasants had for sale. I suspected at the time, and I have suspected still more strongly since, that he was a sort of mendicant fence,

a receiver of stolen goods on the grand scale, with an extensive connection among the bandits who infested that wild country. Anyhow, in a burst of confidence he owned to having gold and silver to the value of hundreds of pounds stowed away in those sacks of his. He repented this confession as soon as he had made it, and, darting a suspicious look at the landlord who hovered near—we were talking German, the one language in which we could make ourselves understood—he bade me a surly good-night and stumped off up the stairs to bed. I followed.

"Our rooms were at opposite ends of a passage that ran the full length of the ramshackle building. I was tired. In spite of the wretched bed and the insects, I slept well, apart from a sort of nightmare in which I heard screams and muffled shouts. In the morning I found materials for rough ablutions, although, not surprisingly perhaps, no one had cleaned the shoes which from force of habit I had left outside my bedroom door.

"I went down to rolls and honey and coffee—excellent coffee, by the way—and took up my pack and paid the landlord, who was standing in front of the house. He was by no means extortionate, seemed pleased to have had me, indeed, and hoped I would come back. I inquired after my fellow-diner of the night before, and was told that he had left in the early morning while I was still asleep.

"As we were speaking, a bird settled on the bough of a tree some ten paces away. I drew my revolver and took deliberate aim; the bird fell. Thereupon I said casually to the landlord, who had not failed to be impressed by this feat of marksmanship: 'Which way did our friend go?' He pointed into the woods. 'Well,' said I, 'I will go the same way, and then I may meet him coming back.' The landlord started and looked at me strangely. 'Why in the name of God,' he said, 'should he come back?' I told him.

"The landlord's look grew very nasty indeed. He made a step towards me in a threatening way, but his eyes caught my revolver and he turned and ran without ceremony into the house. I, with not unequal haste, made for the shelter of the trees, lest the fate that had befallen my fellow-guest should be mine also."

My uncle paused.

"I informed some sort of official of the circumstances a few days later," he went on again, "but whether action followed I do not know, nor do I greatly care. The prosaic details of police procedure I gladly leave to the modern



"NEXT YEAR I'M GOING TO HAVE AN OLD ENGLISH WEED-GARDEN."

school of detective-story writers. Give me

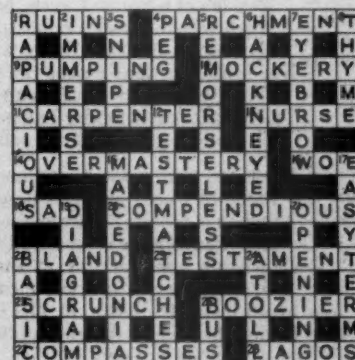
"Come off it, Uncle," I said, interrupting him a little rudely. "When the landlord asked, 'Why should he come back?' what was it you told him?"

"Why," replied my uncle; "'In order to fetch his boots,' I said, 'which he has left outside his bedroom door.' And now"—he pitched a new detective story into the corner of the room—"a game of chess?"

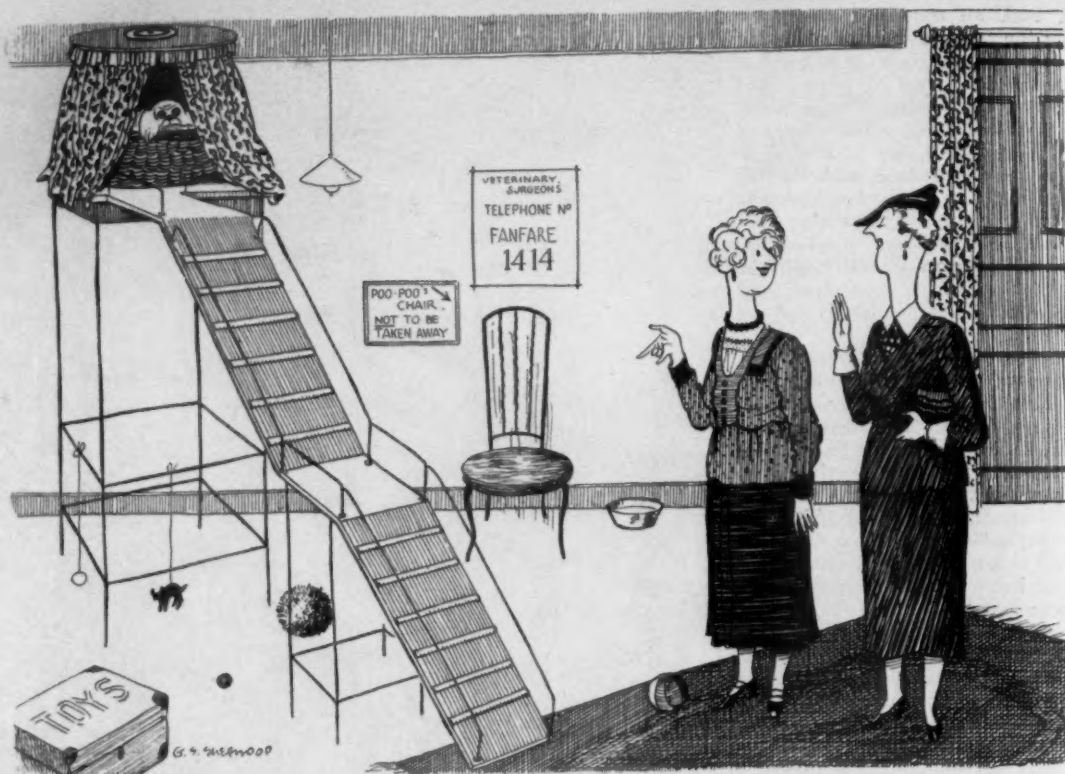
"The coroner remarked that the rider would be sent to the Minister of Transport."  
*Extract from Report.*

So that Mr. HORE-BELISHA can talk to him?

### Solution of Last Week's Crossword Puzzle.







"THIS IS HIS OWN LITTLE ROOM WHEN HE FEELS THE URGE TO BE ALONE, AND FREE FROM ALL TREACHEROUS DRAUGHTS."

### The Art of Emphasis.

(Suggested by the announcement in "The Sunday Times" that a Nazi journalist has been fined four pounds for exaggeration.)

THE mighty wits of old had kinks and twists  
Of madness and extravagance in their brains  
That lured them on to wander in the mists  
And mingle dross amid their golden grains;  
But Georgian genius, which too oft consists  
In giving not in taking infinite pains,  
Rests largely when its content is assayed  
Upon exaggeration's artful aid.

The strength that makes the written word prevail  
Resides in noun and verb, *not* epithet—  
A truth which Sunday sciolists, who hail  
New super-BALZACS every week, forget.  
Nor is a name that makes the world grow pale  
Won by the service of a super-het;  
The Magnavox is louder but not finer  
Than the old gabble of the penny-a-liner.

For there were masters of that menial art,  
Some of whose coinages deserve to live—  
As when a village fiddler played his part  
As "PAGANINI'S representative,"  
Or when a leader-writer, at the start  
Of his career, was finely moved to give  
Fresh lustre to Berlin, in *The D.T.*,  
Under the alias, "Athens on the Spree."

No doubt they tended to become bombastic  
And often bombinated in the void;  
BACON'S conciseness, rigorous and drastic,  
Their means of livelihood would have destroyed.  
Stern need compelled them to be periphrastic  
Or else be numbered with the unemployed;  
And so they lived and earned their modest fees  
By their perpetual hyperboles.

The sweet simplicity of *Dolly Varden*  
Was not reflected in their purple prose;  
They were less influenced by the Man of Hawarden  
Than by DISRAELI'S Oriental pose;  
To them the strutting peacock in a garden  
Outvied the violet and outshone the rose;  
And so they fell, unprofitably flat,  
Slain by the immortal mockery of "MATT."

And yet I mourn, when reading of a gala,  
Court function, coronation, solemn rite,  
The late lamented GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA,  
Whose grandiosity attained a height  
That even TOSCANINI of the Scala  
Has never reached, though potent to excite  
The sense of *nobilmente* or *maestoso*  
But not the true *magnifico pomposo*.

C. L. G.



## Hence the Expression "Poor Fish."

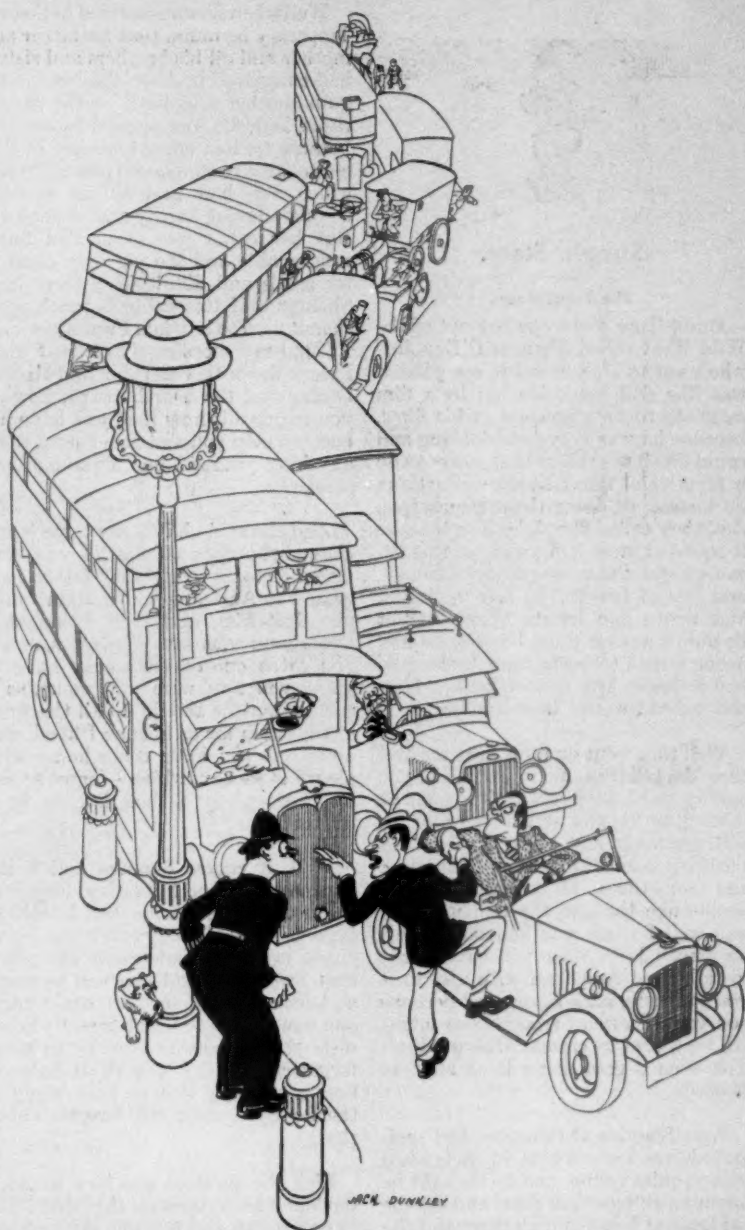
THERE are six Promenade Concerts a week for eight weeks every year, with two extra weeks at Christmas. Total, sixty concerts per annum. Assuming that each concert lasts on the average from eight till half-past ten and that any given goldfish lasts for two seasons, therefore, each fish in the Queen's Hall hears in its lifetime three hundred hours, that is to say twelve-and-a-half solid days of high-class classical music.

The realisation of this awful fact—not without some hard work with a slide-rule—prompted me to go to the Queen's Hall one evening and find out all about the fishes' reactions to their surroundings. There are, I think, five fish in the pool that graces the middle of the promenade. I walked round it several times to count them, but what with their hiding among the wax water-lilies (most of which had put their leaves on upside-down that day and were kicking their stalks in the air) and a resemblance on the part of some of them to the sad-faced Bloomsbury promenaders who were dotted about the floor, I can't be certain of this figure. Of five at least I can be sure; unless indeed some of them swim faster than I can walk. They all have names—to me at least. They won't answer to them as yet; but I think I surprised a jerk of recognition out of one of them when I said, "Come, Vladimir!" in a deep and very commanding voice.

Their reactions to the evening's entertainment proved in fact to be most remarkable. The B.B.C. Orchestra, conducted by Sir HENRY WOOD, leader, MARIE WILSON (that will help you to establish the date), kicked off with DVORAK's Carnival Overture. *The fish took no notice at all.* They just went on sporting rather languidly among the wax water-lilies.

Nor did they pay any attention to a very modern piece for violin and orchestra, or to a recitative and aria sung by a hundred-horse-power prima donna.

When the orchestra began to play ELGAR's First Symphony, however, there was a very marked change. As the first theme floated out on to the air three goldfish floated by in echelon, playfully waving their fins, but not, it may (or may not) be significant to remark, in time to the music. A moment later, at the point where the trombones go *Dudder-dudder-dudder-dudder*, another fish (I think it was little Paul Klenowsky) began skittishly turning circles in the shadow of an ice-block.



"BUT, OFFICER, WE HAVEN'T MET SINCE WE LEFT SCHOOL."

After this the goldfish began to tire of this figure, and somewhere about bar 135 it stopped and rolled over on to its side. I think this must have been a very important phase indeed, especially as at the return of the first subject (*Da, da da da Dee*, and so on—any musician will tell you) it rolled back again and dived abruptly under a water-lily leaf, not seeing, or perhaps not caring, that it was imitation. At this

point I dived unobtrusively into the bar, my observations completed.

I find that I have made a slight error in my calculations. The goldfish do not attend every performance. On the nights when they play BACH and BRAHMS and BEETHOVEN they are removed and replaced by further specimens of the public. I suspect the hand of the R.S.P.C.A. in this.



## Simple Story.

### The Leprechaun.

ONCE there was a cowboy out of the Wild West called Shamus O'Donohue who went to Hollywood to see what it was like and got taken on by a film magnate to be a cowboy in his films, because he was very good-looking and could do all the things that cowboys do in films which film-fans like seeing them do instead of doing them themselves. And they called him Jake Rug because it sounded more American, and he became a star and made plenty of money, and lots of fans fell in love with him and wrote him letters about it, but he didn't answer them because he had never learnt to write, and besides he had fallen in love himself with a film-star called Sweetie Babbicombe.

Well that went on for some time and then the talkies came in instead of the movies and Jake Rug wasn't so good at talking as he was at riding bronchos and mustangs and buck-jumpers and throwing lassoes at steers and buffaloes and sometimes at kidnappers and people like that, so the film magnate said well I think you had better quit for a spell Jake, when you have learnt to talk good American with vim in it you can come back again, and perhaps you could learn to croon, folks might fall for a cowboy crooner who wouldn't look such a goof doing it as most of them do.

Well Shamus O'Donohue had emigrated from Ireland with an uncle when he was quite young, and he thought he might as well go back there and see the old folks at home and all that, and the film magnate said yes do, it will be good for publicity. So he went to Ireland though he didn't like tearing himself away from Sweetie Babbicombe, but she wasn't speaking to him just then and in the last scene in which they had been shot together she had slapped his face for kissing her instead of only pretending to when he had snatched her off a runaway horse, and she had told him once for all that she wasn't used to marrying Irish bog-trotters and her publicity agent would certainly never stand for it.

Well when Shamus arrived in County Tipperary he found that his father and mother and all his brothers and sisters had emigrated to Australia but his old grandmother still lived in the family cabin and she was pleased to see him because he had enough money to buy her tobacco to smoke and other luxuries which she had had to do without through having hardly any of her own. But her cabin was clean and fairly comfortable and the pig only came in for meals and didn't sleep there, and Shamus said this cabin is much nicer than it used to be when I was a gossoon, I found my shoes nicely cleaned when I came down this morning and the pot boiling and the hearth swept, how do you manage it now that you have nobody to help you and never seem to do anything yourself but sit about and smoke?

And she said oh it is my tame leprechaun who does all that, I was very uncomfortable when your father emigrated to Australia and wouldn't take me, drat him, and then I caught a leprechaun with some flypapers, and if you catch one of them they have to grant you any wish you make, so I wished that he should do all the work of the cabin for as long as I lived, and now that you have come home with plenty of money, which I forgot to ask for, I dare say I shall live to be a hundred.

Well of course Shamus had heard about leprechauns but he had forgotten about them in America, and he said to himself if I could only catch this leprechaun myself I would make him grant that Sweetie should love me as much as I love her and then we could come and live in Ireland which is really much nicer than America. And I had quite forgotten while I was in Hollywood how comforting it is to have a pig in the family, I must tell Sweetie about that.

Well the question was how to catch the leprechaun, because they don't like to be caught, and this one skipped out of Shamus's way with an eerie laugh whenever he set eyes on him and he could never get anywhere near enough to catch him. But at last Shamus got up very early one morning and crept downstairs and there was the leprechaun outside tickling the pig's back, because leprechauns are really good-natured and kind to animals, and directly he saw Shamus he made off with a skip and a jump as fast as he could, and Shamus could never have caught him if he hadn't had his lasso with him, but of course it was easy

enough for him to throw that at him and catch him with it as he had had so much practice with steers and kidnappers.

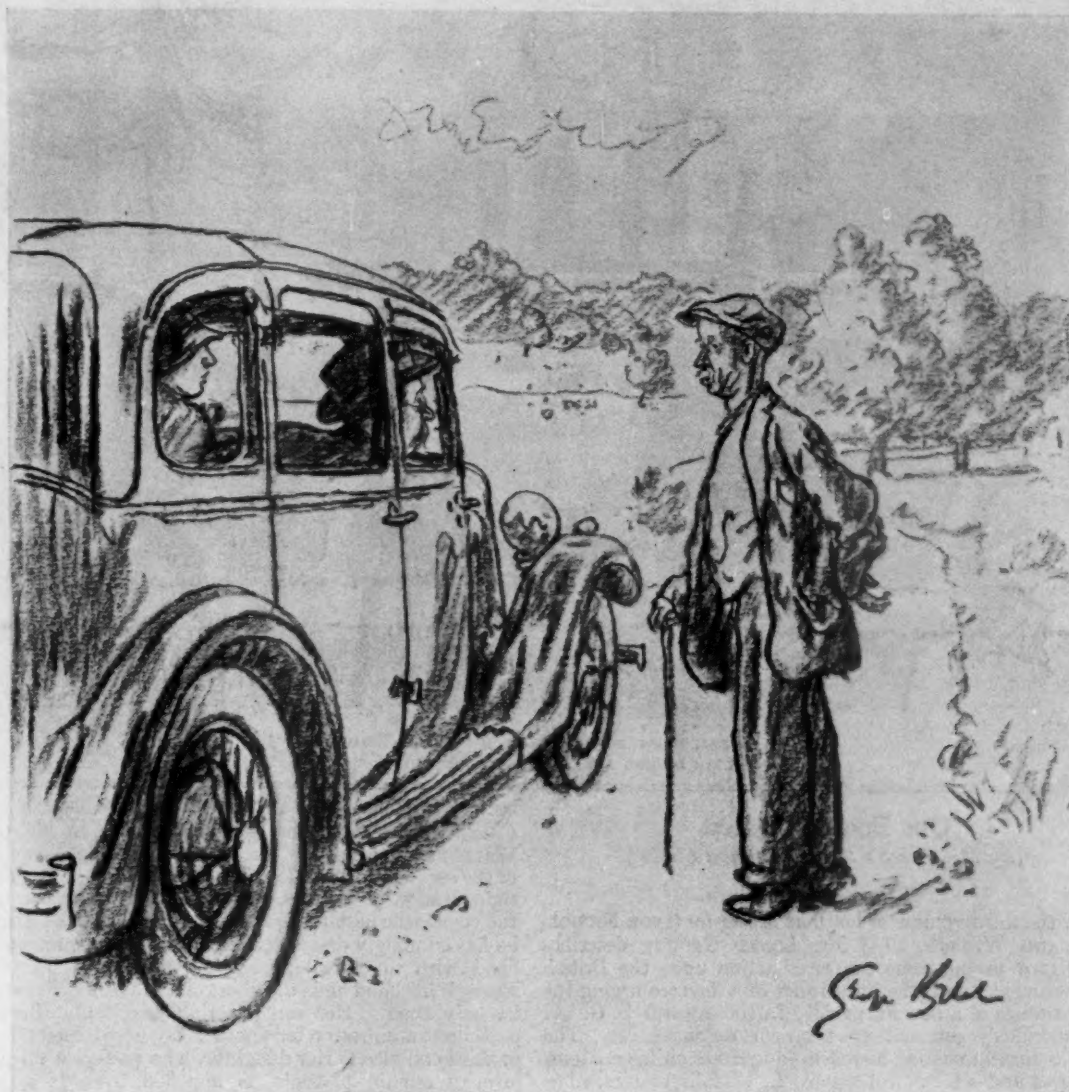
Well the leprechaun was very annoyed at being caught a second time, but when Shamus told him of the wish he would have to grant, that Sweetie Babbicombe should love him as much as he loved her, he laughed and said oh that is quite easy, I thought you would want me to do the same things for you as I have to do for the old woman and I was looking forward to getting off that soon as she can't last much longer. You go back to America and you will find your wish granted, now please let me go.

And Shamus said how shall I know my wish is granted if I let you go? And the leprechaun said you won't know until you do let me go, and go back to America. So Shamus let him go and went back to America, and on the ship he fell in love with an Irish colleen called Norah O'Grady who was emigrating there, and she fell in love with him too and told him she hated emigrating and would much rather go on living in Ireland. So they settled to get married directly they landed in New York and come straight back to Ireland and live there. And Shamus told her that he had saved up quite enough money to be able to buy his family cabin and some fields for potatoes and a pig, but he would rather not have the pig sleeping in the cabin if she didn't mind, as he had got out of the way of that at Hollywood. And Norah said she wouldn't mind that at all and if they bought quite a young pig it wouldn't notice the difference, and they were both in a heaven of delight.

Well that was all very well while they were on the ship, and Shamus had forgotten all about Sweetie when he had fallen in love with Norah, but he had sent her an expensive cablegram when the leprechaun had granted him his wish, and when they landed in New York there she was waiting for him on the quay with a lot of photographers and reporters with her so as to get publicity, and she threw her arms round his neck and said my hero, and everybody cheered and called out attaboy and things like that, and the film magnate who had come to New York with her was so pleased with the publicity that he wanted Shamus to sign a contract with his fountain-pen even before he had got through the Customs.

Well, you might have thought that





"IS THIS THE ROAD TO KILSYTH?"  
 "IS IT THE BEST WAY?"

"AWEEL, YE CAN GO THIS WAY."  
 "AWEEL, IT'S THE ONLY ONE."

this was a very awkward situation, but it wasn't really because the wish that the leprechaun had granted Shamus was that Sweetie Babbicombe should love him as much as he loved her, and so she did when she had his expensive cablegram and rushed off to New York to meet him. But of course she had left off loving him when he had fallen in love with Norah, only by that time she was so busy about publicity that she hadn't noticed it. So when Shamus said pardon me there has been some mistake I am engaged to be married to this young lady she said

what did I ever see in this low-down hick to make me think of marrying him? And she told the film magnate who had been wanting to marry her for some few weeks that she would give him a trial if he could think of some new way of getting married that would ensure publicity. So they were married in a church, as everything else seemed to have been tried, with the minister dressed up to look like DANTE, and by that time Shamus and Norah had been married too and were on their way back to Ireland.

And it turned out very well because

the leprechaun attached himself to them and kept off the bad fairies who were jealous of them for being so happy, and granted their wish that their first child should be a boy and their second and third girls. A. M.

"FIVE FEET ABOVE WATER."  
 A BRIEF GLIMPSE OF LOCH NESS MONSTER.  
*Daily Paper.*

So it swims on its back, does it?

"FRUIT AND GREENS TOOTING."  
*Advt. in Daily Paper.*  
 Not in a silence zone, we hope.





"WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT ALL, BROWN?"  
 "THEIR ONIONS AREN'T A PATCH ON OURS."

### Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

#### L. G. on the War-Path.

IN the third volume of his *War Memories* (IVOR NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 21/-) Mr. LLOYD GEORGE describes M. RIBOT urging some course of action upon the British Government "with the intolerance of a devotee urging the glad tidings of a new evangel." In those words L. G. has unconsciously summed up his own reminiscences. The pity is that in passing merciless judgments on his contemporaries and whilom colleagues, L. G. fails to remember that he himself is often wise after the event. Moreover I cannot help expressing my regret—"regret" is too weak a word—that a man who played so great a part should not have shown himself capable of rising above petty rancours. Of Sir HERBERT SAMUEL L. G. declares that he never took part in intrigues that went on. "He has always done his own snoring." The astonishing thing about that sort of remark is that its maker should be seemingly unconscious of its inevitable destructive effect upon his own personal reputation. Otherwise I have found this account of the first months in 1916-17 of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's Premiership, with its tale of food and shipping problems, miscarried offensives and the collapse of Russia, absorbing and a terrible indictment of the follies and personal jealousies to which mankind is still a prey.

#### Lucifer in London.

It is no easy task to hold the family fort, with all its traditional decencies, when you have only an instinctive

motive for doing so. Yet this is the hard case of *Fanny Carlisle*, who plays the part of heroine in Mr. HUGH WALPOLE's new novel. Mr. WALPOLE has done something of the sort before, but a long time ago and not (if I remember rightly) so well. For in *Captain Nicholas* (MACMILLAN, 7/6), the rogue who assails his simple-minded sister's household, he has cunningly delineated a sort of sapping and mining fiend with undeniable effect of cumulative horror. So *Fanny's* husband finds the ghost of a dead infidelity rearing its ugly head. Her son (steering unskillfully through a passionate admiration for another lad) is switched off on to professional vice. Her daughter, who prefers a misplaced love to remain platonic, is impelled towards a cruder solution—and so on. The weakness of the book is the entire lack of dogmatic stamina on the part of the good—for I refuse to take *Matthew* and his nebulous brand of uplift as the best thing you could oppose to so efficient a "noonday devil" as *Nicholas*.

#### A Queen's Reminiscences.

The first volume of *The Story of My Life* (CASSELLS, 18/-), by MARIE, Queen of Roumania, will not make or confirm royalists; nor does it altogether attain the exacting standards of discretion laid down to cripple the highly-placed when committing autobiography. In fact the QUEEN MARIE of the American tour may be guessed at in this apparently demure, not insensitive princess, relapsing into tomboyishness when tutors and governesses are away and sometimes when they are not; and especially happy hurrooshing along in the Bank Holiday tradition on horse or pony-back. This record gives no impression of being "ghosted." There is a distinct individuality of style

which agreeably solidifies in character-sketches showing observation or at least, if we are to be very sceptical, adroit distortion. The author, with a parent, grandparent, uncle, aunt or cousin on nearly every throne in Europe, had many sitters. Of the portraits naturally the least flattering are the most entertaining. There are memorable vignettes—best perhaps that of “Grandmama Queen” (QUEEN VICTORIA) at Windsor being initiated by the overawed princess into the plot of *Carmen*, and, having grasped it: “But then, my dear child, she’s really *not quite nice!*” This volume ends with the princess married to Cousin “NANDO”—FERDINAND, nephew of grim KING CAROL I.

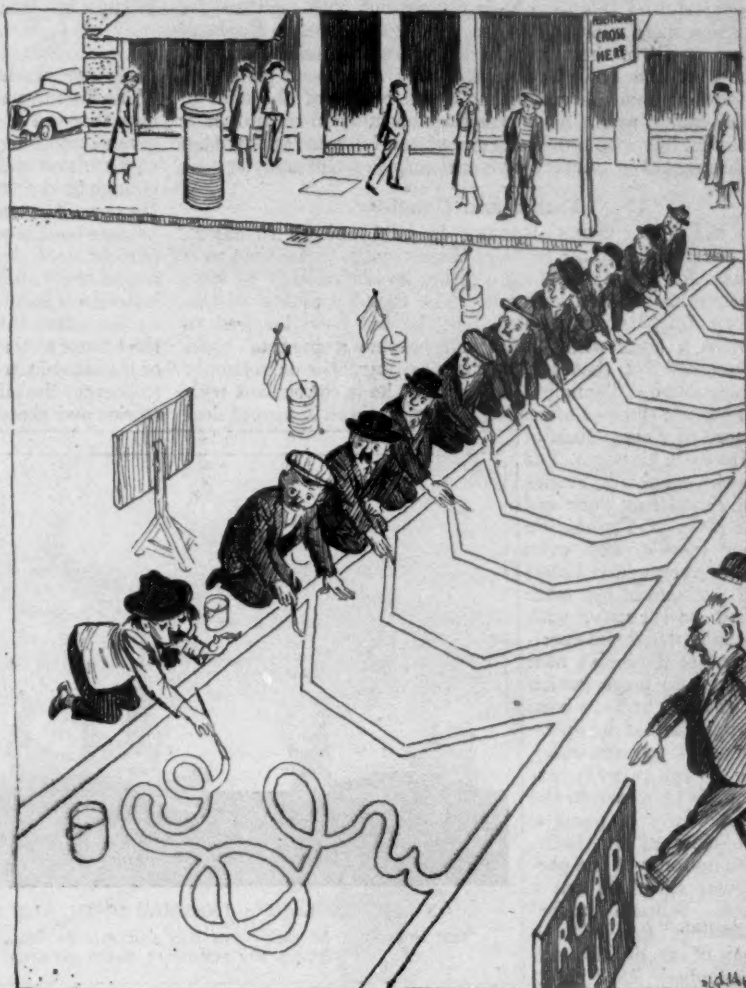
#### Heil Cupid!

I doubt whether HITLER will hail  
As an aid to the swastika cause  
The cynical, grim  
Presentment of him  
Which Miss WYLIE unflinchingly  
draws;  
And her book, *To the Vanquished*, a tale  
Of Germany’s recent to-do’s,  
Has portraits of others—  
His comrades and brothers—  
In-office—who’ll share the same  
views.

The story (from CASSELLS, five bob)  
Shows Nazi control at its height,  
With a hideous blend  
Of friend fighting friend  
And black being made to look white;  
But Cupid gets down to the job,  
Undisciplined now as of old,  
And a contest of beauty  
And love against duty  
Leaves Nazidom out in the cold.

#### A Renaissance Quartet.

The outstanding merits of *The Man of the Renaissance* (ROUTLEDGE, 15/-) are foreshadowed in an interesting preface. It is the author’s intention, he says, to portray the period in its vitality, its achievement and its almost unparalleled moral misery by depicting four men who between them exhaust the stock attitudes of mankind in the face of life. SAVONAROLA the ascetic, CASTIGLIONE the pillar of society, MACHIAVELLI the apostle of expediency and ARETINO the sensualist cover the ground pretty thoroughly; and as they overlap in both time and place they present a fairly continuous vista of Italian history. The moral purpose, had it been adhered to with fewer lapses into mere annals, would have produced a shorter book and a more distinguished one. ARETINO, the least politically implicated of Mr. RALPH ROEDER’s four figures, is the most complete. The seamy side of his life is tactfully handled and excellent use made of his delightful letters. There is sound characterisation elsewhere—I recall a moving half-length of CASTIGLIONE’S Gonzaga duchess. But ARETINO listening tenderly to “that *laf-lof* when the scullions are siapping the batter” lives more vividly in his own words than on the canvas by TITIAN.



TEMPERAMENT.

#### A Peasant's Homecoming.

The books of KAREL ČAPEK have a distinct note of their own. Both in manner and matter they are as different as can be from the ordinary fiction obtainable from the library. *Hordubal* (ALLEN AND UNWIN, 7/6) reads like a slice out of real life—the life of a Slavonian peasant. It begins with *Juraj Hordubal* returning home, after eight years' hard labour in a mine in the United States. Keyed up to the highest pitch of expectancy, he arrives at the old farm, which looks surprisingly new. But there is something wrong—something he cannot quite understand; his welcome is not what he had expected. By degrees it becomes apparent, even to the clumsy good-hearted husband, that he is not wanted. *Polana*, the wife whom he had been so longing to see, has taken a lover, who has persuaded her to go in for horse-breeding, and *Juraj* is no good with horses. He tries hard to make the best of things. *Stepan*, the lover, must go, for the village is beginning to talk, but without him how is the farm to be carried on?



So *Stepan* is brought back again, and there is another quarrel, and this time he is thrown out with violence, for which there must be revenge. So the unfortunate *Hordubal* is put out of the way, with his wife's connivance, and the rest of the book is occupied with two local policemen ferreting out the crime, and a full report of the trial of the guilty pair. An interesting book, sombre and even sordid, but with touches of gaiety and humour, and written throughout in CAPEK'S own curiously breathless style.

#### Father and Daughter.

Men, Mr. OWEN RUTTER is bold enough to assert, "often make better mothers than women." Be that as it may, for the job of being a father he is obviously as competent as he is enthusiastic. The proud possessor of *One Fair Daughter* (GOLLANCZ, 8/6), he has been inspired to write a book which may well become a parents' *vademecum*. Not that Mr. RUTTER is dogmatic or solemnly instructive. Though it is clear that he is conversant with the latest theories of the psychologists, there is a great deal more of *Freude* than of *Freud* in his pages. But with delightful stories of *Twinkle* at work and at play, of *Twinkle* on her travels, and even (but very occasionally) of *Twinkle* in her tears and tantrums, with equally delightful specimens of *Twinkle's* own verse and prose (which I wish might have been supplemented by specimens of her drawing), he persuasively expounds his views on the whole duty of parents. Of children at large, and not only of one particular child, he has a most delicate understanding; for he is a man of imagination and remembers what childhood is really like. His book, therefore, is as wise as it is charming, at once serious and full of humour. It is a moot point which is the more to be congratulated: Mr. RUTTER on his daughter or *Miss Twinkle* on her father.

#### Lights and Shades of Humour.

I am glad, much as I admire Mr. EVELYN WAUGH when his satire is briskest, that he has the courage to change his tune. When I began to read *A Handful of Dust* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 7/6) I wondered, like the child at a pantomime, when the funny man was coming back. Actually, though humour never deserts the author's elbow, the book is a tragedy—quite a common one about *Tony Last*, who was labelled a stodge because he lived as his fathers had done, and about his wife, who became a bore when it was expected of her and "walked out" with a worse stodge because she had lost the habit of flirtation. The best (and painfully worst) of the book is its deadly truth. What could be more accurate to life than that *Tony* should play animal snap—the only card game he knew—by way of distraction on the day his boy was killed? There is every sort of humour here—the grim, the not so grim and the almost knockabout comedy when the "unknown woman" procured for *Tony's* divorce insists on bringing her nauseating child for a breath

of Brighton air. The tale is as good in its way as any Mr. WAUGH has written. May he long continue to be versatile.

#### Cuffy Again.

No one who has read even one of the component parts of "The Fortunes of Richard Mahony" will hear with indifference that in *The End of a Childhood* (HEINEMANN, 7/6) we are given something more about *Mary*, and that it is the boy *Cuffy* whose childhood is finished in its pages. It will be enough to say that, fragment as it is, it is worthy of "HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON'S" earlier volumes. The rest of the present book is occupied by "Growing Pains," which consists of eight small sketches of girlhood, vivid, humorous, painful, but all true to life; by "Two Tales of Old Strasbourg," piteous histories of failure, but exquisite in their understanding; and by two other tales, "Succedaneum" and "Mary Christina," the former a story which curiously reminds one of the fiction of the late nineteenth century, the latter a brilliant attempt to portray the mind of an old woman as she lies dying. These stories and sketches seem to me like a group of statuettes

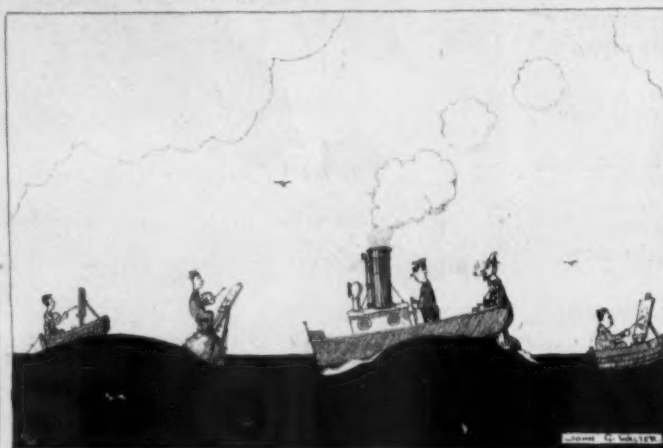
by a sculptor who has specialized in colossi, but I gratefully acknowledge that they are plainly the work of the same master hand.

#### Education.

Mr. H. S. SHELTON, in a preface to *Thoughts of a Schoolmaster* (HUTCHINSON, 6/-), states that as a boy he has been in four schools and as a master in twenty-five. It is a goodly number, and his experiences have been so varied that they have undoubtedly qualified him to deal with educational problems. Space prevents me from mentioning in detail the numerous schemes and suggestions for improvement which he makes, but after studying them I can confidently assert that he has tackled his subject with common-sense. And his remarks about the respective merits of the day-school and the boarding-school might be read with profit by many a parent to-day.

#### The Chase.

In *Author Hunting* (HAMISH HAMILTON, 15/-) Mr. GRANT RICHARDS writes with his customary vivacity and candour of his varied experiences as a publisher. Crippled at the outset by his lack of capital Mr. RICHARDS had at least one asset that no money can buy, namely courage. True that he allowed some authors to escape from his net, but, as those who read this volume will see in abundance for themselves, he did land Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW. And, if for no other reason, these reminiscences are informing and entertaining because Mr. SHAW, long before he became famous, figures so vividly in them. It would, however, be totally unjust to say that this book is "a one-man show." Indeed there is scarcely an author of repute at the beginning of the present century and later of whom Mr. RICHARDS has not something to say. And with one exception he refers to all of these writers without hostility. The production and illustrations of the volume are excellent.



ONE OF ENGLAND'S LESSER-KNOWN ART SCHOOLS.  
THE PRINCIPAL OF THE SAND BAY COLLEGE OF MARINE PAINTING  
INSPECTS HIS PUPILS AT THEIR STUDIES.



## Charivaria.

A WRITER wonders how public interest in SHAKESPEARE can be revived. It might be a good plan to begin by banning one or two of his plays.

There are complaints in French newspapers that the pens in Paris post-offices won't write. This forms yet another bond of understanding sympathy between the French and British nations.

An increasingly large proportion of the bottles left by picnickers are milk-bottles. Promoters of the "Drink More Milk" campaign await the congratulations of the Anti-Litter League.

Projected railway-station improvements include a new type of waiting-room fire. Consideration is also being given to the idea of lighting it in very cold weather.

"Too often," says Lord HALLFAX, "co-operation, like economy, is regarded as excellent in the abstract but better in practice for other people than for ourselves." This is due to the fact that, as with economy, everyone feels he is getting the worst of it.

The cleaning of London's statues, we are informed, provides employment for ninety men. But what dispiriting employment!

"What really causes the curative properties of spa waters?" asks a doctor. Judicious advertising, shall we say?

A correspondent in a contemporary suggests that there should be a five-shilling note, which he is sure would be welcomed by the public. We should be interested to hear of any money that wouldn't.

"Why does the Englishman cling to the bowler-hat?" asks M. EMIL TULL. Wind, Monsieur, wind.

your doctor," says Lord HORDER, "but don't make a doctor of your friend." If he shows a disposition to treat you, though, why, let him.

Somebody has ascertained that it is permissible to stay in the bar of a public-house as long as it is open without buying anything. The legality of this has never been questioned by Scotsmen.

A room in a famous London hotel is known as the Wolf Room. Many American visitors have been surprised to find that it was not a quick-lunch counter.

Planting trees is regarded as a recognised way of attracting rainfall. Another good plan is to wash the car.

"Our railways deal roughly with 2,500,000 parcels a week," declared a transport official recently. Well, he said it himself.

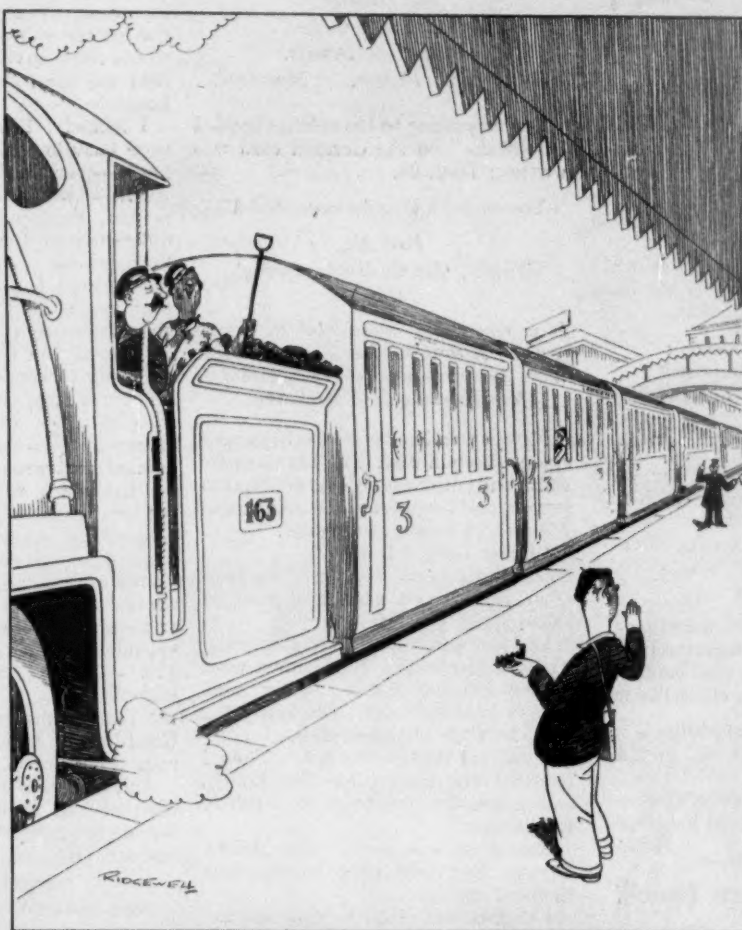
"Man's chief concern," declares a writer, "is to get food." This of course does not apply to waiters.

To be in the newspaper fashion we have estimated that if the new

Cunarder was placed in Charing Cross Road it would lead to no end of confusion, to say nothing of traffic-blocks.

In a recent court case a father and daughter—both lawyers—were on opposite sides and the father won. It doesn't sound natural.

A lecturer says that it is to be deplored that we cannot choose our ancestors. Still, they probably wouldn't have chosen us.

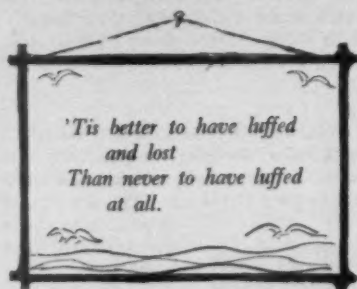


Returning Holiday-maker. "ONE MOMENT, GUARD! I'M JUST FINISHING UP THE LAST REEL."

In the opinion of a military correspondent there is nothing the soldier of to-day likes better than a lecture on tactics. Except a week-end pass, of course.

A notorious gangster was recently arrested in a billiard saloon in New York. It is understood that he was actually putting the ball on the spot when the police broke in.

"It is all right to make a friend of



With Mr. Punch's sympathy and compliments to Mr. T. O. M. SORWITH.

### The Tenant.

THE Tenant's gane, the Lodge is shut;

Nae mair, until the Twalth return,  
We'll see him threshin' at the burn  
Or sittin' shiverin' in his butt.

A sair wee man, wi' a' respec';  
If a' thing wasna as he wantit  
He girmed an' grat an' raged an' rantit

Till folks was fain t' throw his neck.

He made oor road a road o' fear;  
His hunnert-horse-poo'er Sich-an'-sich  
Wad send ye loupin' for the ditch—  
An' "Damn yer eyes!" was a' ye'd hear.

A sair wo: man; but sich maun be,  
He pays the Laird a bonny rent  
An' syne the Lairdie, weel content,  
Brings doon the rents for chieils like me.

O' birds an' fush a mighty killer—  
Guid send him back wi' gun an' creel;

We niver lo'ed him unco weel—  
But, man, we fairly rooked his siller!

H. B.

### Top-Hole English Lonch.

It was in a small Black Forest town.  
The sign caught my eye at once.

"TOP-HOLE ENGLISH LONCH!!"  
RM. 3.50.

It was placed beneath a similar sign  
which announced:—

"MITTAGSSEN RM. 3. ABENDESSEN  
RM. 4."

Both were flanked by portraits of the CHANCELLOR. Top-hole english Lonch sounded intriguing and I went to the door to examine the bill-of-fare. It was divided into two parts. On one side were listed the familiar items of

a German mid-day meal. The other was clearly an attempt to make English tourists feel at home. The menu was a masterpiece:—

*Soup of Fox.*

*Baken Eggs.*

*Warm Roats Beef with Yorksch.*

*Pots. Cabs.*

COLD: *York Hum, Pie of Hen, Stake and Gidney.*

*Apples Pie & Gustard.*

*Cheezes. Deserts.*

*Salz.*

*Pipper. Moustard.*

Corresponding to the column headed "Getränke" on the German card was written: DRUNKS.

The english Drunks consisted of:—

*Pail Ale.*

*Whiski. (Balek, White, Strong).*

*Gen.*

*It is respectfully intimidated to Guests that the Restaurant has Three Saloons. Were the Front-Side full, there would be found room on the Back-Side.*

My eye wandered up to the beginning again. Soup of Fox. The Germans are warm and enthusiastic lovers of SHAKESPEARE and I suspected the influence of *Macbeth*. I went in to inquire.

"Grüß Gott!" I said.

"Heil, HITLER!" countered the Herr Ober, not without a touch of irony. I asked about the fox.

Oh, but surely the Herr Engländer would understand. Englishmen went in for hunting foxes. They were always hunting foxes. Obviously fox must be their favourite dish.

I insisted that it was not. Then I inquired the reason for the Lonch, asking whether the town were full of Englishmen.

No, there was none. But ADOLF HITLER had said they should love England and so . . .

I understood. Had he shot the fox himself?

Ah! the Herr Engländer would understand. . . it was not really soup of fox. He would not say what it was soup of, but assured me that it was fox only in writing.

I tackled the meal.

It was on the whole a very efficient attempt. I made one mistake. I ordered "York Hum." It did, and I had to send it away untasted. The Roats Beef was warm and the Pail Ale lived up to its name. The Cabs. were very liberally sprinkled with Pipper. After my Deserts I inquired who had written the *Speisekarte*.

An English student, said Herr Ober.

I disbelieved him at once and the next moment he had produced the student.

"I suppose you were trying to be funny?" I asked severely.

"Lord, no! It's good publicity. You see, Germans who are really determined to love England will eat the 'Top-hole Lonch,' whatever is written on the menu, so long as it is written in English. And any Briton who saw that card would come straight in and take the meal, even if only in order to correct the mistakes. That fox soup would fetch anybody. It fetched you. And the meal itself isn't at all bad. Look!"

I looked. Ten to fifteen Germans were busy loving England and enjoying it—even the York Hum.

"Now, if I'd written the thing in perfect English it would make no difference to these people, but the tourists—we occasionally get one or two—would feel that they could get that sort of thing at home and they'd go somewhere typically German. I only hope the CHANCELLOR will tell Germany to love Scotland next week. I fancy a meal consisting of 'Portsch with Salz or Cream,' followed by 'Huggis.' We have some Scotsmen coming next week and 'Huggis' would fill the place with indignant Highlanders. I shall suggest it as a business proposition, whether we are to love Scotland or not. Of course the manager knows nothing of my scheme. He thinks the menu is a masterpiece of praiseworthy accuracy. I gave him a splendid explanation for the 'Soup of Fox'—though false it was entirely logical."

"Yes," I murmured, "I heard it. Good-bye." I raised my hat, for I respect enterprise.

And now I am waiting eagerly to see whether the Fatherland will declare love on Scotland. If she does I shall go and eat "Huggis."

### New Material for Our Novelists.

"Some Sex Problems in the Fungi."  
*From a Philosophical Society's Programme.*

### "MOTOR SHARES JUMP."

*Headline in Daily Paper.*

Normally, of course, the pedestrian jumps alone.

"Crown Prince Peter, like his mother, speaks English perfectly, having had a Yorkshire governess since he was a baby."

*Daily Paper.*

Eeh, lad, that's champion!

"What can one do for moles?"

*Medical Column of Daily Paper.*

One might put a saucer of milk out for them on the lawn.



### THE ANTI-GOLD BLOC.

"WE MAY HAVE HAD A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE OF OPINION ABOUT A SILVER CUP,  
BUT WE ARE BOTH AT ONE IN DESPISING THE IDOL OF GOLD."





Wife. "A GLIMPSE OF BOHEMIA! I LIKE THAT—WHY, THEY'RE DOING ALL THE GLIMPSEING."

### The Great Discovery.

"WHAT one is always seeking," said the grey-haired editor, "is a story which has never been written before."

He leant back in his chair in a pensive attitude, finger-tips joined.

"We shall die in the wilderness," he quoted; "but some day, and it may be to a man in this very chair, such a story will be offered. A story with a plot entirely new, such as it has never before entered into the mind of man to conceive."

"I have brought it with me," said the author, holding up the MS. he had just drawn from his pocket.

"Oh, come now," protested the editor with a shade of annoyance on his face, "you don't mean that seriously."

"Indeed I do," said the author calmly. "I assure you that this story of mine, to use your own words, is one 'such as it has never before entered into the mind of man to conceive.'"

"Tut, tut!" ejaculated the editor peevishly.

He frowned and was about to intimate that the interview was ended when he paused. Some inward voice

seemed to warn him that he was about to miss the chance of a lifetime.

"Look here," he said, glancing at his watch—"just give me a brief outline of your plot."

"In a few words, the opening situation is as follows," began the author. "Bertram is a penniless young poet in love with Miriam, a charming girl possessed of immense wealth inherited from her father, who converted some derelict machinery into a munition-making plant during the Great War. They become secretly engaged; then Oliver, the rival, poisons the girl's mind with insinuations that Bertram is a fortune-hunter whose love is not for herself but for her money. There is a lover's quarrel and the engagement-ring is returned."

The editor sniffed.

"It is decreed by Fate," continued the author, "that Bertram and Miriam are passengers on board the same liner bound for Australia. The vessel is wrecked and the two young people cast on some uncharted coral island, the sole survivors of the disaster. They have escaped the wreck, but they cannot now escape from each other."

The editor's face flushed with anger. "And you call that an original plot,"

he exploded. "Why, a million stories have been founded on that same idea. In all parts of the earth, on desert islands, in the depths of primeval forests, in seaside hotels twenty miles from a railway-station estranged lovers have been brought together by force of circumstances and been obliged to accept each other's society. The cause of their quarrel has been explained and they have become reunited."

"Wait," said the author; "in my story they are not reunited."

"Not for a couple of pages or so, but they are in the end."

"Nothing of the kind; their estrangement is eternal."

The editor's hand moved nervously towards a heavy paperweight which lay on his desk. The disturbing thought flashed into his mind that he was dealing with a lunatic who might prove dangerous.

"Impossible!" he murmured. "How can two former lovers be thrown together in the way you describe without eventually making up their quarrel and falling into each other's arms?"

"So far from falling into each other's arms they hate each other worse than ever, and continue to do so till the end."

"They do?" gasped the editor, as if unable to credit his own hearing.

"Their forced companionship results in the true nature of each being brought to light and seen by the other," went on the author. "Miriam, overhearing something uttered by Bertram in his sleep, finds that he really was in love with her money; and the poet discovers that the girl is vain and capricious, that she never intended to allow him to control her purse, and much preferred golf to listening while he read aloud to her from his unpublished works. Soon they hate each other like poison."

The editor had started up in his chair and was leaning forward with a tense expression on his face. It was as if on him too had begun to fall the light of a great inspiration.

"Go on," he murmured.

"Slowly the poet's mind becomes unhinged. He has never been robust, and a diet of cokernuts hastens the collapse of his brain. He determines to kill the girl. Armed with a jagged piece of rock he creeps up to her while she is asleep—"

"Ah!" interrupted the editor, unable for the moment to rid himself of ideas which had become part of his nature, "I knew you were bound to come round to the old ending. Bertram beholds the face of the sleeping girl in the moonlight and pauses for a moment conscience-stricken. Her sweetlips part and she breathes his name—'Bertram, my love!' In an instant he is sane again. Kneeling by her side he clasps her hand—"

"Am I telling this story or are you?" inquired the author. "Miriam wakes up in time to see that Bertram intends to kill her. She springs to her feet and rushes off with the madman in chase. The girl had always been the more athletic of the two and has no difficulty in keeping ahead of her pursuer, who is afflicted with a hammer-toe. As she runs round the shore of the island she shouts loudly for help, and her cries are heard by the occupants of a war-canoe which happens to be cruising in the vicinity. The natives come to the girl's rescue and the poet is made prisoner."

"I see—I see," murmured the editor in a low eager tone. "But even now I doubt if the world is ripe for such astounding innovations. Our readers would expect what begins as a love-story to conclude with a wedding or the prospect of one."

"That's what I'm coming to," was the reply.

The editor clasped his hands to his side and his features were contorted with a twinge of pain. His doctor had



"Now, MR. HAUGHSFEATHERS, IF YOU WANT TOOTLES AND TOPSY TO LOVE YOU YOU MUST GET RIGHT DOWN ON THE FLOOR AND ROMP WITH THEM."

recently warned him against undue excitement.

"Go on," he said faintly.

"Miriam is saved from the lunatic by a young and god-like native chief named Wanaloooloo. He tells her that her eyes are like two pearls in a blue lagoon—or two blue lagoons on a pearl—I forget now how he puts it. Anyway between Miriam and her preserver it is a case of love at first sight. They marry, and we take leave of them amid a crowd of rejoicing natives who have

been bidden to the wedding-breakfast."

"Great! Splendid!" cried the editor in a voice broken with emotion. "But you seem to have left one of your characters in the air. You have not said what became of Bertram."

"I have said there was a wedding-breakfast. Bertram was the breakfast."

"Nice Fisherman's New Cry,"  
Daily Paper.

It sounds a far cry from Billingsgate.



## Round the Schools.

A CORRESPONDENT in *The Times* complains that too much attention is given by newspapers to the athletic activities and prospects of our public schools. Mr. Punch therefore has sent a representative to certain famous institutions to ascertain the position on the academic side.

### BEATON COLLEGE.

Prospects are bright for the new intellectual year which opens at Beaton on Wednesday. The new Head of the School, Lord Arrowroot, can count on only five Old Swots from the Sixth Form which did so well in last year's examinations; and no doubt the gaps left by Blenkins, Fallow *ma.*, Ezra-Wertheim and Ratcliffe will not be easy to fill. The captains of cricket, fencing and football and the boating eight have of course been promoted to the Sixth *ex officio*. The old Beaton tradition has it that the "all-rounder" is the best product of any school, and the leaders of athletics and academics are, age for age, so far as possible, instructed together, so that each type may absorb some of the qualities of the other, even though they acquire no particular information from the masters. But, allowing for this practice, it does look as if the top form this year will contain a definitely intellectual element. The new entries include young Anstruther, whose Latin Hexameters on the San Francisco earthquake were a feature of the last academic year; Maltby *minor*, who in a single term rose from place 31 to place 3 in the Lower Sixth (without, so far as is known, the aid of a crib); Vavasour, who at the age of seventeen won the Groat Prize for Greek Iambics (on the Messina Earthquake), and young Basil Norman, whose quadratic equations are said to have a flavour of the classical style of his famous father. Talking of fathers, we learn that one or two keen Old Beatonians have been giving their boys a practice-run at Greek prose and geometry during the "hols." Altogether Headmaster Simpson has reason to hope that Beaton will not disgrace herself in Scholarship Week either at Oxford or Cambridge; and in any case there are always the six closed scholarships at Bauble College which are

bound to be won by Beatonians (difficult though it is to persuade the boys to go there).

### ARNCASTER.

At Arncaster the situation is very different, and few will envy the task of the new head scholar, Denis Marrable. The Arncaster tradition is of course diametrically opposed to that of Beaton. Here the one thing that matters is Work. Intellectual improvement is the only goal and intellectual performance the only test for promotion.

No amount of influence can get a

without cap or blazer. The Sixth Form, on the other hand, wear a hat-band representing golden laurel-leaves on a pale-blue ground; winners of any of the big School Prizes for poems about earthquakes are entitled to wear mauve ties and mufflers; and any boy who is top of his form may wear a button-hole and a lavender waistcoat on Sundays during the succeeding term. To say of another boy that he is a "swot" is, for an Arncasterian, to pay him the highest compliment. All this has not been lost on British parents, and Arncaster increasingly attracts the cleverest boys.

But the success of this wholesome tradition has not made things easier for those who are responsible for the conduct of the academic year. The phrase *embarras de richesses* must often be present in the mind of the Headmaster, Mr. Alec Fraser, and the head scholar, on whom the main work falls. For the boys of Arncaster are now so clever and well-informed that it is almost impossible to find masters of the older generation who are fit to associate with them intellectually. Only the very youngest members of the staff make any pretensions towards "teaching"; the others content themselves with keeping the classrooms tidy and well-ventilated, fetching the necessary books, pens, etc., while the boys arrange the actual lessons among themselves.

The only difficulty is to decide which Arncaster boys shall win which scholarships; and this is the heavy task of the head scholar. Young Denis Marrable (who is only sixteen) has an exceptionally



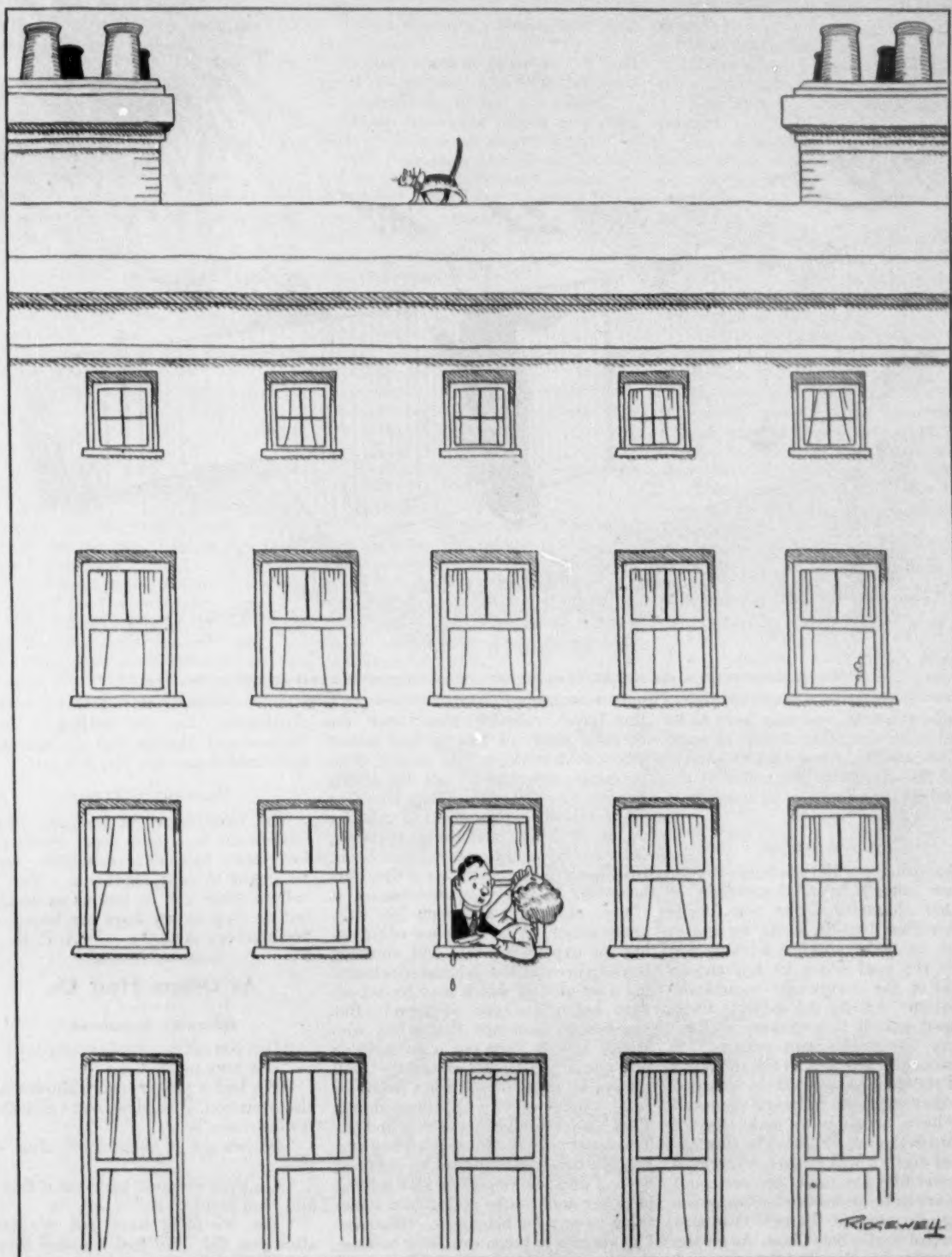
FRED NEHER.  
"TWO BOLOGNA SANDWICHES, AND CUT THE BREAD THIN—THEY'RE FOR AN OCEAN FLIGHT."

captain of cricket into the Sixth—even the Junior Sixth—if his Alcæics do not justify it. Indeed the captains of sport have no particular influence outside their own narrow spheres. It was the late Headmaster (now Bishop) Ormsby who put an end to that when he abolished all distinctive ornaments and garments for the merely athletically distinguished. "Absurd," he said, "that a mere slow-bowler or goalkeeper should walk the town with a special tie and gaily-coloured hat-ribbon, while the winner of the Glassby Prize for Greek Epigram (on the Tokio Earthquake) wears nothing whatever to tell the world what he has done." So it came about that the Arncaster cricket team wear the ordinary black hat-bands and march modestly on to Lord's

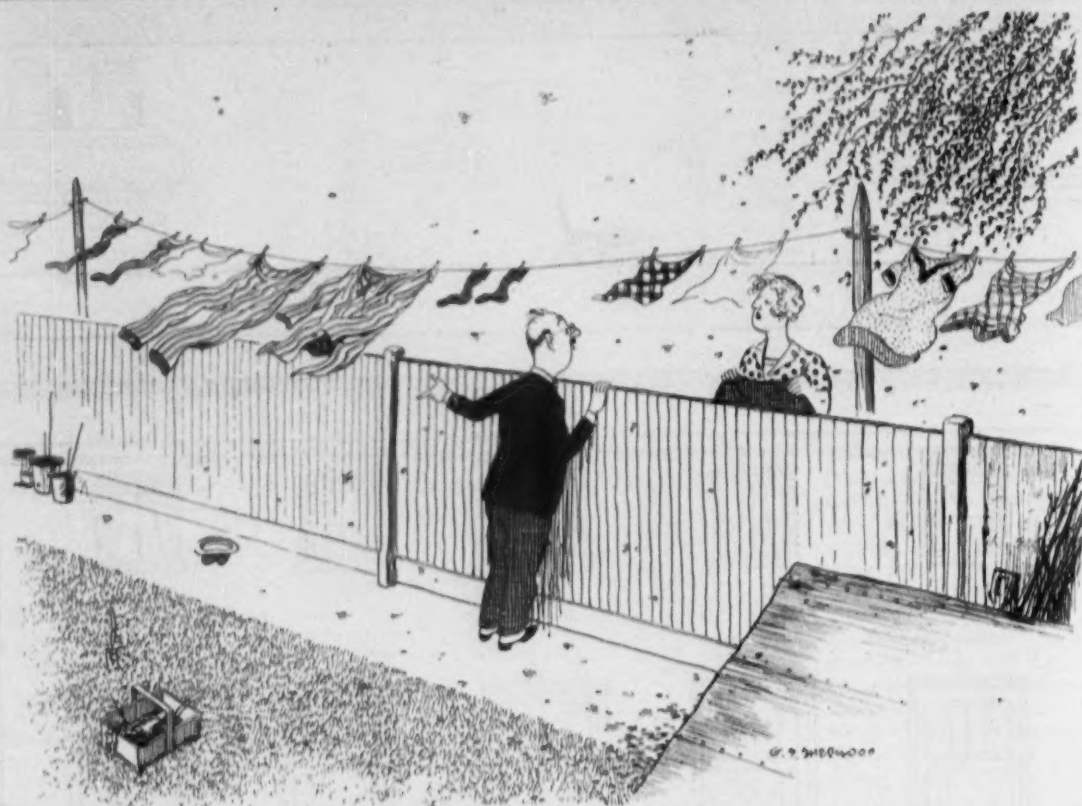
fine field to draw from this year, including twenty-seven Old (Sixth) Swots and fifty or more who have got their Latin colours or can wear their Greek Prose tie. Indeed his chief anxiety may be to ensure that his team do not suffer from staleness through too much labour and learning. For Arncasterians reach the top class so quickly that in many cases they know everything a year or two before it is time to leave school.

Latin Prose comes so naturally to many of this year's team that they discuss the racing news in that language, and young Marrable himself confesses that he has often turned out a Greek epigram in his bath, or sleep. In such cases, to preserve the necessary zest for scholarship examinations, the young scholar has to be kept off work for





"BUT, EDITH, YOU MUST LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE. ANYWAY, TIBBLES CAN'T BE RUN OVER."



"MAY I BRING IT TO YOUR NOTICE, MADAM, THAT YOUR HUSBAND'S PYJAMAS ARE TRESPASSING?"

months at a time, and may have to be dosed with detective fiction or some similar antidote. Altogether the annual Rudhouse-Arncliffe encounter at the Balliol Exam. should be an interesting affair.

#### FALLOW SCHOOL.

The opening of the academic year at Fallow raises a crop of problems of another character. The new Headmaster, Bert Raddle, plans, we understand, to make another advance towards the goal which he has chosen—that is, the completely "practical" education. Among the subjects to be dropped entirely this term are algebra, history, geography and science. A questionnaire sent out to ten thousand Old Fallowians has elicited the information that only one in every thousand ever have occasion to make use of algebra in their daily lives. The elimination of algebra will set free seven-hundred-and-fifty boy-hours per week, and these are to be distributed between the Garage Course and the new Care and Upkeep of Radio-Sets Class. As for the other subjects, Mr. Raddle expressed himself to our representative in this way: "What is the use of wasting

the boys' valuable time over the detailed study of this or that period when next week, as like as not, their favourite newspaper will be giving away a *History of the Whole World* or *The Universe in a Nutshell*? Far better let them learn something practical, such as Crossword-puzzles, Punctures, Gossip-writing or the Care of the Carburettor. Science, again—Science is always changing, with men like EINSTEIN about. What's the use of engaging an expensive staff and shutting boys up in expensive laboratories learning a lot of stuff which may be out-of-date before the end of term? But you can be darn sure that a boy who knows how to turn out a scenario or has got a grasp of 'continuity' will always be able to pick up a dollar or two. Geography? Nothing doing. That's a job for THOMAS COOK and the Transport people. But teach a boy how to sell a two-seater, decant an old port, write a publisher's puff or play a hand of poker and you're giving him something to pay for his cigars. Of course I'm keeping in Latin and Greek because they're a help in journalism and politics; and Literature, because that gives a boy ideas for the movies; and

Arithmetic, for the betting. But Science and Algebra and all that old-fashioned dope—no, Sir, it's out!"

#### BADGERY COLLEGE.

The Headmaster of Badgery said: "It should be a good year. Seven of last year's football team remain, and we ought to beat Rudhouse. Yes, I believe there will be lessons as usual; but as long as my boys are happy I don't bother them." A. P. H.

#### As Others Hear Us.

##### Becoming Acquainted.

"Did you get much rain yesterday?"  
 "Not very much."  
 "We had a pretty heavy shower in the afternoon. Just about three o'clock, it must have been."  
 "Oh, we got it about four. Just a shower."  
 "Ah, then we must have got it first, and then you had it."  
 "Yes, we must have got it just after you did. We had it about four o'clock."  
 "Ah, it was about three o'clock with us. Quite a heavy shower."

"It wasn't frightfully heavy with us. Not what I call *heavy*."

"Really, really. We could do with a lot more rain even now."

"That's what my husband says. Are you a gardener?"

"My wife's very keen."

"So's my husband."

"Let me see, how far are you from here?"

"Oh, we live at Southway."

"Really. Really. Yes. Southway. I'm not perfectly sure if I know. Is that in the *Plumley* direction?"

"It is in a way, but not really. You go past Plumley station and then you leave it on your left."

"Ah, yes, yes, yes. Pretty part of the world."

"It is rather nice, isn't it? Let me see, are you far from here?"

"We're in the next county actually. Little place called Northcome."

"Oh, yes, yes. It's very pretty, isn't it?"

"It is rather nice. Do you know that neighbourhood at all?"

"Not really. I've just motored through. I once met some people called—let me see—I know they lived near Northcome."

"Ah! neighbours of ours I expect. It wasn't the Greys by any chance?"

"No, I don't think so. It was a man and his wife, and I'm nearly sure they said they lived at Northcome, or else

they were staying there—I forget which."

"Ah, I dare say. Might have been the Whites."

"I don't think so somehow. I shall get it in a minute. I'm frightfully bad at remembering names, I'm afraid."

"I can remember names as a rule. Now my wife never forgets a face."

"Oh, I can remember faces. I mean, if I've seen a face before I always remember it when I see it again. But I usually can't remember the person's name, or when I saw them before, or anything at all about them. But I always remember a face."

"I must say I usually remember names. But my wife never forgets a face. Never."

"My husband doesn't either. And he always remembers people's initials. If he was at school with a person hundreds of years ago and somebody says it was Jones or something he always says 'A. B.'"

"I've never known my wife forget a face."

"Blanchard."

"Oh, yes, yes, yes. Major Blanchard and his wife. She inherited some property near us."

"I thought you'd know them."

"Well, as a matter of fact they don't live there. The place is let. But I think she comes down occasionally and has a look at it."

"Do you know them?"

"Met them, you know. Just met them."

"How interesting!"

"Extraordinary what a small place the world is after all."

"Yes, isn't it? Are you a bridge-player?"

"No. I'm afraid we neither of us do anything much in that line. Are you very keen?"

"My husband plays quite a lot. I'm afraid I don't."

"Ah, quite a number of people don't play. And, on the other hand, quite a number of people are very keen about it. I'm afraid neither of us does very much in that way."

"My husband plays quite often, but I don't."

"Really, really."

"My husband will be so interested to hear that you know the Blanchards. I think we shall really have to go in a minute, but do come and see us one of these days, if you're anywhere near."

"Thank you; we should like that very much. It's been such a pleasure to meet you."

"It's been delightful, hasn't it? . . ."

E. M. D.

#### Warning to Wool-Gatherers.

"SHEEP DIE FROM EATING EWE CLIPPINGS."

Heading in West-Country Paper.



"MUMMIE, WHERE'S YESTERDAY GONE AND WHAT'S TO-MORROW DOING NOW?"



## At the Pictures.

"TREASURE ISLAND" AND  
"NELL GWYN."

ALTHOUGH to those who know their *Treasure Island* and want to keep sacred their memories of it the film of



SHIPMATES.

*Long John Silver* . . . WALLACE BEERY.  
*Jim Hawkins* . . . JACKIE COOPER.

the same name is a travesty, there are sufficient members of the public left to hail it as a good yarn of the sea and carnage. So much carnage indeed that I was surprised to find so many young people there, all of whom are by now, I feel sure, potential buccaneers. For although JACKIE COOPER, as *Jim Hawkins* the avenger, would at the first blush seem to be their natural hero, I fancy that *Long John Silver*, otherwise WALLACE BEERY, gradually became their true ideal. Not perhaps to be hampered by the loss of a leg, but to be at once so bold and so humble, so commanding and so wheedling, so merciless and, in the end, so successful.

Let it be said at once that JACKIE COOPER is no *Jim Hawkins*. He is too young, too cherubic, too American. (And incidentally he causes us to wonder what that face is going to be like when, his triumphant and auriferous nonage over, he rises to his place among the mature stars. It is a very odd piece of putty at the moment.) *Jim Hawkins* of the book he most certainly is not, lacking that youth's stern purposefulness and unrelenting sense of duty. He does more or less what *Jim* did, but we don't believe it, and, so far as my dim eyes could discern, when he was hiding in the barrel he was flagrantly on view. JACKIE, telling the story afterwards, could never have written of *Israel Hands*:

"Yet I felt sure that I could trust him in one point, since in that our interests jumped together, and that was in the disposition of the schooner." I quote the sentence because it leads up to the boy's encounter with *Hands* on the *Hispaniola*, and the absurd ease, in the film, with which JACKIE comes out the winner. In the book *Israel* pins *Jim's* arm to the mast. In the film he misses him altogether twice, and is then shot and tumbled into the sea just like shelling peas. In fact JACKIE shells peas throughout, and at the end disgusts true *Stevensonians* by fraternising with *Long John Silver* and helping him to escape to begin his maraudings and treacheries and villainies all over again. This compromise, I take it, was agreed upon at a conference at Hollywood when it was decided that it would be bad business to let such old sentimental confederates as JACKIE and WALLACE BEERY really be at enmity. And why not? But they shouldn't have called the story *Treasure Island*. And without this final scene the film would be far better, for it is much too long and too slow.

For WALLACE BEERY I have nothing but praise—for his acting as *Long John*, for his fortitude in exhibiting such activity with a leg strapped to his thigh, and for his courage in carrying on his shoulders a parrot with a beak of iron; but I was surprised that the Squire should so quickly engage such a manifest wrong-un as his cook. I thought LEWIS STONE excellent as the righteous and fearless *Captain Smollett*, but I hope that NIGEL BRUCE, before he returns from California to



CHAMPION CHEESE-TASTER.

*Ben Gunn* . . . CHARLES "CHIC" SALE.

our stage, where he rightly belongs, will be given some parts more suited to his gifts than that of *Squire Trelaw-*

ney. Next to *Long John's* I think the best performance was that of *Billy Bones*, as played by LIONEL BARRYMORE. This was well in the *Stevenson* tradition.

It seems now a pity that there was no British company to make a film of

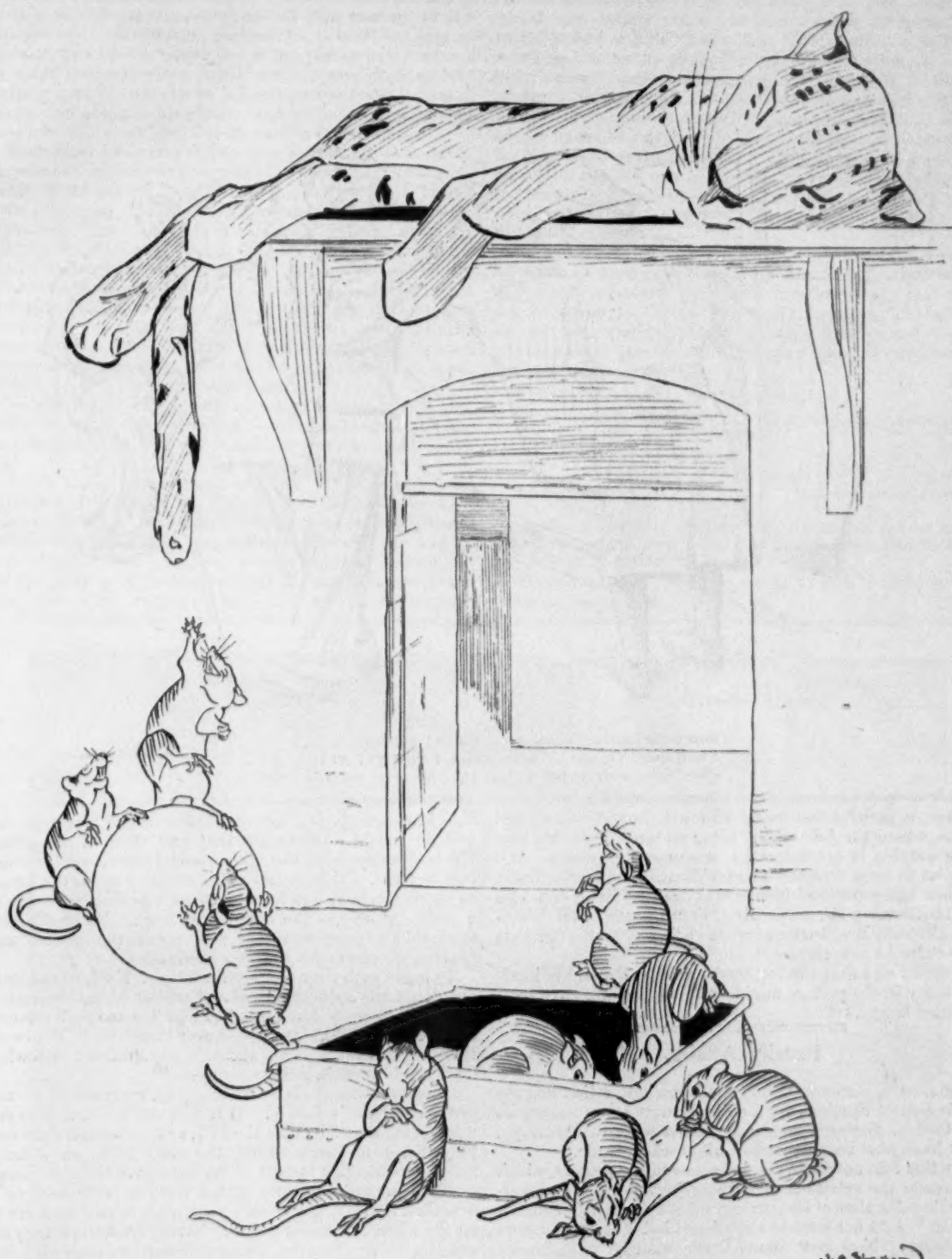


WHEN A MONARCH'S MERRY.

*Charles II.* . . . SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE.

ARTHUR BOURCHIER's stage production of *Treasure Island*, in which the *Jim Hawkins*, whose name I forget, was far more credible. BOURCHIER was not so unctuous a *Silver* as WALLACE BEERY, but he had a way with him too.

The latest British film that I have seen is *Nell Gwyn*, where a lively reconstruction of the past is set up both by the camera and the performers, although to accept it as history would be perhaps rash. I cannot believe, for instance, that NELLY's public insults to LOUISE DE LA KEROUAILLE could have been so gross or that LOUISE and the French Ambassador, when conversing privately together, employed broken English. I cannot believe that CHARLES clung so desperately to his hat or that Mr. PEPPYS wrote in longhand. And I have an idea that NELLY, despite her dubious origin, of which far too much is said, behaved better than ANNA NEAGLE makes her, was more careful of her language and had more native or acquired gentleness. CHARLES no doubt was hail-fellow-well-met, but he was always the King too, and, I fancy, even in his weakest periods, would have imposed restraints; just as I think that at a royal banquet at Whitehall he would have seen that there was something to eat as well as drink. CEDRIC HARDWICKE, who does his best to keep him dignified between the two mis-



THE LEOPARD MAKES SURE OF HIS NAP.



Boss (after lunch). "COME BACK FOR ME TO-NIGHT."

Chauffeur. "YESSIR. WHERE SHALL I PICK YOU UP?"

Boss. "OH, JUST FLOAT ROUND AN' USE YOUR INTELLIGENCE."

tresses, is perhaps too frugal in mirth, but the death-bed scene, where the joke about being an unconscionable long time a-dying is not forgotten, is almost impressive. And now let us hope that the series of English monarchs filmed in their less controlled moments is drawing to an end. No doubt GEORGE IV. with Mrs. FITZHERBERT and WILLIAM IV. with Mrs. JORDAN are on their way; but after that may there be new themes!

I would add that the fox-terrier who walks on his hind-legs early in the picture might, with advantage, have been retained longer.

E. V. L.

### Family Affairs.

SELDOM, it seems to me, in the history of fiction has the possession of relations been so important to an author as it is to-day. Formerly mere items in the domestic landscape, they have now become part of his stock-in-trade.

By this I do not mean any reference to the process, which has made the relations of authors jumpy and suspicious ever since the time of DICKENS, of what is known as "modeling on." I do not refer to the alleged habit among authors of saying: "Now how about Uncle Stanley as a forger? Uncle Stanley would make a very satisfactory forger. Take away a couple of inches from his height so that he may readily slink through low doorways, remove his aitches so

that he is equipped for low conversations and Uncle Stanley will do nicely"—of saying that and then of describing Uncle Stanley with the above modifications and causing him to forge. I do not mean that at all. I mean the actual using of a relative as he stands (as a prominent actor in a story) or lies (as the narrator of one). Many relatives used thus give results that well repay the trouble and expense necessary for a close examination.

To begin with they add verisimilitude. For how can anyone doubt the authenticity of a character whom the author expressly states to have stood to him in some such relation as aunthood? What uncle was ever incredible? Who ventures to disbelieve in an author's grandfather? Or what disreputable cousin fails to convince?

Country incidents in particular gain enormously by the presence of one's family. If it was one's Uncle Simon's wooden leg that fell down the well, or if as a small child one played hide-and-seek among the cows while one's Aunt Susan was hanging herself in the loft above the cow-house, one can present the tales with a modest pride such as a detached narrator could only pant after. In fact there is on the whole not much point in having relations if they do not live in the country. The rustic surroundings give one colour, vegetation and the opportunity to use a slim innocent heroine who has not yet developed any taste for gin. Moreover, such relations as are useful in stories cannot



satisfactorily be brought to town. Uncle Simon in Piccadilly frankly would not do. One cannot rest content at the thought of Uncle Simon in Piccadilly. It is all too easy to envisage him button-holing one at the portals of the Ritz—he would choose the Ritz even if one happened to be merely walking past it—a straw in his mouth and small scraps of manure adhering to his gaiter, in order to recount the odd anecdote of Passon and Old Stiggins's turnip-slicer.

There come into every short-story-writer's life moments of despair and bitter envy in which he reflects, grinding his teeth, on the sort of thing TCHEHOV got away with. Relations were sent into the world to compensate authors for these moments. The fact is that on a writer's relatives, who may be as dear to him as they are near or more thorn-like in his flesh than any publisher, can be fathered all the stories he is for one reason or (more frequently) another disinclined to tell in person. A story such as only TCHEHOV could have got away with neat may be put safely into the cavernous mouth of Cousin Whirrucks in the certainty that anyone who sees nothing in it will be intimidated by Cousin Whirrucks into keeping the fact dark.

To give Cousin Whirrucks a genuinely good strong plot to embroider would be quixotry, intellectual nepotism, to be condoned only in one who hopes to separate him from a wad.

As for the author without relations, let us consider the hypothetical instance of *Melchizedek*. *Melchizedek*, says SAMUEL BUTLER, "was a really happy man. He was without father, without mother and without descent. He was an incarnate bachelor. He was a born orphan." Assuming for the purpose of illustration that *Melchizedek* were living now and were writing fiction—the second assumption

follows automatically from the first—I do not think he would be so happy. As he put pen to paper, or before, he would notice a kind of bareness in his mind, a lack of furniture due to the absence of relations. Looking around him uneasily and remembering the squads of authors' relations that diversify the plains of contemporary fiction, *Melchizedek* would be assailed, I think, by doubts. "Who am I," he might ask himself, "to be holding an unsupported position on the same front as men who stand embowered in domesticity? No one without relations has any business to be writing fiction at all. It is hopeless for me to try to write without relations; the only possible solution is for me to acquire some."

And this, first laying down his pen, I venture to suggest he would at once go out and do. Any would-be author in *Melchizedek's* position to-day should follow what I may now call his example. The young writer destitute of relations should cast about in the highways and byways and obtain as many as he can within the bigamy laws. If they live in the country he is made for life.

#### Programmes That Might Have Been Less Painfully Arranged.

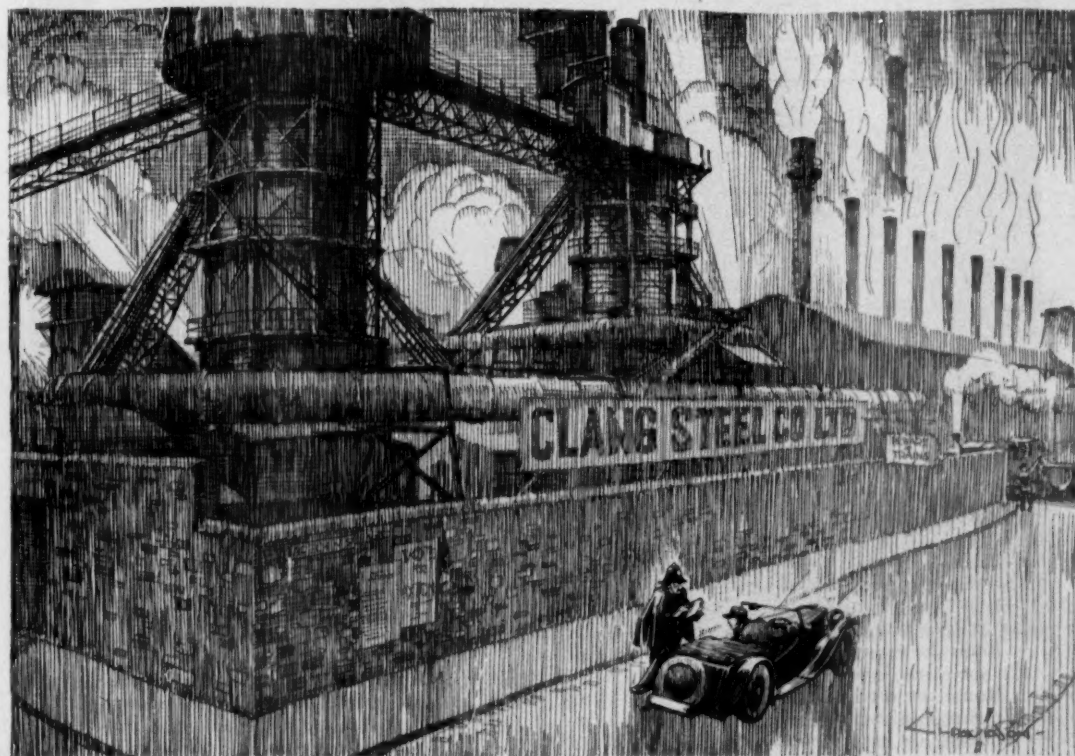
"7.0 a.m.—Knee Drill.

11.0 a.m.—"Are we Disjointed?"

Salvation Army Notice.

"Really, the bulk of the play after the interval did not merit description, temper being on tap almost immediately, and the football suffering in consequence."—*Scots Paper*.

It is even said they went so far as to kick it while it was lying on the ground.



"I HEARD YOU DISTINCTLY. YOU HOOTED."



## THE PRESENT FROM LONDON.

"THAT'S THE ONE FOR ME, MISS. CUT ABOUT FOUR INCHES OFF THE BOTTOM AND LET A GOODISH-SIZED BIT INTO THE BACK AND I'LL TAKE THAT ONE."

## Beauty's Queens.

Now the golden year declining  
Brings the autumn in his train,  
Rarely now the sun is shining,  
Frequently we get some rain;  
Now have all the "guests" departed  
From the sands they thronged of late,  
Bearing, maybe, tender-hearted  
Memories of the local fête.

Splendid was that gay procession,  
Stretching out for half-a-mile,  
With the coffin of "D. Pression"  
Bringing up the rear in style:  
Cars from shops, accoutred trimly,  
Mostly formed that long parade;  
E'en the butcher, somewhat grimly,  
Carted round some stock-in-trade.

In the middle, robed and regal,  
Gazing downward on the scene  
As in Zoos one marks the eagle,  
Rode the yearly Beauty's Queen;  
On she came, benign and clustered  
Round by several starry fays,  
While the public, keen as mustard,  
Passed her on with yells of praise.

Ay, but when His Worship kissed her,  
And th' expectant next year's Mayor  
Pondered on her coming sister,  
What a tumult rent the air;  
All the town was in her pocket  
Then, and more when day had gone  
And she blazed away a rocket  
At the fireworks, later on.

Did they dream, those Queens of Beauty,  
Riding high on flowery cars,  
Of a future furred and fruity—  
Peeresses or talkie stars?  
Did their fancy soar to marriage  
With a youth of scrip and quid?  
I see nothing to disparage  
These fair maidens, if they did.

Brief their glory was, and fleeting;  
Though to be of royal caste  
Takes, it may be urged, some beating,  
Theirs was not a job to last;  
Wot you well, they took their stations  
Up, and walked their quiet way,  
Boring, doubtless, their relations  
With descriptions of their Day.      DUM-DUM.



### THE PICTURE IN THE FIRE.

[The Gresford colliery disaster on September the 22nd was the worst which has happened in our coal-fields for many years. More than two-hundred-and-fifty imprisoned miners lost their lives, and the consequent distress and destitution demand far more to relieve them than local funds can supply. Readers of *Punch* are earnestly entreated to contribute so far as they may be able to the Mansion House Fund, opened by the Acting Lord Mayor of London.]

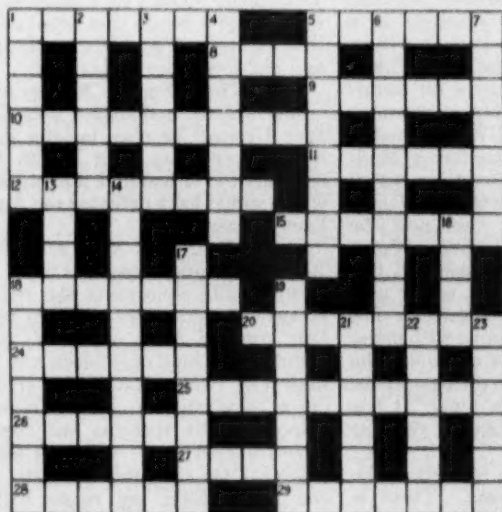






Climber. "DEAR LADY DILLWATER, WE'VE MET AT LAST!"

## Mr. Punch's Crossword.



## Across.

1. Good-bye.
5. Cropper.
8. It was one of the last acts of a tragic queen to do this to her head.

9. He asked Thea where he was.
10. A lot more up for a flower.
11. Half-mulish.
12. Halibut is common.
15. Wise or foolish?
18. This clue is wanting.
20. Really an address to a non-slimming girl.
24. Far-called our — melt away.
25. Lord! it's a carrot.
26. Mr. Hands was so named at the font.
27. Instead of sin.
28. Muddle up mine and thine.
29. Put down again.

## Down.

1. Eggs.
2. Little Benjamin upset about Tom.
3. Take back.
4. Race often sat upon.
5. How fascinating to find me in a welter of crimes!
6. Threat of corporal punishment to a felon?
7. Seen at a rope's end.
13. It was upon this tree that the fly ate when he said, "What a dust doe I raise!"
14. Cow.
16. Cattle.
17. Sometimes used where the stick has been.
18. Wider is his favourite word.
19. GANDHI was this for a while.
21. Make a noise in front of the French.
22. Disturbance.
23. He wanted a clean cup.



"WE WOULD 'AVE MOVED IN SOONER BUT MY 'USHAND IS 'AVIN' TROUBLE WITH THE OLD TENANT 'OO REFUSES TO LEAVE."

### Our Local Paper.

It is a long time now since I was in Mudpoole. I have become a Townee, a Londoner, a Cockney. Without becoming exactly urbane I have undoubtedly been urbanised. Yet the facts are undeniable—I was born in Mudpoole, and a Mudpudlian, wander he never so far, can never quite forget.

In my case one factor at least keeps me constantly in touch with the Mudpoole atmosphere. I refer to *The Mudpoole Gazette*, which is still sent me every week, addressed in a well-known if nowadays somewhat shaky hand, usually with some significant passage carefully marked in blue pencil for my attention.

There is something very odd about reading *The Mudpoole Gazette* in London—something which makes my "Late Night Extra," with its accounts of revolutions in Middle Europe and Stop-Press announcements of close of play scores, seem curiously flurried and worried and shrill. After all these things our local paper has a tremendous serenity of its own, a serenity which brings home more inevitably than anything I know the unchangeability of Mudpoole and its surroundings. There may be a sound of arms in Europe and LARWOOD may play at the Oval, but another well-known townsman has died

peacefully in Mudpoole and at the Vicar's sale of work "a good time was had by all."

I know the lay-out of *The Mudpoole Gazette* by heart. It has been the same to my knowledge for twenty years. There are eight pages altogether and the paper is faintly pink. Perhaps the type is no longer all that it might be, but what matter? One does not read *The Mudpoole Gazette* standing in a rocking tube-train. On Page One there are two advertisements. The Palace Cinema (two performances on Saturday) has, as usual, a grand programme of entertainment. Wild-West comedies are still the most popular fare in Mudpoole. The other advertisement is Jos. Spoodle and Sons, Outfitters. Hardwearing knicker-suits can now be bought for thirteen-and-eleven. Twice a year Mr. Spoodle has a sale just like Woolridges, but he never, so far as I know, writes chatty columns in *The Mudpoole Gazette* explaining with many pregnant arguments how marvellous he is. I wonder what his advertising space in our local paper costs him? It has cost him the same for twenty years at least. . . .

The rest of Page One consists of the more exciting news-items. There is always at least a column headed "Death of a Well-Known Townsman," or alternatively ". . . a Local Worthy." A lot of people seem to die in Mud-

poole; or else it is just that one notices them more. Then there is a golden wedding and perhaps a couple of weddings *ab initio*, hospital efforts in season, and a meeting of the Town Council. Page One is usually full of news.

Page Two (i.e., the back of Page One) is the farmers' page. I don't read Page Two much. When I do I pause only to reflect that it is odd that new-laid eggs cost eightpence a dozen in Mudpoole and eightpence in London.

Page Three, Sport. Mudpoole has either shown undeniable superiority over Upwash or else, lacking its six best players, has been beaten by a combination of bad luck and chicanery which would have defeated the Australians themselves.

Pages Four and Five are "Small Advertisements"—queer official announcements concerning the removal of swine, auctioneers who are to sell two hundred head of cattle, strong country girls fond of children who need first post (what wouldn't I give for one of them after the clients of registry-offices!). But there is one type of advertisement, alas! which is seldom lacking: "On and after this date, anyone scandalising my name will be prosecuted. . . ."

Even in Mudpoole the over-scandalised worm turns at last.

Pages Six and Seven are literary and



scientific. Once or twice lately we have even had a much-reprinted serial story. But on the whole these pages are given up—

(1) To "A CORRESPONDENT" who writes a charmingly naïve religious column;

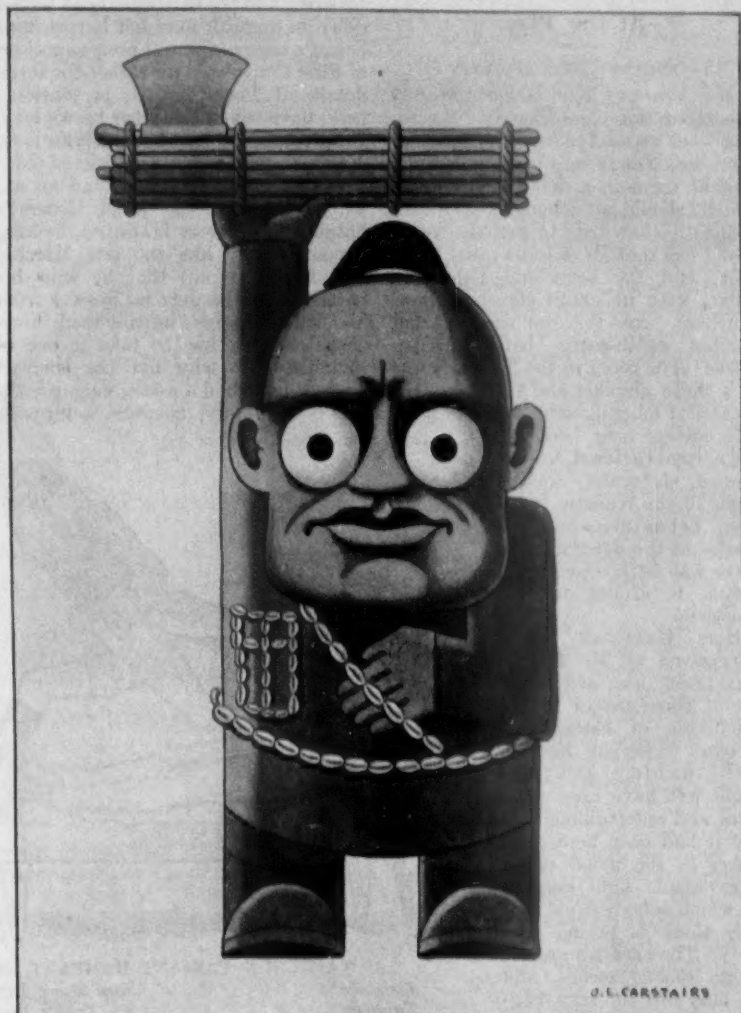
(2) To accounts of researches into the antiquities of the county;

(3) To an odd half-page, called, rather incongruously, "In London with the Chiel"—a Society gossip-column, borrowed, I should imagine, bodily from some London contemporary. I wonder who reads "the Chiel's" efforts? The Chiel appears to move in exalted circles, but somehow it seems odd to find accounts of Lady So-and-So's party of two months ago in *The Mudpoole Gazette*;

(4) To "The Gossip's Notebook." I like the Gossip's Notebook. It is a miscellany of leg-pulls and local chat. Should some well-known Mudpudlian set a mouse-trap and forget the cheese the Gossip is on it. Should some prize example of rustic wit occur, however obscurely, the Gossip snaps it up. It is all very funny and very good-tempered, and, like a well-known collecting service, it leaves one wondering just how it is done. In Mudpoole the expression "Good enough for the Gossip's Notebook" is the local equivalent of "Good enough for——" But modesty forbids.

But Page Eight is the page for me. I would give them all cheerfully for Page Eight. For on Page Eight comes the "Village News." The villages are arranged alphabetically, and their names alone are "five sweet symphonies"—Aldingham, Aldermaston, Beechingeroft, Criddlehampton, Cross-hangers, Dingham Parva. About two inches each they get, and into that is crushed the whist-drive, the sewing meeting, the church bells, the new sidesmen, the condition of Duck Street and the wedding of Much Local Interest. . . .

And the style, the spaciousness, the leisureliness, the playing with long words and queer syntax, unhampered by the ghost of Mr. FOWLER. I have often wondered what FOWLER would have made of our local paper. For he would have had to bear in mind that the great essential is to fill space—to make that tiny fund of news spin out to eight full pink pages. No chance here that Robinsons, Ltd., will "take" one's front-page or a building society one's middle pages. No; the paper must be filled to the last line with news-print. Hence perhaps the collection of literary gems which I love to let trickle slowly through my fingers, the "elegant varia-



THE WOOD-CARVINGS OF M'BONGO M'BONGO.

No. VII.—A POONBAR OR WEIGHT-THROWER.

tions," the time-honoured sporting clichés. . . .

In what mere London paper is Father Christmas the "bearded benefactor of youth"? Where else can one find a spirited account of a rat-hunt, ending: "The rodent was at length accounted for in an adjacent pig-sty"? And where else a sentence like: "The rev. gent., in expressing his grateful appreciation of the signal honour bestowed on him, introduced into his peroration a significant reference to his association with the local disciples of harmony, he being the doyen of those rendering the upper parts"?

Mr. FOWLER might not like it, but I—I can almost hear the rev. gent. "rendering the upper parts."

Solution of Last Week's Crossword Puzzle.

S	A	L	A	M	A	N	D	E	R	S	P
S	R	C	I	U	M	P	I	R	E		
T	O	C	G	M	E	N					
O	U	T	S	P	O	K	E	N		S	A
T	E	M	S	H	K	E	N				
M	E	G	S	M	I	T	H	E	R	E	E
E	E	O	S	A	A	A	T				
D	I	O	X	I	D	E		P	R	U	S
D	C	A	S	T	Y	M					
L	A	M	E	N	T	A	T	I	O	N	
E	L	E	R	F	Y	I					
S	T	A	L	E			L	A	U	G	H
O	E	P	N	O	N	L					
M	A	G	N	E	T		G	L	I	E	
E		T	O	V	E	R	D	R	A	F	T

## At the Play.

"JOSEPHINE" (HIS MAJESTY'S).

MR. VINCENT KORDA has certainly decorated this comi-tragedy "regardless"—as we used to say. In particular there was *Josephine's* boudoir, a most elegant room in a delicate grey-blue, which I should have thought was rather prophetic than true to period, except that I feel that Mr. KORDA must know best; and the Serbelloni Palace in Milan, with its grand staircase, lions couchant on the balustrade and spirited moth-eaten battle-tapestry above. The room in the Tuileries was of a more obvious and commonplace theatrical magnificence; and the way-side cottage near Lodi was the normal battered, smoke-grimed, elaborately squalid affair of the realistic tradition. Let us then award full marks to the decorator, as there was little else, I am afraid, to arouse our enthusiasm.

Herr HERMANN BAHR, interpreted by Mr. EMLYN WILLIAMS, has attempted one of those essays in the debunking of heroes and heroines which are now so fashionable. And there might well have been some point and entertainment in it if it had been kept altogether in the mood of an extravagant light-hearted rag which nobody could possibly think of taking seriously. The solemn nonsense of its closing scenes, and one may add the very magnificence and elaboration of the *décor*, made it into a pretentious and rather impertinent bad joke—and I do not pose as either an ardent Napoleonist or Josephinist.

We begin with our *Josephine* (Miss MARY ELLIS) begging a fatuous *Barras* (Mr. SAM LIVESEY) to get her man away to the army in Italy because she is bored by his uxoriousness and afraid. "He is a tiger." Follows imitation of menagerie tiger by *Napoleon* (Mr. FRANK VOSPER) contriving here to look very like the young BUONAPARTE, and "three years later" to suggest the lines of his facial and general physical development). This *Josephine* apparently believes in her little General and is fired by high ambition for him; while *Napoleon*, on the contrary, wants nothing better than to live in a perpetual honeymoon, far away from Courts and camps, on his island.

We end with *Josephine's* pretty voice

breaking and her trim little head bowed down in anguish over her harpsichord because the poms and preoccupations of First Consulship (or rather the futile details of First-Consular pretentiousness) have taken away her hero's love. It is *Josephine* now who pleads for love, *Napoleon* who turns a distracted ear.

In the middle we have had an explanation from the little General's batman (Mr. LYNN HARDING, looking uncomfortably like the late Marshal VON HINDENBURG) that he wins his battles when he gets no answer from his wife to his impassioned love-despatches and has to take it out of somebody—so why not the enemy? And we have had a scene, vulgar without being funny, between a flippant

had a good moment or two as a love-lorn fortune-telling *vivandière*; Mr. LYNN HARDING, at least in the cottage scene, was given quite a good hand to play and played it well. Mr. DONALD WOLFIT is always intelligent. As an orderly sent from the stricken field for help and orders from the infatuated General maniacally distraught because the courier from Paris is late, he was effective; and we all liked the impetuous voluble stepson, *Eugene Beauharnais* of Mr. EMLYN WILLIAMS. Lack of faith in the affair on the part of the audience destroyed Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH's chance of doing much with *Talma*. He seemed startled. It is queer how sometimes the most experienced fail to guess what seems so obvious—after the event. T.

"EDEN END" (DUCHESS).

The practice of including a string of extremely laudatory Press notices of the current play in theatre programmes seems to me curious and not a little unwise. A panegyric display outside the theatre is understandable enough, but *inside*—and presumably one does not see the programme until one has, for better or worse, had dealings with the box-office—the advantages gained are rather obscure. There is always a risk of becoming over-excited, and when the play happens to be a new one by Mr. PRIESTLEY, whose deservedly high reputation as a playwright is enough in itself to key anticipation up to a perilously high pitch, the danger of disappointment is a very real one.

Perhaps for this reason and perhaps not *Eden End* left me feeling uncomfortably flat. It may even be that this is the condition in which Mr. PRIESTLEY wishes one to be left. The play is admittedly an experiment, and the effect which it is intended to have on the audience is not easy to calculate.

Dr. Kirby, a hard-working G.P. with a bad heart and a passion for the study of bird-life, lives at "Eden End," a lonely house in the North of England with his daughter *Lilian*, his son *Wilfred* (an ingenuous young man home on leave from West Africa), and *Sarah*, a faithful retainer of the "I slapped you both when you were children" type. In the course of some amiable conversations between these four we learn that *Wilfred* is discontented wherever he is, that an elder



NAPOLÉON PASSANT RAMPANT.

*Josephine* . . . . . Miss MARY ELLIS.  
*Napoleon* . . . . . Mr. FRANK VOSPER.

wanton *Josephine*, inviting a battle-shabby colonel (who will keep calling her "Ma-dám") to help her to put on her nightdress at the foot of the grand staircase. You cannot wonder we lost heart a little.

And towards the end, I gladly confess, there seemed to be the promise of a redeeming quirk. The famous gesture of hand thrust in bosom and beetle-browed tenseness of mien are presented as a trick of heroic deportment learnt from *Talma* (Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH) as an astute and calculated effort of personal propaganda—which might have been a fair stroke of fun in a piece of a more consistently flippant texture.

By this time the audience was becoming restive, and a part of it ill-mannered in its method of showing its disapproval—which is always inexcusable. Miss ELLIS and Mr. VOSPER were both thrown away. Lady TREE



daughter, *Stella*, left home to go on the stage eight years ago and was last heard of in Australia, and that *Lilian* is in love with a local landowner named *Geoffrey Farrant*, who was at one time much attached to the missing *Stella*. Then unexpectedly—to the family if not to us—*Stella* returns. Her stage career has been a failure, and there is a husband (from whom she is separated) in the background; but both these facts she deems it expedient to conceal. All that matters is that it is wonderful to be home again and at peace. To *Lilian*, however, when she sees *Stella* and *Geoffrey* rapidly resuming the *status quo*, the situation appears less satisfactory. She learns about the husband, *Charles Appleby*, who turns out to be an engaging second-rate actor with alcoholic and other tendencies, and with masterly rapidity summons him from London to Eden End. What is going to happen?

MR. PRIESTLEY'S answer is "Nothing much." *Wilfred* and *Charles* go out and get drunk, with sufficiently amusing results; *Geoffrey* announces his intention of departing for New Zealand; and finally, under *Lilian's* direction, *Stella* patches things up with her husband and leaves with him to start her travels afresh. The curtain falls with the telephone-bell ringing on an empty stage.

The play might have been *Stella's* tragedy, if she had been a character with whom one could feel at all genuinely in sympathy. But she is not. She is selfish and insincere; and, though we need not judge her quite as unmercifully as does her sister, still we agree with *Lilian* that the sooner she goes away again the better for all at Eden End. Or it might have been *Lilian's* tragedy—there is real pathos in the frustration to no purpose of this reserved and understandably bitter girl's chance of happiness with *Geoffrey*; but she is allowed to fade into the background at the end of the play. The fact is that Mr. PRIESTLEY is determined to give us not a "drama" but a "slice of real life," and to achieve this he rigorously excludes anything that might seem to savour of the dramatic. Real life, he wants to say, knows nothing of the neat and conclusive "windings-up" that one sees upon the stage. People work and suffer and get drunk and do mean and stupid things, and have their odd brief mo-

ments of happiness. And that is that. Even *Dr. Kirby* remains sternly natural by refusing to die at the appropriate time.

This is an interesting experiment



TWO EVES IN EDEN END.

*Lilian Kirby* . . . MISS ALISON LEGGATT.  
*Stella Kirby* . . . MISS BEATRIX LEHMANN.

and a bold one, and one is correspondingly loath to criticise. But it does seem to me that the playgoer has a right to expect something more definite to "get hold of" than Mr. PRIESTLEY



THE GOOD COMPANIONS.

*Charles Appleby* . . . MR. RALPH RICHARDSON.  
*Wilfred Kirby* . . . MR. JOHN TEED.

here provides. If this play has a moral or a lesson of any kind to impart it can hardly be anything but the vanity of human wishes—and that we know sufficiently well already.

There are some moving scenes and

some amusing ones, and the characters, as one would expect, are excellently drawn. Miss ALISON LEGGATT's performance as *Lilian* struck me as the high-light of an interesting but disappointing evening. H. F. E.

"MOONLIGHT IS SILVER"  
(QUEEN'S).

MR. Gilbert Ronsard, dramatist, elder brother but minor character, is given to oracular utterances as becomes an expert in human nature who finds himself in a disturbed family atmosphere just when his new play is shaping badly or not at all. Among other things he explains that you cannot, if you are a dramatist in search of ideas, borrow from SHAKESPEARE; his high passions, revenge, ambition, jealousy, will somehow seem small in a modern setting. Certainly the play in which he has his irritated being, *Moonlight is Silver* at the Queen's, bears him out.

Here is jealousy chosen for the theme—chosen by Miss CLEMENCE DANE, who has a wide and lively imagination, and acted by a small picked Company, led by Miss GERTRUDE LAWRENCE. It is jealousy in a setting rich in varieties of human kind. The family of the jealous young husband contains no nonentities.

His mother, briskly and energetically played by Miss HELEN HAYE, is no ordinary woman. She is a Dame of the British Empire—made a Dame for organising ability and still unresting in her old age, commanding, arranging, exacting obedience. The elder brother is *Gilbert* the playwright, of considerable eminence, Miss DANE assures us, lest we might be misled by his own fussy diffidence and vanity into underestimating him, so well does Mr. CECIL PARKER bring them out. *Gilbert* cannot manage without a good deal of moral support, and his friend of many years, *Miss Barbara Dawe* (Miss MARTITA HUNT), is there to give it to him.

The home is a good English country-house, but the young husband, *Stephen Ronsard*, never seemed to belong to it. Even if we did not know that here was DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Junior, we should feel that *Stephen* did not really fit in; that the three months' absence in the United States with which the authoress, to help both plot and verisimilitude, has endowed him as the curtain rises, is quite an inadequate





THE NERVOUS EX-SOLDIER WHO HAD AN APPOINTMENT WITH HIS DENTIST FOR GAS.

period to explain the Transatlantic College boy. Mr. FAIRBANKS had a difficult and ungrateful part to play, far removed from the robust parts in which his undoubted gifts would shine. He had to be a young man behind whose young engineer's moustache and apparent level-headedness raged a jealousy which made him torment his wife and himself and spoil a home-coming and the first occupation of a new home with dark brooding, innuendoes, rows and scenes. It is true of course that without such a husband *Josephine* (Miss GERTRUDE LAWRENCE) would have had far less range; and the play gives scope to Miss LAWRENCE to show once again how easily she can run the whole gamut of the emotions. But this play keeps her too much among the bitter waters. We see something of her in the First Act as the light-hearted, witty and vital young wife whose husband has just returned. She does it so well and is so entertaining and it becomes her so that it is with dismay that we realise that the fortnight which has elapsed before Act II. has completely frayed her nerves, that she is over-

wrought and verging on hysteria. And not all the fine acting of the quarrel and breakdown and reconciliation quite makes up for what we have lost.

The situation is not sufficiently interesting in itself, the jealousy of *Stephen Ronsard* is so unnecessary and he himself so much a blunderer that we are in the presence of acting which has not sufficient backing from the play. Because what situation there is is absurd, the alleged third party to this triangular drama being one *Charles Lankester*, who is given to Mr. BARRY JONES. The very distinguished performance which Mr. BARRY JONES gives makes *Charles* someone we have all known, intensely solemn and well-meaning and free from harm.

*Josephine's* first instinct is to treat as a funny joke the charges which the wife of *Charles Lankester* makes against him and *Josephine*, and it is a sound instinct. Miss DANE should not have made of *Charles* such good comic stuff, or Mr. JONES should not have been allowed near him if we were meant to give its full weight to the tense scene between *Stephen* and *Josephine*.

In a setting of light comedy, further enriched by a vaguely redundant and assertive grand-daughter of old *Dame Ronsard's* (Miss ALEXIS FRANCE), it is not easy to bring the situation to the required degree of momentousness which justifies extending Miss LAWRENCE in her tragic vein; and it is not brought off in *Moonlight is Silver*, though it be by the superb authoress of *Mariners*.  
D. W.

"ANDROCLES AND THE LION" AND  
"LOVE IS THE BEST DOCTOR"  
(WINTER GARDEN).

Mr. SYDNEY CARROLL presented, appropriately in a Garden, an old favourite, with Mr. OSCAR ASCHE in the Imperial rôle formerly played by the late Sir NIGEL PLAYFAIR, and a new— an excellent English version of *L'Amour Médecin*. This gay confection of wit, music and dance is real MOLIÈRE, with Mr. BALIOL HOLLOWAY's bamboozled father, Miss SYBIL EVERS' love-lorn daughter, Mr. JOHN LAURIE's dashing suitor, Miss PAMELA STANLEY's pert intriguing maid-servant, and the

solemn array of doctors whose behaviour suggests that JEAN POQUELIN was not fortunate in his medical advisers. Miss PEARL ARGYLE's dainty dancing completed a most pleasurable entertainment.

### The Perils of Retirement.

(Signor PIRANDELLO the eminent dramatist, has announced his intention to retire to a place on the sea known only to himself, to write nothing more, but spend the evening of his days in reflection on his past.)

THAT gifted enigmatic fellow,  
Signor LUIGI PIRANDELLO,  
Famed for his strange and cynic wit,  
Announces his resolve to quit  
Rome and its never-ending roar  
And live upon the Italian shore;  
Renounce the pen, write no more plays,  
And pass the remnant of his days,  
Content to stay upon the shelf,  
In meditating on himself.

Although no other person knows  
The actual scene of his repose;  
This is a counsel of perfection  
That cannot guarantee protection  
From the unnumbered Argus eyes  
Of journalistic enterprise.

Though poets fly to Timbuctoo,  
To Arizona or Peru,  
The camera and the microphone  
Refuse to let them live alone;  
Thick, ever thicker on the ground  
The human vultures gather round.

If NOEL COWARD chose to settle  
Somewhere on Popocatepetl,  
Or SHAW determined to infest  
The summit of Mount Everest,  
You may imagine, if you choose,  
No personal details would ooze  
Into the Sunday Press about it,  
But, like the *Carpenter*, "I doubt it."  
But here a horrid doubt creeps in  
As to the mischief's origin;  
For in the wonders of an age  
That constantly our thoughts engage  
There is no stranger case, I think,  
Than that of those who, while they  
shrink—

Or say they shrink—from public gaze  
And the eternal "pap of praise"  
As causing them more pain than  
pleasure,

Contrive to get it in full measure.  
To-day, in glory's hot pursuit,  
The aspiring bard is never mute,  
And, though he lives in silent zones,  
Thanks to the help of telephones,  
Can furnish editors with news  
Of the gestation of his Muse.  
Still, the elusive PIRANDELLO,  
That gifted enigmatic fellow,  
Secluded in his sea-girt cloister  
May learn to emulate the oyster  
And, sticking closely to his shell,



Star. "AND DON'T HAVE MUCH WORK PUT INTO THE DUPLICATES. THEY'RE FOR LEAVING IN TAXIS, Y'KNOW."

All curious visitors repel;  
And yet the *Carpenter's* refrain  
Rings ominously in my brain  
Too positive for me to flout it;  
I only can repeat, "I doubt it."

C. L. G.

### Conducted Tours ; Treatment on Return From.

THE patient should be kept as quiet as possible.

Great care must be exercised in passing all churches, museums, monuments, memorials, art galleries, railway-stations and castles.

Picture-postcard shops should be rigorously avoided.

Tendency to stand in crowds accompanied by fits of prolonged staring, chronic curiosity towards unfamiliar objects, difficulty in passing large buildings, any large buildings, will be marked at first.

Feverish questioning of all uniformed attendants should be treated sympathetically.

Attacks of excessive yawning and/or partial collapse may be evident at meal-times.

Strong impulse to buy all fancy goods, leather work, book-markers, blotters, photograph-albums, et-cetera, should be strenuously resisted.

Paper-weights, pen-wipers, pin-cushions, miniature cow-bells and other souvenirs are also a source of danger.

Mention of historical and architectural subjects should be made with care, "Gothic" often provoking symptoms of violence.

All charabancs should be hidden.

"People looked to us for guidance, and we must see to it that those who come should not go away empty. Tea was served in the dining-room."—*Church Magazine*.

So that was all right.



### Further Diary of a Town-Dweller.

*August 20th.*—Peace of Frogmarsh shattered this evening by irruption of red-faced fellow named Major Hum-bottle, asking if Nephew Arthur, who is apparently experienced rock-climber, would care to run over into Wales to-morrow and surmount face of some unpronounceable mountain with him. Arthur declaring himself delighted, Hum-bottle then said fiercely, What about you, Sir? Was about to state frankly that am enthusiastic shareholder in funicular railways when Cousin Elswitha took command as only she can and said day's healthy exercise just what I wanted. Managed to inquire, Did total ignorance of art of climbing matter at all? Hum-bottle replied No, v. easy climb; he and Arthur could look after me. He then struck me heavily on back and suggested he had met me pig-sticking in Jubbulpore. Denied this roundly, but put forward counter-allegation that I had encountered him poodle-faking in Harrogate. After this, thumping him on chest as heavily as dared, went to bed. Réveillé is at 5.30. Cannot say look forward to being at mercy of Hum-bottle on some Cymric slope, even for sake of enlarging experience.

*August 21st. 9.0 A.M.*—Cymric slope? Two hours in Hum-bottle's paleolithic car, followed by breakfast of fat bacon at cottage, has been sufficiently sickening experience, but immeasurably greater spasm evoked in me by first sight of projected route, which am told lies up faint crack in menacing cliff of rock rising villainously above road. Protest that surely here is no practice-ground for beginner but grim test for seasoned mountaineer, and suggest that I should remain below, observe technique v. carefully and ascend some other time. Arthur and Hum-bottle laugh callously, describe crack as elementary and assure me they both began on it. Do not see how can decently back out after this, but am not reassured by coils of rope which Arthur produces from dickey and starts to tie round us, leaving about forty feet between each.

9.5.—While am donning pair of Hum-bottle's boots which unfortunately fit me and are so studded with nails that can scarcely lift them, Hum-bottle issues inadequate instructions, tintured with bollards and belays, on how to grapple with mountain-side. Am to grip with both feet and both hands, am to memorise holds used by man in front, am not to move until told, and, says Hum-bottle, shall be surprised at tiny

projections which give support. Shall indeed.

9.12.—Hum-bottle starts up rock-face in bottom gear at speed which refutes all criticism of DARWIN'S Theory. Say so to Arthur, who remarks tartly, Hum-bottle fine climber. Retort so is mandrill at Zoo, and looks it.

9.17.—H., having climbed to ledge nearly link's-length away, winds rope round projecting rock and awaits A., who soon joins him. H. then climbs on another link's-length.

9.30.—Dread moment has arrived—Hum-bottle has ordered me to climb up to Arthur. Feel v. queer sensation, suppose in pit of stomach, traditional seat of terror.

9.31.—Call up to Arthur that have suddenly remembered clause omitted from Will leaving him legacy and feel it my duty before attempting climb to run back to cottage and phone solicitor. At this Arthur, a mean boy, obviously looks thoughtful, but Hum-bottle shouts down that if one killed all killed, so legacies inoperative. Bound to say had feared some such objection. Begin to seek footholds on terrifyingly smooth rock.

9.50.—Have averaged foot a minute. Feel v. insecure and v. far from ground. Call up to Arthur that suppose nobody has thought of fixing large pulley to mountain-top so that one could pull oneself up on rope? Replies, cannot wait all day.

10.1.—Must say amazing how panic makes one adhere to faintest rugosities. Clamber on to Arthur's ledge, which seems as big as tennis-court after rock-face. . . .

11.35.—Manœuvre has been repeated several times. Still going up, as lift-girls say. Thought of lift-girls nearly makes me fall off with urban nostalgia. Would give thousand pounds to be remarking, Hosiery, please, to one now. Resolve if ever own mountain-face to have it thoroughly lifted.

11.37.—Arthur calls down am coming to slightly tricky bit with few holds. Cannot in fact see any. Finally spot two miserable little stances and gain them, but as am doing so foothold below gives under my weight and hurtles away. V. unnerving.

11.39.—Have squinted up rock-face until neck aches, but honestly cannot see any holds within reach. Report this to Arthur, who threatens to try to pull me up. Remind him that register sixteen stone to his ten. He then reports to Hum-bottle.

11.40.—Hum-bottle shouts down helpfully that am to eat some chocolate, great source of potential energy. Loathe chocolate. Suddenly remember that foothold below has gone and that

am at least 150 feet above ground, and as suddenly lose my patience with Hum-bottle.

11.42.—Echoes of my opinion of Hum-bottle, and in minor degree of Arthur, still crashing round eternal peaks.

11.42½.—Hum-bottle bellows down in sort of Poona voice that had imagined me white man.

11.42½.—Assure Hum-bottle that am v. white man indeed, as am feeling extremely faint, but presume he is still scarlet man.

11.42½.—Hum-bottle bawls down allegation that am not *sahib*. Admit this freely, but accuse him of being *punkah-wallah*.

11.48.—Both Hum-bottle and Arthur have descended to within few feet of me, but neither can pass me owing to absence of extra holds nor lower me owing to unsafe tenure. Both urge me sarcastically to come on, but to step on to absolute insecurity is something utterly refuse to do.

11.50.—Say so, advise Hum-bottle to buy shares in funicular railways, and ask him his plans as leader for more immediate future.

11.52.—A. persuades H., much against will, to bellow up S.O.S. to large party climbing above us. They promise relief, in time. . . .

12.40.—Waiting for relief v. hungry business. My haversack contains our lunches. Proceed to eat all three packets without slightest compunction. H. and A. within few feet but dare not touch me. Both exceedingly *émotionnés*.

12.45.—Long rope lowered from ledge far above, with improvised cradle at end. Contrive to seat myself in this and free myself from Hum-bottle rope.

12.46.—Shout "Ground-floor!" cheerfully to rescue party, and as they begin to lower wave farewell to companions and intimate to Hum-bottle my irrevocable intention of returning forthwith in his car to Frogmarsh, tidings he receives more calmly than should have expected.

12.48.—As I descend am much warmed by thought of Hum-bottle and Arthur stranded in Cymric wilds.

12.50.—Land. Cast off rope and signal gratitude to gallant rescuers. Stepping into Hum-bottle's car am surprised to hear burst of gruff laughter from rock-face.

12.51.—This probably explained by absence of ignition-key. ERIC.

### Horrible End of Our Worn-out Horses.

"BOILED EGGS."

From a Boarding-House Menu.

"2ND CENTURY CHINESE HOME."

Heading in Periodical.

Delayed at the office?





Schoolmistress. "DON'T YOU FIND THAT ELSIE IS SPEAKING MUCH BETTER?"

Mother. "AY, SHE'S REAL POLITE, BUT WE'LL SOON LAUGH HER OUT OF THAT."

### Diana at Broadcasting House.

[It is suspected that the rays of the moon have been interfering with wireless transmission.]

CHASTE goddess of the silver tress,  
Resplendent in your tranquil pride,  
Who yet are rumoured to possess  
A lamentably shady side—  
Surely, O Moon, it cannot be,  
We are not to believe it true,  
That you have made our B. B. C.  
To own a loosened screw?

The "meaner beauties of the night"  
Are of your own celestial race,  
And no man will dispute your right  
To keep them firmly in their place;

By all means have your little jest  
With Jupiter or even Mars,  
But, Cynthia, you must not molest  
Our Entertainment Stars.

Or, if you will not mend your ways,  
At least then leave us what is good;  
Touch not the Weather or the Plays,  
Go gently with Sir HENRY WOOD;  
As for the crooner and his kind,  
On them, one ventures to suspect,  
A slight disorder in the mind  
Can have but small effect.



"DON'T GO FAR. I SHAN'T BE VERY LONG."  
"I'LL WATCH 'IM FOR YOU, MISSIS."

### Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

#### Henry James's Sister.

A DIARY written by a woman of unique education and upbringing—a New Englander exiled in England, the cherished only sister of a novelist and a philosopher—was bound, unless conventionalised by an eye to publication, to be an original and illuminating document. And the diary of ALICE JAMES, written in her forties and largely under sentence of death, is of outstanding psychological interest and of a social value only constricted by its circumstances. Enseoned now in rooms at Leamington, now in De Vere Gardens, ALICE's gallant wayward spirit—the spirit of a "passionate Radical" who found democracy "brutal"—lavished itself on this strange, animated, kindly-caustic, despairing and exulting record of small things seen and big things considered. Tired, with something of our own age's revulsion, of the pretensions of artists, she wearied of Mrs. BROWNING's "lapdog" curls and FANNY STEVENSON's "naked" egotism, and appreciated the civility of the English middle classes while deploring their partiality for boiled potatoes. *Alice James—Her Brothers, Her Journal* (MACMILLAN, 10/6) is excellently edited by ANNA ROBESON BURR, whose account of the Concord of the JAMESSES, EMERSONS and ALCOTTS is a fascinating page of eccentric literary history.

#### Candide up to Date.

*Master Sanguine* (HAMISH HAMILTON, 7/6), who believes everything that he is told, is, as his biographer announces, of the family which produced that very celebrated young man who so trustfully imbibed the roseate philosophy of *Dr. Pangloss*. To ask for comparison with a master on the ground of his acknowledged masterpiece might seem a hardy (if not a foolhardy) enterprise; but Mr. IVOR BROWN comes through it with colours flying in the breeze of an authentic wit. The adventures of his innocent at home and abroad—for a preliminary survey of the details whereof one may refer to a singularly engaging book-jacket—are both various and surprising; and during *Sanguine's* perilous course from cradle to altar we are enabled to view through a glass which combines the discrimination of the microscope with the liveliness of the kaleidoscope the follies and fantasies of some of the more serious-minded of our fellows. Psycho-analysts and nudists, schoolmasters (both crank and cricketer), war-mongers, economists and cinemaniacs swim in turn into our sphere of vision, and the figure which each of them makes is a figure of delightful and often uproarious fun. Mr. BROWN, with the caustic humour without which he would be no satirist, has, being also an accomplished novelist, a sense of character and of effective situation, for the want of which many a would-be satirist has failed. Nor is he ever deserted by the erudite urbanity which gives him of all our dramatic critics the best title to the mantle of the ever-to-be-regretted A. B. W.

### A Family of Philadelphia.

Here is a story of the States,  
A book which Messrs. CASSELL sell;  
Its plot from 1800 dates  
And takes a century to tell.  
By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER, it  
Is of the *Wigtons*, men who live  
By milling paper—folk of grit,  
And pious and conservative.

Four *Wigton* generations we  
Meet as acquaintances (*not* friends);  
Finely conceived they are; we see  
Them seek their rather dismal ends.  
In Liberty's hard-driving land  
They toil and they return to dust;  
Their mill, which once they worked by  
hand,  
Remains machine-run—and a Trust.

This book of many a character—  
Maiden and man—is master-made;  
And, though there are who might prefer  
Some more of sun, some less of  
shade,  
Myself I would not have you miss  
These literal lives, this liberal prose,  
Though all that's light about it is  
The story's name—*The Foolscap  
Rose*.

### Clean Earth and Fresh Air.

Mr. A. G. STREET thrills to the mixed scents of farm and countryside and the routine plodding of man beside his beasts. *The Endless Furrow* (FABER AND FABER, 7/6) is the uncomplicated story of a shop-boy who grew up with a craze to be a farmer, and by dint of Victorian energy, sound groceriship and an excellent wisdom in his choice of a wife did in fact eventually become a farmer. It is so completely unmarred until the last few pages by any single incident that is unexpected or unseemly that it was a pity to spoil the equable progression of the years with the rupturing turmoil of 1914 at the very end, though of course there is no denying that the pre-War epoch did end on just that blaring note. Mr. STREET succeeds once again in putting one fairly in the middle of a field. He thinks in terms not of towns or motor-roads, but of the world's open spaces at the middle of the twenty acres or the bottom meadow. His thread of narrative may be of the slenderest and his characterisation simple and direct rather than insinuating, but his work is a kind relief from the sex-and-cocktails school of modern fiction.

### The Complete Chopin.

CHOPIN, like many another great romantic, exhibits little in his life of the high lyric quality of his work. It is as though a creativeness so poignant robbed its producer not only of physical strength but of spiritual fibre. Yet *Chopin: His Life* (MURRAY, 16/-), a critical biography prelude to a technical survey to come, is not the worse but the better for the sincerity that has tempered its enthusiasm. The happiest and the most wretched strand in the skein is, Mr. WILLIAM MURDOCH suggests, the liaison with GEORGE



"GOOD JOB ME AN' YOU CAN'T READ, BENT."

SAND; and to endorse the biographer's judgment that this was intellectually the making of his hero you have only to compare the sloppy, facetious and self-conscious letters of the composer's youth with the penetrative humour and comparative detachment of the post-Majorca period. None but a novelist's eye, even though, like that of the Graiae, it was a borrowed one, could have beheld WELINGTON, as CHOPIN beheld him in London, "sitting underneath the Queen's box like an old monarchical dog in his kennel, under his crowned lady." Mr. MURDOCH has restored the dimensions of a man to a figure more easily reduced to the plane of an artist.

### Russian Treasure-Trove.

Early last century two sisters went to Russia from Ireland as guests of the famous "Princess DASCHKAW"; one stayed more than a year, the other more than five. Some account of their adventures, recently come to light, edited and with



introduction and notes by the Marchioness of LONDONDERRY and Mr. H. M. HYDE, appears in *The Russian Journals of Martha and Catherine Wilmot* (MACMILLAN, 21/-). CATHERINE was the more spirited writer, MARTHA the more sympathetic character. CATHERINE's Irish maid, in the few letters included, eclipses them both, but MARTHA scores heavily with a splendid description of her shipwreck in the "Gulph of Finland" on the way home. The luck of the sisters was to see or meet almost everything and everyone of importance; and the reader who boldly ignores the excellent notes—which appear, sometimes by threes, on nearly every page—and goes at a gallop through the book has an exhilarating experience before him—heat, cold, sledges, flowers, jewels (diamonds and pearls by weight), monasteries, palaces, intrigues, passions, great folk, peasants, confessions, histories and, above all, human nature. It is a rich treasure that the editors have unearthed, and we are grateful.

#### The Sea Employment.

*Barlow's Journal—Volume II., 1677-1703* (HURST AND BLACKETT, 18/-) completes the unique record of a seventeenth-century mariner's "sea employment" which Mr. BASIL LUBBOCK has edited with so much care and judgment. It takes up the tale of BARLOW's doings from the time when he signs on in a small pink trading to Rouen, and called by him, with his characteristic freedom of orthography, the *Rone Facter*, and, like the preceding volume, conveys a vivid impression of the varied experiences which were so much more typical of a sailor's life in the past than is the case at the present day. Among the voyages dealt with in this part of BARLOW's narrative is one to Jamaica at the time of the notorious Sir HENRY MORGAN's governorship, and one as mate of an East India-man conveying the Mocha fleet when the pirates AVERY and KIDD were at the height of their activities. In this, as in the previous volume, the writer shows himself to be a shrewd observer of men and things, a capable artist and a good all-round seaman, and the record provides an invaluable picture of a sailor's life during the period immediately following the Restoration.

#### Red Flag to Supercharger.

The name of Mr. S. F. EDGE is known to many as that of a motoring pioneer and I am glad he has written *My Motoring Reminiscences* (FOULIS, 10/6). It gives me what R. L. S. would call "a cold grue" to read of tyre and mechanical troubles from 1898 onwards. On trials and during races he did things I would (being lazier) never attempt. Fourteen-and-a-half hours in one spot spent in mending punctures during a fifty-two-mile run would simply cause a modern driver to put a match to the petrol tank. He mentions the incident as occurring on the hottest day of

the year. As (according to the excellent photographs) the driver and passengers wore stiff collars and bowler hats in addition to good tweed clothing, I can only coin a phrase and say that "They were giants in those days," and could give JOB a half-way start and a beating. The author gives details of the dreadful crashes and regrettable incidents due to ignorant official organisation and foolish judgments by committees (especially in motor-boat racing). Yes, an interesting book but one that makes the reader think gratefully of his starting battery and oversize tyres.

#### Critical Times.

The period selected by Baroness ORCZY for her spirited romance, *A Spy of Napoleon* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), is the seventh decade of the nineteenth century, when France was heading fast and furiously towards disaster. In these years a young aristocrat, *Gérard le Lanroy*, was unjustly accused of treason, and under extraordinary conditions was expelled from France by the Chief Commissary of NAPOLÉON III.'s secret police. But, although an exile from his native land, *Gérard's* share in her fortunes and misfortunes was far from being completed; and I can assure those who are looking for a tale of adventure, liberally spiced with love, that this story of espionage will respond to their requirements. For my own part let me confess an almost sentimental affection for Baroness ORCZY's Tales, whether of the Pimpernel variety or not, for she—whatever the highbrows say—is a born story-teller.

#### Unproductive Genius.

In *Lost Battle* (NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 7/6) Mr. STEPHEN GRAHAM has drawn a portrait that will certainly linger in the memory. You may detest or despise *John Rae Belfort*, you may, on the other hand, sympathise with him, but whether your feelings are hostile or friendly you will not be able to forget him. He was a whisky-swilling, unfaithful, domineering vagabond of a man, who never brought to light the great literary works that surged within him. Nevertheless Mr. GRAHAM, without effort or special pleading, has made him a really remarkable figure. This Tale, to my mind, marks a step forward in Mr. GRAHAM's career as a novelist.

#### For Schoolboys.

School stories are admittedly extremely difficult to write; but Mr. CHARLES TURLEY has hit on a method which carries him safely over the most formidable hurdles. He eschews exaggeration. His masters and his boys are normal pleasant people, and, what is more, they are characters and not mere types. His latest book, *Tales of Loxham* (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 5/-), can be confidently recommended to any young and not-too-*blasé* reader.



"AFTER ALL I PROMISED THE YOUNGEST LAD ONE TOO."

## Charivaria.

ACCORDING to a French scientist the world will end at 5.15 on November 15th. Unfortunately this will clash with the municipal elections.

Americans are to be taught to drink beer. Several British adepts are said to have expressed their readiness to give demonstrations.

"If you give people what you believe they will like," says Sir JOHN REITH, "they will gradually come to appreciate it." Always provided that they haven't gradually gone first.

The B.B.C. by the way has started a card-index of jokes for variety programmes, and the only hope left is that their system of reference may be practically unintelligible.

A man who trod on some flypapers put in a passage by a neighbour applied to the Court. For a separation order?

Barefoot-dancing on the dewy lawn is popular in London gardens. A few horse-chestnuts hidden in the grass add considerable zest and vigour to the proceedings.

We read of a professional boxer who is crazy about golf. What few professional boxers seem crazy about is boxing.

Under the auspices of the French Government a floating art gallery is touring the Mediterranean. It will be

recalled that the Tate once sprang a leak.

The champion woman angler of Los Angeles has married her fifth husband. No doubt he is all right, but you ought to see those that got away.

Another sign of returning prosperity

"The Jolly Farmer." Presumably there was one once.

The schoolchildren who saw Mr. WALTER ELLIOT drink three bottles of milk will always remember him affectionately as a three-bottle man.

High Wycombe butcher-boys are in future to be called "outside representatives." Many people would regard them as inside representatives.

A Los Angeles film-actress was given a £300,000 pearl necklace by her husband. We understand that for the time being she intends to keep both.

Having pondered deeply on the importation of meat a correspondent observes that boarding-house steaks should have the country of origin engraved on them.

When feathers to the value of two million francs were burned in a Strasbourg factory fire a rumour spread that it had been deliberately started by somebody who was feeling faint.

Already the study by American jurists of British legal methods is bearing fruit. A New York judge has never heard of a famous film-actress.

A correspondent wants to know how much it costs to send a boy to Cambridge. He should inquire at the booking-office at Liverpool Street.

Trade experts announce that jewellers' shops are being opened all over the country. Some with bricks and some without.



"WELL, I SHALL GIVE HER ANOTHER HALF-HOUR AND THEN I'M THROUGH WITH WOMEN."

is that burglars have started breaking into business premises again.

Manufacturers inform us that snake-skins make excellent shoes. Bananas, on the other hand, make the best slippers.

Fourteen inns in Surrey are called



### The Far Call.

I HAVE never made a habit of abusing the behaviour of the London telephone. During the many years in which I have laboured earnestly and reverently for this paper I doubt whether I have written more than thirty or forty fiery articles attacking the Postmaster-General, the switch-board-operators, the dialling-system or the men who suddenly pull down the front part of one's residence either to put the telephone in or to take it away again. I have said to myself and to others repeatedly that a public service which with all its slight delays and occasional lapses into silence does eventually succeed in obtaining hundreds of numbers of one sort or another throughout the twenty-four hours of the working day, ought not to be foolishly laughed at nor hastily condemned. I was glad when the telephone began to advertise itself, and I have tried now and then to form a Society or Guild of those who loved the telephone and wished it well, so that we might have dinners together and make speeches in praise of the telephone.

Perhaps it has been due in part to my labours that the new shilling telephone-call captured the imagination of this country so surely last week. It was not, I think, generally known how much pent-up loquacity was awaiting some such measure to find relief. We are not perhaps, as foreigners are prone to think, a silent race; no, nor a mercenary. We merely need encouragement. Given the chance of speaking to Wigan or Widecombe at a reasonable tariff, the inhibitions of a dozen years are broken down. The flood-gates are loosed. Bright chatter and girlish laughter diffuse themselves over the land. Especially after seven P.M. is this so. People who have been carelessly listening-in to Czechoslovakia on the wireless will suddenly bethink themselves of sleepy Halifax or half-forgotten old-world Clacton-on-Sea.

Myself I decided to telephone to Mull. It was not a shilling call. It was one-and-threepence, but I thought it was worth it. For half a lifetime I had been torturing myself with desire to speak to Mull yet had refrained because I felt that honestly I could not afford it—Mull, with its soil of fair fertility, Mull, the largest of the Hebrides after Lewis and Skye, Mull, separated from the mainland by the Sound of Mull (nineteen miles long and one-and-a-half to three-and-a-quarter miles wide), Mull, engirt by a number of smaller islands—Gometra, Ulva, Staffa, Iona, etc. I spoke to radiant little Mull.

It is doing well.

Still is Benhae the loftiest, Bentallock the most beautiful of its summits, still stretch the moors; still tower the sea-cliffs; still gleam the streams, still sounds the Sound, still claim the terraced plateaus a tertiary basaltic origin as they did of yore.

I rang it up at 7.15 P.M. I spoke to it at 11.35.

"Is that Mull?" I asked.

"Och aye!" was the answer.

"What news is there," I pressed urgently, "of Mackinnon's Cave? You will remember that Dr. JOHNSON pronounced it 'the greatest natural curiosity he had ever seen.' Would it still answer to that description, do you think?" And so we prattled on.

Other telephone-users were not so lucky. They chose nearer places where competition was heavier. Their yearning to make a few remarks to Basingstoke had to be postponed for a night or two until the lines became clearer, or so I gather from what they have told me and from what I have read in the Press.

But I (and perhaps I deserved it) fulfilled my great ambition. I chatted with Mull.

Say rather that I intended to chat with it. Most unhappily when I lifted the receiver and placed it to my ear I found it impossible to get any answer from the Paddington Exchange.

EVOK.

### Polyglot Rhymes for Citizens of the World.

SIR,—Is it not time something really new was done to further the cause of amity between nations? Can any progress be made at all so long as the very basis of each people's culture is unintelligible to all the rest? We must go to the root of the matter and see that all developing minds share the same start towards the apprehension of what life means. I offer you the secret of a method whereby this can be assured. Perhaps a few examples will show what I have in mind more clearly than a long description:—

I.

Hör' doch mal die Hunde bellen!  
The beggars are at the gate-a  
Les uns en sac, les autres en frac,  
Alcuni vestiti di seta.

II.

Tom, fils du second violon,  
Griff den Schwein und lief davon  
Porco fritto, Tom punito,  
Tom went roaring down the street-o.

III.

Viens, Petit Bleu, sonne-moi ton cor!  
Die Kuh ist im Hafer, der Schaf auf dem Moor.  
What has become of that shepherd so weary?  
Sotto le spine lascia lo dormire.

IV.

La piccola Muffita  
S'assit un jour bien vite,  
Die süßige Speise zupressen,  
Es kam eine Spinne  
Which dropped in her dinner  
Und gleich war die Speise vergessen.

V.

Maria aveva un caro agnello,  
White was the fleece of this promising fellow;  
C'était une bête qui la suivait toujours  
Und immer beim Schulgang verlangte kultur.

VI.

Toison d'or, Toison d'or, sois donc mienne,  
Kein Zeug sollst du waschen, noch futtern kein'  
Henne,  
But sit on a cushion and hem a fine tucker-o  
Mangiare (con fragole) crema e zucchero.

I feel, Sir, that I need say no more. Once this invention has the seal of your authority, the millennium is in sight.

I am, Sir, etc., etc.,

LIGA.

"The headmaster's point of view is naturally quite different. It is always possible that a boy may receive serious injury if roughly handled by a hot-tempered assistant, and then the onus falls upon the head."—*Manchester Paper*.

Surely not?





### MY EUROPE RIGHT OR WRONG!

*(A Rural Fancy suggested by the speeches made at the Annual Conference of the Labour Party last week.)*

MAJOR ATTLEE. "I WANT YOU TO COME INTO LINE WITH THE REST OF LABOUR AND SEE YOURSELF FIRST AND FOREMOST AS A CITIZEN OF THE WORLD."

GARGE. "EH!"



THE BRITISH CHARACTER.  
LOVE OF DUMB ANIMALS.

### Symbol of Speed.

"THE next item on the agenda," said the Chairman, sweeping his spectacles dramatically from his face, "is the choice of a name for our 1935 model."

Talk ceased. Rendering their minds blank the Directors prepared to listen with attention. A Steel-jawed Director, more observant than the others, shuffled a little uneasily in his chair. He had noticed that the Chairman was sitting down again.

After an awkward pause the Steel-jawed Director rose and spoke his mind. "Naturally," he said, "you have a suggestion for the name of this car to submit to us, so that we can put it to the vote and accept it or—er—not?"

The Chairman put on his spectacles and ran rapidly through his papers. He took them off and whispered hurriedly with the Secretary. Then he said, "I am very sorry, gentlemen, but no name has so far been suggested. The designers felt that you, the Directors of the Thunder Company, would prefer to have unfettered choice in the matter.

You all know the specifications of the new Straight Eight—undoubtedly the fastest car of its type now in production."

The Directors glanced at one another. Did this mean that they would have to think of a name?

"What did we call it last year?" asked a Newly-appointed Director, showing business acumen beyond his years.

A gentle murmur ran round the table. There was a feeling that the question was a sound one. With last year's name before them they could give consideration to the feasibility or otherwise of using it again.

The Chairman brought spectacles, papers and Secretary into play, and after a short interval was able to announce, "We did not make it last year."

There was an undertone of disapproval. It was felt that the Newly-appointed Director ought to have known this.

After a while an Apple-cheeked Director made a contribution. "Something to do with speed," he said.

Silence fell. Some of the Directors

scratched their heads. Others drew shapes on the pieces of blotting-paper before them. Some contented themselves with knitting their brows.

"Is there anything to be said for animals?" asked a Small Director.

The Directors abandoned their pursuit of thought and looked up.

The Chairman meditated upon the matter for a space then turned to the Secretary. "What is there to be said for animals?" he inquired.

"Our competitors have exploited many of the fastest animals," replied the Secretary. "The panther, the tiger, the cheetah, the lynx, the deer have been used. There is the Langley Leopard Landaulet, the Smithsonian Super-charged Sports Stag, the Vixen V-Six. The lion, the jaguar and the hyena have been absorbed by the industry."

"There must be other suitable big-game," snapped a Tight-lipped Director.

"Mention some more fleet-footed fauna," said the Chairman.

The Secretary thought for about ten minutes. "I can't think of any," he said at length.



"Can anyone else?" asked the Chairman.

Once more the Directors gave themselves furiously to thought. No further words were spoken until the Board-room clock struck four. Then the Apple-cheeked Director asked a question. "Does anyone know of any fast birds?" he inquired.

Pencils which had been designing fresh shapes for eggs were dropped. Fingers which had been pressed to foreheads were removed. Brows were unknitted. The Directorial Brain paused.

"I am afraid the air has been pretty well ransacked," said the Secretary. "Swift, snipe, swallow, hawk, kestrel, buzzard and eagle have been appropriated. The Gondola Company have bagged most of the best birds and the Spentley people have taken many of the remaining medium-speed birds of popular appeal."

"Does the same thing apply to insects?" asked the Small Director.

"To a certain extent," replied the Secretary. "Cars have been called hornets, moths, fireflies, centipedes, bees—"

"Daddy-long-legs?" murmured the Apple-cheeked Director thoughtfully.

There followed a silence which seemed to go on and on and on.

At last a Deep-voiced Director turned respectfully to the Chairman and broke it. "Fish," he said simply.

The thinking Directors shifted a little in their chairs. They were redirecting their ruminations into fishy channels.

But it was no good. The depths of the Combined Directorial Mind were stirred up, but no really speedy fish came to the surface, and in a little while a typist brought tea.

Stimulated by the brain-bracing beverage a Diamond-pinned Director made a suggestion. "What about marine monsters?" he said.

The Chairman pondered over the question. "May I ask you to be good enough to name one?" he invited.

The Diamond-pinned Director fingered his ornamental stone-work. He coughed and said, "Er—" But he got no further than that. The Chairman had asked too much.

It seemed to the Chairman that the time had now arrived when the Directors might with advantage be given a rough idea of the kind of name they should endeavour to think of. "Gentlemen," he said, "what we want is a word that suggests the embodiment of speed."

"Ah!" said the Tight-lipped Director. He was viewing the matter in a new light.

Time passed. The caretaker came



"DOESN'T IT MAKE ME LOOK RIDICULOUS?"

"VERY FASHIONABLE, MODOM. IF YOU DON'T LOOK RIDICULOUS YOU ARE RIDICULOUS."

in, switched on the lights, drew the blinds and withdrew. For a long time the ticking of the clock on the Board-room wall was the only sound among that tortured assembly.

It was a quarter-past eight when an Elderly Director who had not previously spoken rose to his feet. "I have thought of a word," he said.

The Board was startled. The Small Director, who had been thinking particularly hard, fell under the table.

"The word," said the Elderly Director, "is 'Thought.'"

There was a pause. Then one or two of the quicker-thinking Directors saw his meaning. *Thought!* Of course. The very embodiment of speed. But could the word be used? Would it fit?

"Gentlemen," said the Chairman, waving his spectacles in triumph, "let us call the new product of the Thunder Company the THOUGHT STRAIGHT EIGHT. The words have a certain rhythm and, after all, what is there so rapid, so quick as human thought?"

The motion was put to the meeting and carried, and the Chairman passed on to the next item on the agenda.



## Big Swim.

ON a warm sunny afternoon in September, 1934, a clean-shaven man might have been observed swimming methodically towards Westminster. Indeed he *was* observed by a small boy on Hungerford Bridge, who spat upon him. I did not for my own sake wish for any wider recognition. When I am swimming the fewer people who recognise me the better I like it. But what began as a "pleasure"-swim finished up as an athletic record, and it is our duty to posterity and truth to record all such "records," for otherwise some upstart swimmer may appear in years to come and claim that which is not his. So let the tale be told.

I had dived—or, more accurately, I had passed head-first—into the River Thames from a coal-lighter situated forty yards south of Waterloo Bridge. I was swimming, slowly but gracefully, towards Hungerford, or Charing Cross, Bridge, assisted by the flood-tide. My little "pram" dinghy floated ahead of me, the idea being that when I was tired I should climb into the dinghy and row back over the tide to the parent ship, which was tied up to the coal-lighter. I thought that I should be tired very soon. I am always tired of swimming very soon, especially in the muddy waters of London river; and if anybody makes me laugh I sink.

However, I swam on, reflecting how odd a thing it was that a rational man, at ease in comfortable clothes, should go to the trouble of removing them in order to travel a short distance at the expense of great exertion in a liquid composed of such miscellaneous elements as the Thames at Waterloo. I wondered how many Channel-swimmers would have swum the Channel if they had had to swim it in Waterloo water, which has no buoyancy at all and, so far from supporting the swimmer, seems all the time to be dragging him down to the extremely muddy floor of the river. Moreover, it tastes very strongly of I know not what.

On the other hand, the swimmer has a delightful view of the heart of London. Turning on the back, I surveyed the remnants of Waterloo Bridge, and, through one of the arches, the noble curve of the bank to Blackfriars and St. Paul's Cathedral beyond. I wished once again that they would adopt my proposal for a Waterloo Tunnel—have no bridge at all and throw open that tremendous view. The tunnel-building and the bridge-breaking could proceed simultaneously. Or perhaps not. The engineers, I dare say, would

have some fussy objection to the whole scheme. Nevertheless, I thought, it is good, and, turning on to the left side, I swam on feebly past the Shell-Mex Building.

Perhaps it was the sight of the great Clock, provoking thoughts of Time, Measurement and so forth, that first put into my head the idea of making a record. At any rate it suddenly occurred to me that *no literary man had ever swum from Waterloo Bridge to Westminster Bridge.*

Or had one? I swam backwards for a little, reflecting and gazing at the pale blue sky. Lord BYRON? No. He was careful and chose salt water for his feats. Mr. BERNARD SHAW? JOHN DRINKWATER? No. Not even "BEACH-COMBER," swinging his great staff, had done this thing. I was first in the field.

At that moment a shadow swept over me and I perceived that the body was approaching Hungerford Bridge. A small boy perceived this too and spat upon the body. What satisfaction this gesture gave him I cannot tell, but I hope it was great. "My boy," I said politely, "it was not thus that in olden days the youth of Britain greeted a pioneer at grips with the elements. Besides, I am paying for your education, and your ethical standards disappoint me."

We then drifted into the protected waters under the bridge. This bridge, as I have said before, has been unfairly maligned. From the mariner's, swimmer's or fish's point of view those round red columns, with the sun slanting between them and the tide swishing round them, have a certain simple grandeur. There is light and shade under the bridge such as is not found under a common stone arch; and if a train rumbles over the bridge as one swims through the experience is awesome. Indeed I am surprised that the London Society and the Fine Arts Commission do not arrange a joint swim under Charing Cross Bridge.

However, we swam on into the Westminster Reach, weary but determined. This is a very fine reach to swim along. A fish's-eye view reveals all kinds of beauties unsuspected by you who merely walk upon the Embankment or clank along in trams. Under my right arm I beheld the stately pile of Whitehall Court dominating the skyline, residence of ex-Editor of *Punch* SEAMAN, and, I believe, author BERNARD SHAW. Both are strong swimmers; and I wondered if they slip out before breakfast on fine mornings for a dip. But just then we met one of the pleasure-boats which ply in summer from Westminster Pier. The crews of some of these vessels have a genial but

embarrassing habit of pointing me out to their passengers as their ship passes mine and making complimentary remarks through megaphones. Not long ago, being tied up to the Tower Pier (it was the day we saw the dead porpoise drifting by), I heard these words booming across the water: "RIGHT AHEAD IS THE TOWER BRIDGE. ON YOUR LEFT IS MR. A. P. HADDOCK IN HIS BOAT." Flattering, but hardly fair to the Tower Bridge. And here and now I beg these good fellows to desist from the practice.

This day, being almost entirely submerged and having wet hair over the eyes, I did hope to preserve a decent anonymity. But the rather literary nose, I suppose, still bravely held above the waves, gave me away, and I heard, far too loud: "THE GENTLEMAN SWIMMING IS MR. A. P. HADDOCK, THE WRITER." I waved a feeble hand in deprecation and sank.

Coming up, spluttering, I had a mind to abandon all thought of the record; but the great clock of Westminster beckoned me forward, no more than three hundred yards away, and I splashed on behind my little boat. Alone. No man fed me with Bovril or played tunes on the gramophone to cheer my spirit. Was there ever such a feat?

As I passed the Air Force Memorial a small blue canoe approached me containing two young men. And one of the young men said, "Are you Mr. Haddock?" I sank again.

A literary man engaged in a record swim ought not to be addressed without a formal introduction, and never in so brusque a manner as to cause his submersion. I came to the surface determined to teach the young men a lesson in water-etiquette. But I was short of breath; they were very pleasant young men; they had come down from Oxford in their canoe and merely wished to be directed to Charing Cross, where they proposed to land. So I put them on their way and swam on.

Did I say "swam"? Now comes the really heroic part of the adventure. The goal was near—but, oh, so far! The body was now an enormous weight, the arms could scarcely thrust themselves from the water, the legs kicked anæmically below; the whole frame seemed subject to some magnetic force relentlessly pulling it towards the bed of the river. Huge dirty waves rose up and slapped the face; the lungs worked like pistons inadequately supplied with oil; the eyes could see but dimly the crowds upon the bridge, the great clock of Westminster far up in some quite different world. But the flood-tide was running at about three knots, and in



*Exasperated Stalker (after long ineffectual stalk). "WHAT THE DEEVIL'S THE USE O' ME CRA-A-LING ALONG HERE ON MA BELLY WHEN YE FOLLOW LIKE A BLEATHERING LIGHT-HOOSER?"*

fact we did reach Westminster Bridge. Crowds leaned over the parapet with mocking or indifferent eyes but oblivious to the inner drama of what they saw, perceiving with due surprise and curiosity a man swimming under Westminster Bridge, but wholly unaware that he had started from Waterloo. Now—now, we should not have complained if some friendly citizen had recognised us and raised a cheer and saluted a record. But history repeated itself and a small boy spat, not knowing, poor little pagan, that he was spitting on a record.

We turned on our back, faint but satisfied, floated through the bridge, and off the Terrace of the House of Commons climbed slowly into our little boat—the first man of letters to swim from Waterloo to Westminster!

Then we rowed back and had a good gargle.

A. P. H.

### Lessons for Lowbrows.

#### I.—Visiting the Stables.

ALWAYS and always when inspecting a horse, whether in the stable or in the open, stand a matter of four feet away from his fifth rib. This may mean a

sort of dance on your part of the type of hands-across-down-the-middle-choose-your-partner-and-once-again, but you must play for safety, and it is very seldom that the brutes will stand still. It is not the slightest use to bluff your host with words taken from the Gardener's Dictionary or the British Pharmacopœia, because people who buy their own horses can see through both sides of a mental loose-box. Yet much can be done, as the following possible conversation will show:—

"Well, well, eh? Did you ever see hocks like that in your life?"

"No, frankly, I never did." (Keep on looking carefully at the middle of the brute unless your persecutor definitely points out places he wants you to admire.)

"Now I suppose you're going to tell me he's a rib short, aren't you? But if you're thinking of it I'll tell you you're a liar."

Refrain from any facetious reference to ADAM or EVE, but try to remember to say this: "Nonsense, Sir! He's in the Book, of course." (He will take this as referring to a secular book of eugenics which you need not read.)

Your host will then talk for three minutes like the First Chapter of

Chronicles, and you must nod your head at every second name. If he pauses at a name and looks at you in a meaning way, fold your arms, nod your head sharply and murmur, "Ah! what a grand animal!" Do not go further into any special name with him because it may either be a horse or a mare, and misunderstandings of that sort should be studiously avoided.

You will then be led to the next horse, where the same procedure may be gone through. Unless the names are posted up (and even then unless you are a fair scholar) do not refer to any animal as "he" or "she"—"quad," "beast," "mount," "nag" will cover a whole mangerful of ignorance.

In general get away from the premises as soon as you can. Don't forget before leaving to ask to inspect the hay and corn. Pick up and chew small helpings of these. (The hay is not so bad, but the corn tastes like sand from a bunker.) Ask your host what he pays for these commodities, and on being told the answer, pat him on the back and congratulate him on his bargain. If he tells you he grew them, grunt in a non-committal way and be very, very careful, as he might try to sell you some.



First Golfer. "WHAT'S YOUR HANDICAP?"

Second Ditto. "A WIFE THAT WON'T LET ME PLAY MORE THAN ONCE A WEEK."

### Theme and Variations.

A FRIEND of mine, a publisher (for I am catholic in my friendships), was desirous of bringing out a new War book, and being a prudent man and chary of giving offence under the Official Secrets Act, he took the precaution of submitting the manuscript for the inspection of a high official in the Government Department chiefly concerned. In due course the censored manuscript was returned, and when I next called upon the publisher I found him gazing with a bemused expression at the letter which accompanied it. Without a word he passed the letter across to me. It contained, apart from formalities, one sentence, and this, which I suppose may be called the operative sentence, was framed as follows:—

"When I require a phrase to be deleted I have used the phrase 'Delete the phrase.'"

I read this sentence several times in order to make sure that I thoroughly understood it, for my wits are never at their brightest when I am closeted with

a publisher, and I was still murmuring it to myself when my friend gently removed the document from my grasp.

"What I mean to say is, I mean what I say, if you understand what I mean," he muttered. "And"—his face hardened—"talking about that new contract—"

"Talking about that new contract," I replied firmly, "when I require a clause to be deleted I shall use the clause 'Delete the clause.'"

"And for my part," rejoined the publisher with equal severity, "if I desire a new provision to be inserted I shall insert the provision, 'Insert the insertion.' I mean—" At this point he broke down, gripped his desk with both hands and glared at me wildly.

By mutual consent we postponed the consideration of the new contract to another day, which was perhaps as well, or we might easily have concluded the strangest contract ever concluded in the strange history of contracts between publishers and authors.

I walked slowly down to the Strand, and the high official's phrase haunted my head. It sang no tune like the ticket refrain which SAMUEL CLEMENS found in a tram-car:—

"The conductor when he receives a fare

Will punch in the presence of the passengere . . ."

but it clung with similar tenacity to the grey matter of the brain. Presently I found myself conjugating it, and then rearranging the order of the words; as thus:—

"When I have used the phrase, 'Delete the phrase,' I require the phrase to be deleted";

or thus:—

"'Delete the phrase' is the phrase I use when I require that a phrase should be deleted";

and I was particularly struck by this last variation, which possessed some metrical merit and went very well to a Sullivanesque tune which came spontaneously into my head to keep it company. In this stage I collided with several other foot-passengers and, realising that I was attracting some attention, I sought the shelter of the nearest tea-shop.

I do not know how long I had sat in the place when I became aware that a waitress was standing in front of me



and repeating with some insistence, "Have you given your order?"

I answered mechanically, "When I require my order to be delivered I shall deliver the order, 'Deliver my order.'"

She went away and brought back a cup of strong coffee, saying in a kind voice: "Drink this; it may make you feel better."

I drank the stuff and paid my bill and went out.

I had driven up to town and left my little car in a garage on the other side of Waterloo Bridge; but I felt that Mr. HORE-BELISHA would in the circumstances be a little happier if I went home by train. At Charing Cross I said to the booking-clerk—I have completely forgotten what I said to the booking-clerk, but he replied, as to a dull child, "Where is it you want to go to?"

"My good man," I said testily, "surely you understand that when I require a hither to the green I use the hither, 'Hither to the Green!'"

He glanced at the amount I tendered and gave me a third to Hither Green.

I remember very little more about that day, except telling my wife a little angrily that "Delete the aspirin" was the aspirin I should use when I required an aspirin to be deleted. But she wilfully misunderstood me. She gave me the maximum dose, as she afterwards confessed, and some strenuous digging in the garden almost completed my cure next morning.

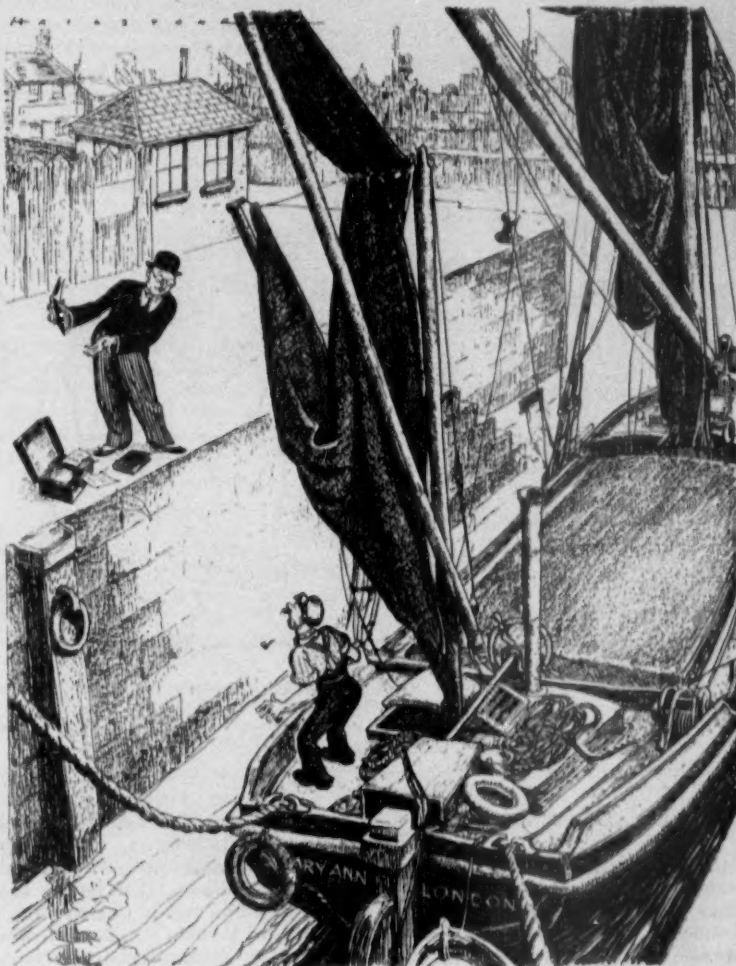
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### Enduring Brass.

(Suggested by the recent gathering of a hundred-and-eighty-seven brass bands and five thousand performers at the Crystal Palace.)

Though the delicate, fastidious  
Critics of a sheltered class  
Contemplate with eyes invidious  
All large instruments of brass,  
And regard the competition  
In the Crystal Palace grounds  
As a monstrous ebullition  
Of the most unlovely sounds,

They forget, while freely spending  
All their eulogy on strings,



"USEFUL? WHY, MY DEAR CAPTAIN, THE CLASSIFIED DICTIONARY SECTION ALONE WILL STRENGTHEN YOUR VOCABULARY BY ABOUT TWO HUNDRED WORDS."

Wind is capable of lending  
Harmony wide-reaching wings;  
For the fiddler, howso gifted,  
Does not join the "burning row"  
Of the trumpets "loud uplifted"  
That seraphic minstrels blow.

Violin or grand piano  
Will not sound the final call  
Heard by THOMAS of Celano  
In the grandest hymn of all—  
"Tuba mirum spargens sonum"—  
So the immortal sequence rolls—  
"Per sepulcra regionum,"  
Echoing in our inmost souls.

Harp is not attuned to warning  
Mortals of the Day of Ire;  
Moods of praise or gentle mourning  
Best befit the angelic lyre;  
And we read in BUNYAN's story  
When the noblest Pilgrim died

All the trumpets for his glory  
Sounded on the other side.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Nowhere else have themes sublimer  
Animated verse or prose,  
Therefore let an idle rhymist  
On a humble cadence close,  
On behalf of sea- and lands-men—  
Lovers of full-throated joys—  
Thanking these five thousand bands-  
men  
For their very noble noise.

C. L. G.

"Never before has a merchant's hip had  
such a royal christening."—*Evening Paper*.  
He should carry his flask elsewhere.

"Wales gets her centre forward."

*News Placard*.

While most of us are struggling to keep  
ours back.



First Golfer. "WHAT'S YOUR HANDICAP?"

Second Ditto. "A WIFE THAT WON'T LET ME PLAY MORE THAN ONCE A WEEK."

### Theme and Variations.

A FRIEND of mine, a publisher (for I am catholic in my friendships), was desirous of bringing out a new War book, and being a prudent man and chary of giving offence under the Official Secrets Act, he took the precaution of submitting the manuscript for the inspection of a high official in the Government Department chiefly concerned. In due course the censored manuscript was returned, and when I next called upon the publisher I found him gazing with a bemused expression at the letter which accompanied it. Without a word he passed the letter across to me. It contained, apart from formalities, one sentence, and this, which I suppose may be called the operative sentence, was framed as follows:—

"When I require a phrase to be deleted I have used the phrase 'Delete the phrase.'"

I read this sentence several times in order to make sure that I thoroughly understood it, for my wits are never at their brightest when I am closeted with

a publisher, and I was still murmuring it to myself when my friend gently removed the document from my grasp.

"What I mean to say is, I mean what I say, if you understand what I mean," he muttered. "And"—his face hardened—"talking about that new contract—"

"Talking about that new contract," I replied firmly, "when I require a clause to be deleted I shall use the clause 'Delete the clause.'"

"And for my part," rejoined the publisher with equal severity, "if I desire a new provision to be inserted I shall insert the provision, 'Insert the insertion.' I mean—" At this point he broke down, gripped his desk with both hands and glared at me wildly.

By mutual consent we postponed the consideration of the new contract to another day, which was perhaps as well, or we might easily have concluded the strangest contract ever concluded in the strange history of contracts between publishers and authors.

I walked slowly down to the Strand, and the high official's phrase haunted my head. It sang no tune like the ticket refrain which SAMUEL CLEMENS found in a tram-car:—

"The conductor when he receives a fare

Will punch in the presence of the passenjare . . ."

but it clung with similar tenacity to the grey matter of the brain. Presently I found myself conjugating it, and then rearranging the order of the words; as thus:—

"When I have used the phrase, 'Delete the phrase,' I require the phrase to be deleted";

or thus:—

"'Delete the phrase' is the phrase I use when I require that a phrase should be deleted";

and I was particularly struck by this last variation, which possessed some metrical merit and went very well to a Sullivanesque tune which came spontaneously into my head to keep it company. In this stage I collided with several other foot-passengers and, realising that I was attracting some attention, I sought the shelter of the nearest tea-shop.

I do not know how long I had sat in the place when I became aware that a waitress was standing in front of me

and repeating with some insistence, "Have you given your order?"

I answered mechanically, "When I require my order to be delivered I shall deliver the order, 'Deliver my order.'"

She went away and brought back a cup of strong coffee, saying in a kind voice: "Drink this; it may make you feel better."

I drank the stuff and paid my bill and went out.

I had driven up to town and left my little car in a garage on the other side of Waterloo Bridge; but I felt that Mr. HORE-BELISHA would in the circumstances be a little happier if I went home by train. At Charing Cross I said to the booking-clerk—I have completely forgotten what I said to the booking-clerk, but he replied, as to a dull child, "Where is it you want to go to?"

"My good man," I said testily, "surely you understand that when I require a hither to the green I use the hither, 'Hither to the Green!'"

He glanced at the amount I tendered and gave me a third to Hither Green.

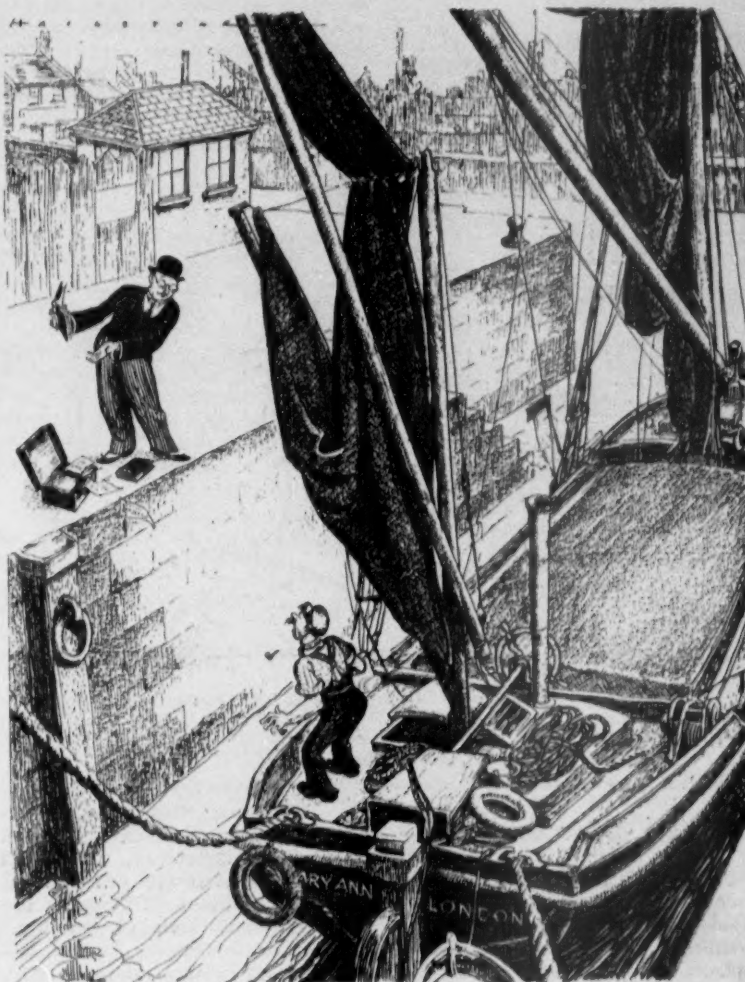
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ours back.





*The Knight.* "I'M GOING IN HERE TO FIGHT THE OGRE. IF YOU HEAR THE BLAST OF A HORN, COME IN. I MAY WANT HELP."

*The Varlet.* "YES, MY LIEGE, BUT MAY I REMIND YOU THAT, I HAVE A WIFE AND SIX CHILDREN."

*The Knight.* "SPLENDID! BRING THEM ALONG TOO."

### Mixed Expectations.

ALTHOUGH I prefer the past and present to the future, this has not prevented me from laying out one-and-elevenpence on the three established prophetic almanacks for 1935. An odd sum, you will agree: made up of one calendar at one-and-ninepence and two at a penny each. One-and-ninepence strikes me as dear, but I may say that as I completed the other transactions every M'Corpuscule of my veins rejoiced. But which is going to be more worth the money we cannot of course know until 1936 is here, the proof of prophetic pudding being, like that of roly-poly, in the eating. But among them they foresee most things that can afflict poor human nature all the world over.

Since what has happened will happen, anyone can be something of a prophet by mixing together all the ordinary occurrences of the year, calamitous or otherwise, and arranging them over the twelve months. I could in fact do it myself. The only trick in it is to arrange them rightly:

Comparing the three seers, let us take January, 1935, as being so near that there is less time to wait to tick them

off. Beginning with one-and-ninepence, I find that New Year's Day will be good for interviews, speculation and selling—a statement which should surprise Capel Court. On Sunday the 6th we must be "careful of courtship," but the 15th favours it. The 8th is a good day for doctors—and therefore, I assume, bad for us. On Sunday the 13th we must not lend; and on Sunday the 27th we must avoid strangers. The Voice of the Heavens tells us that the year 1935 is ruled by the number nine, and Pluto warns investors who have holdings in Chinese, New Zealand or Iraq stock that in January they must be watchful. In January the Government is to be heckled (this is a safe one) on its policy with regard to armaments, the Air Force, and foreign relations. France and England will be busy over a possible alliance, and Rumania and Bulgaria will be under a spell of revolutionary influences and destructive tempests. The British Isles (another safe one) will experience frost, sunshine and some fogs. New York, under the rays of Mars, Pluto and Venus, will provide us with a case of crime concerning women, children and kidnapping—and that too is not exactly a risky pronouncement.

Now for the two pennyworths, which

seem to be in acute rivalry, each terrified of being mistaken for the other. Almost identical in appearance, they are alike too in such a pressure of advertisements of nostrums that the predictions are hard to find. "On the threshold of yet another year," says one, "the Prophet greets his readers and peers through the curtain of futurity for guidance and to seek what it holds in store." The Kabalistic symbol for 1935, the other tells us, is a Waning Moon, and the summer will again be hot and dry. With Venus as the morning star, Love and Peace must predominate over Hate and War. To the question: "Will HITLER survive?" this vaticinator comes at great length to the conclusion that "he is fated to fail in the long run." Aren't we all?

There will in January be Continental strife, but England will remain out of it. There will be scandals in religious circles and a *cause célèbre* will attract attention. Coal and oil shares will rise, and S.E. Europe must look out for earthquakes. Unsound economic conditions will prevail in America, and Italy will be subject to fires. Railway accidents are shown in the Midland area.

The rival pennyworth agrees that in January the Midlands will be the scene

of a railway accident, and adds that it will mean loss of life. He sees also political upheaval among our Allies across the Channel. Storms in the Atlantic will lead—an easy one—to damage to shipping. In the North of England there will be a bank hold-up, but the police will capture the raiders. A once-prominent Cabinet Minister will die and—another easy one—old controversies will be recalled. Severe snowstorms will cause dislocations to railways.

There you are! You pay your money and you take your choice, and it would not surprise me if out of the three something came true. But you must not think there is no courage at all. Now and then a very definite promise or threat emerges from the general vagueness, although nothing of course so desirable as the winner of the Derby. In one of the three, for instance, is the prediction of a death so worded that it would be difficult to apply it to any but one eminent man. I mention no names, but as I happen to know the person in question I shall—since forewarned is forearmed—put him

on his guard. It would be fun to beat both the penny prophet and the Great Reaper, as he is apt to call the enemy of life. Other courageous items refer to the destruction of a pier at a fashionable watering-place, the arrest, due to mistaken identity, of a well-known sportsman, and the discovery of prehistoric animal remains which will arouse the utmost interest in scientific circles and furnish new support to the theory of evolution as propounded by the grandfather of the Captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews.

Let me finish with a prediction of my own. In or about the last week of September, 1935, there will be on sale three prophetic almanacks for 1936, in none of which will there be any reference to the prophecies for 1935 that have not been fulfilled. E. V. L.

"It was a little after seven o'clock when the Mayor (wearing his chair of office) . . . appeared on the Town Hall steps."

*Provincial Paper.*

Surely a tyre-lever would have got it off!

#### Solution of Last Week's Crossword Puzzle.

C	H	E	E	R	I	O	M	U	C	K	E	R
L	N	E	T	I	R	E	A	I				
U	T	C	T		S	A	T	U	R	N		
T	R	O	P	A	E	O	L	U	M	B	G	
C	M	N	M		E	Q	U	I	N	E		
H	A	B	I	T	U	A	L	R	R			
L	N	N		V	I	R	G	I	N	S		
O	T	L		C	L	E						
D	E	F	I	C	I	T	A	A	A			
E	M	P		O	F	A	T	R	U	T	H	
N	A	V	I	E	S		A	O	N	A		
T	D		A	R	I	S	T	O	C	R	A	T
I	S	R	A	E	L		T	T	E	T		
S	T		V	I	C	E	L	S	E			
T	H	I	E	V	E		R	E	E	N	T	E

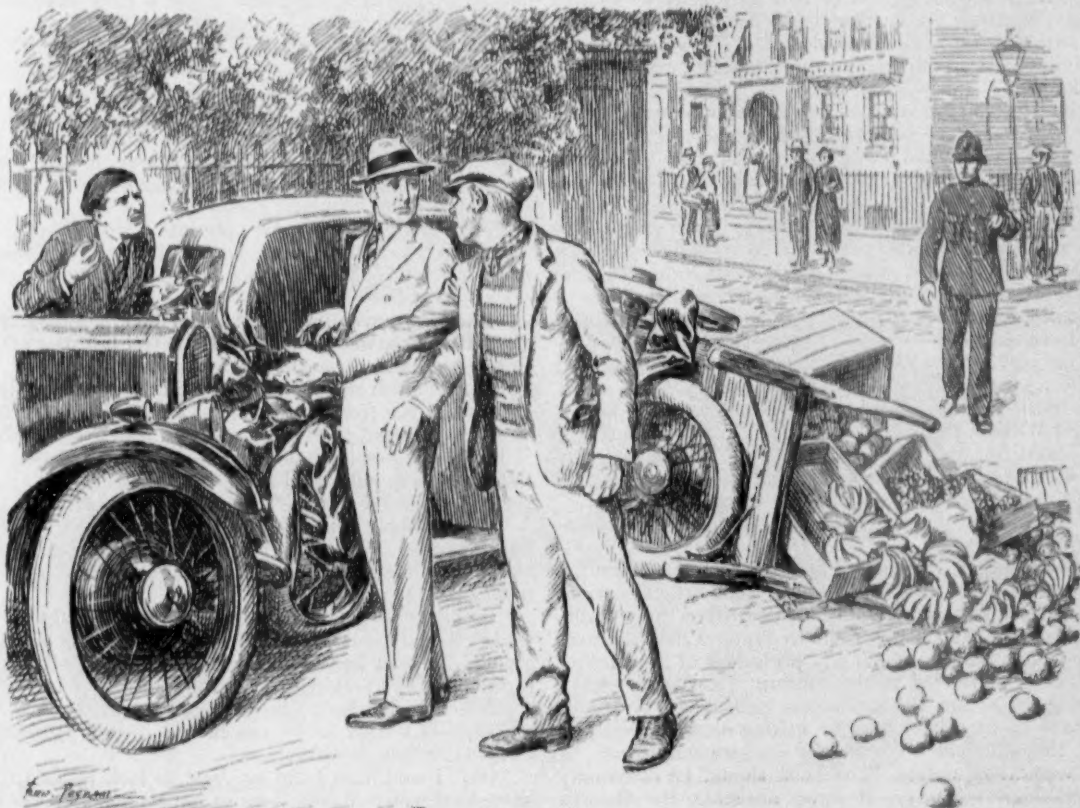
#### Gruesome Find in Court.

"On the Bench was the strong face and white hair of Sir ———, five times mayor of Exeter, and Alderman ———'s short white beard."—*Daily Paper.*

"Only a radiogramophone can give you what you want when you want it."

*Advt. in Evening Paper.*

What about a bath?



"IT WAS YOUR FAULT. YOU WAS TOO NEAR THE CAR BE'IND."



### Early Life of an Autobiographer.

"WOULD you care to have a look at my autobiography?" asked Pendleby-Smith, flicking over the pages of an enormous manuscript in a distressingly expectant way.

"No," I said.

He handed it across, and because, after all, Pendleby-Smith and I were at school together I opened it and glanced at the opening line. Then I shut it again and handed it back.

"It won't do," I told him. "It's hopeless."

For a man who flatters himself on his readiness to accept criticism, Pendleby-Smith seemed a good deal put out by this.

"But, my dear man," he cried irascibly, "you've hardly read a word of it! You can't go and condemn a book like this without even troubling to get to the end of the first paragraph. If you don't want to read the thing, say so—"

"I did."

"—but for goodness' sake don't try to pretend you can tell whether a book's good or bad simply by looking at the first sentence. I've put eighteen months' work into that autobiography, and I'm blown if I'm going to have it dismissed in that off-hand way by an under-sized illiterate rat like you."

I sighed and took up the weighty volume once again. "Your outburst of ill-temper, Smith," I said sternly (it always makes him mad if you drop the "Pendleby") "does you little credit. But under the circumstances I am prepared to overlook it. You are overwrought. Eighteen months' brooding over a past such as yours might well unnerve a man of the strongest fibre. Nevertheless what you say is of importance in at least one way; it shows that you don't know the first thing about what we call 'the state of the book-market.'"

"I have already—"

"Now just listen to this. This is the way you start: 'I was born on the twenty-seventh of February, 1891, in the little country town of Cheeping Bilbury. My father, Herbert William Pendleby-Smith, was a practising solicitor with a small but well-to-do clientèle. . . . Do you seriously suppose that anybody, least of all a publisher's reader, is going to persevere with a thing that starts like that?'"

"I don't see why not. That's the way all the best autobiographies begin."

"Used to begin, Pendleby," I corrected him. "You are about thirty years behind the times. You are going right back to the days when only distinguished men wrote Memoirs—men who had a right to suppose that the date of their birth and the name and profession of their father might be a matter of public concern. Nowadays, when autobiographies are written almost exclusively by people who have no earthly excuse for writing an autobiography at all, the technique is necessarily somewhat different. A mere account is useless. The book should be essentially a Psychological Study. It must illustrate the Growth of the Mind. Influences must be shown at work. The child must be revealed as the father of the man. And you

must begin, naturally, with the First Thing that you Remember."

"The first thing I can remember," said Pendleby-Smith slowly, "is a hideous blue vase that used to stand on the drawing-room mantelpiece."

"Then you must forget it at once," I said sternly. "A year or two ago it would have done very well. But not now. Blue vases and Nurse's stiff white apron and the smell of camphor in the spare-room cupboard have been overdone. Something a bit stronger is needed to-day. You don't happen to remember, I suppose, the first time your father came home drunk?"

"My father was a strict teetotaler," said Pendleby severely.

"Drugs, then?"

"Certainly not!"

"Perhaps he used to beat your mother with knotted ropes or kick the cat downstairs in fits of ungovernable passion?"

"He did not."

"Mrs. Pendleby-Smith, then? Did she lock you up all night in the box-room or run away on your third birthday with an Italian music-master?"

"She did nothing of the kind. My mother was the sweetest and noblest of women."

"Dear me, Smith," I said, "this is all extremely unfortunate. Brutal and licentious parents are a tremendous asset for this kind of work. Still, if things were as bad as you make out, we shall have to abandon that line of approach and search about for something else. Think of your early life, of some grim and terrible event that shocked your tender half-formed mind and threw a dark shadow over your adolescent years. We can begin with that."

"I had mumps when I was seven."

"No, no, no, Pendleby, it won't do! It's hopeless. Think, man, think! Were you never half-mad with pain or terror? Had you no cook who threw herself into the Thames before your very eyes, no governess who went suddenly raving mad in the middle of the geography lesson? Surely something must have happened to you away in the little country town of Cheeping Bilbury!"

Pendleby-Smith probed deeply into his exotic past.

"I had a governess once," he said at last, "who sent me to bed because she thought I had let the air out of the back tyre of her bicycle."

"And you never forgot it? You lay there sobbing in your little room and brooded on the bitter injustice of it all. Falsely accused, given no chance to defend yourself, with all your childish notions of right and wrong upset, there grew up in you from that moment a hatred of this woman that was destined to eat like a canker into your very soul. 'I'll kill her!' you screamed, beating your puny fists against the unresisting pillows, 'I'll kill the hateful beast!' until in the end you cried yourself into a fitful slumber."

"I don't think that can be quite right," said Pendleby-Smith slowly. "You see, I had let the air out of the back tyre of her bicycle. I wanted to hear the 'whishing' noise it makes as it comes out."

"So you said you were sorry, I suppose, and that was that? Well, I give it up. If you can't think of a better beginning for your book than that you may as well throw it in the fire. It's useless."

"But why shouldn't I leave it as it is? After all, I have already—as I tried to tell you before—had it accepted by a reputable firm of publishers."

"Oh," I said, and I did my best to look pleased, "you have, have you? Would it be an impertinence to ask their name and the terms they offer?"

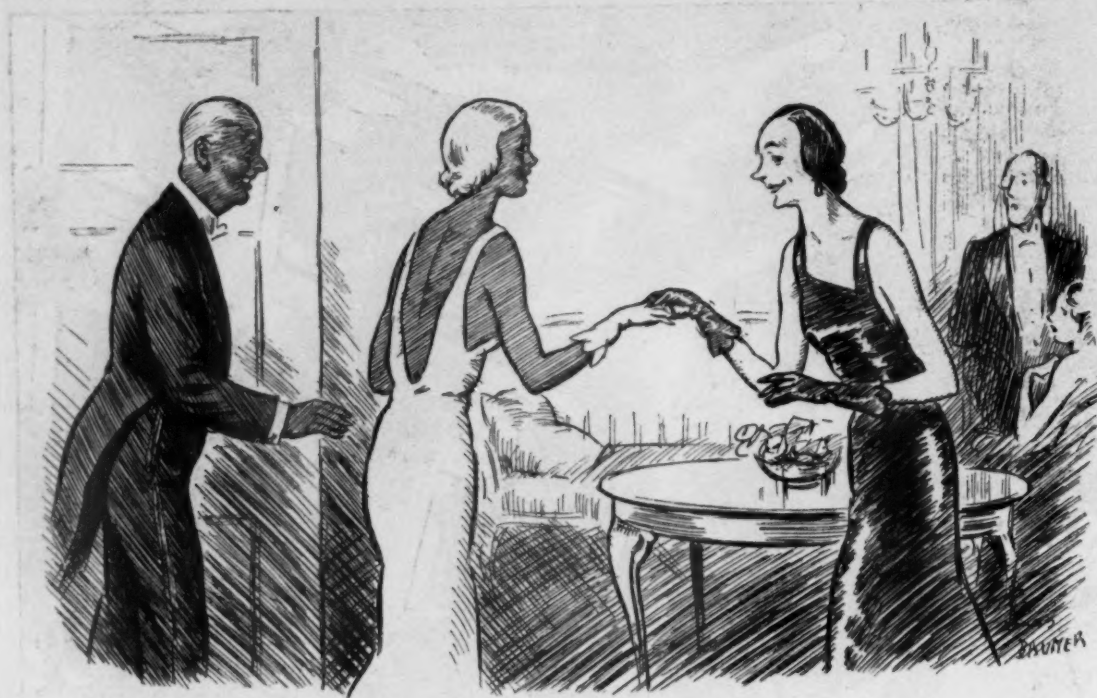
I felt better when he told me.

H. F. E.





"MARIE, PUT OUT MY GYM KIT."



"WELL, HOW ARE YOU BOTH—AND HAVE YOU BEEN AWAY?"

### The Evening Run.

WHEN Summer Time—too oft a grim misnomer,  
This year the goods in very deed—is done,  
Let me take up the lyre (as used by HOMER)  
And hymn the evening run.

No nimble "Seven," no eighty-horse-power giant  
With bonnet rather longer than a street  
Whirls me abroad: I plod away reliant  
Upon my own flat feet

O'er sleeping fields, past dim mysterious covers,  
By lonely lanes and county magnates' drives,  
Giving the rabbits and the rustic lovers  
The fright of their young lives.

The kindly darkness screens me from the banter  
Of Strephon trudging towards his evening beer,  
As in a dignified and sober canter  
I urge my staid career,

On eves when Dian's orb is rising ruddy,  
Through nights of starlit frost or driving storm,  
Returning satisfactorily muddy  
And noticeably warm.

No golden dreams of shattered records lure me,  
Of some vast multitude's applausive yell;  
I do not seek to rival SHREBB or NURMI—  
Which is perhaps as well.

Nor is it anxiety about my figure  
Or horror at my waist's increasing size  
That spurs me forth to brave the tempest's  
rigour,  
My friends' polite surprise.

And were it hopes of fame or getting thinner  
That send me pricking o'er the darkling plain,  
They would be dished completely by the dinner  
I eat when back again.

"BALL SECURED BY HUDDERSFIELD."

*Headline in Daily Paper.*

So now they will be able to have a game.

"SMUTS FLYING TO LONDON."

*Evening Paper Headline.*

In readiness for the first November fog, of course.

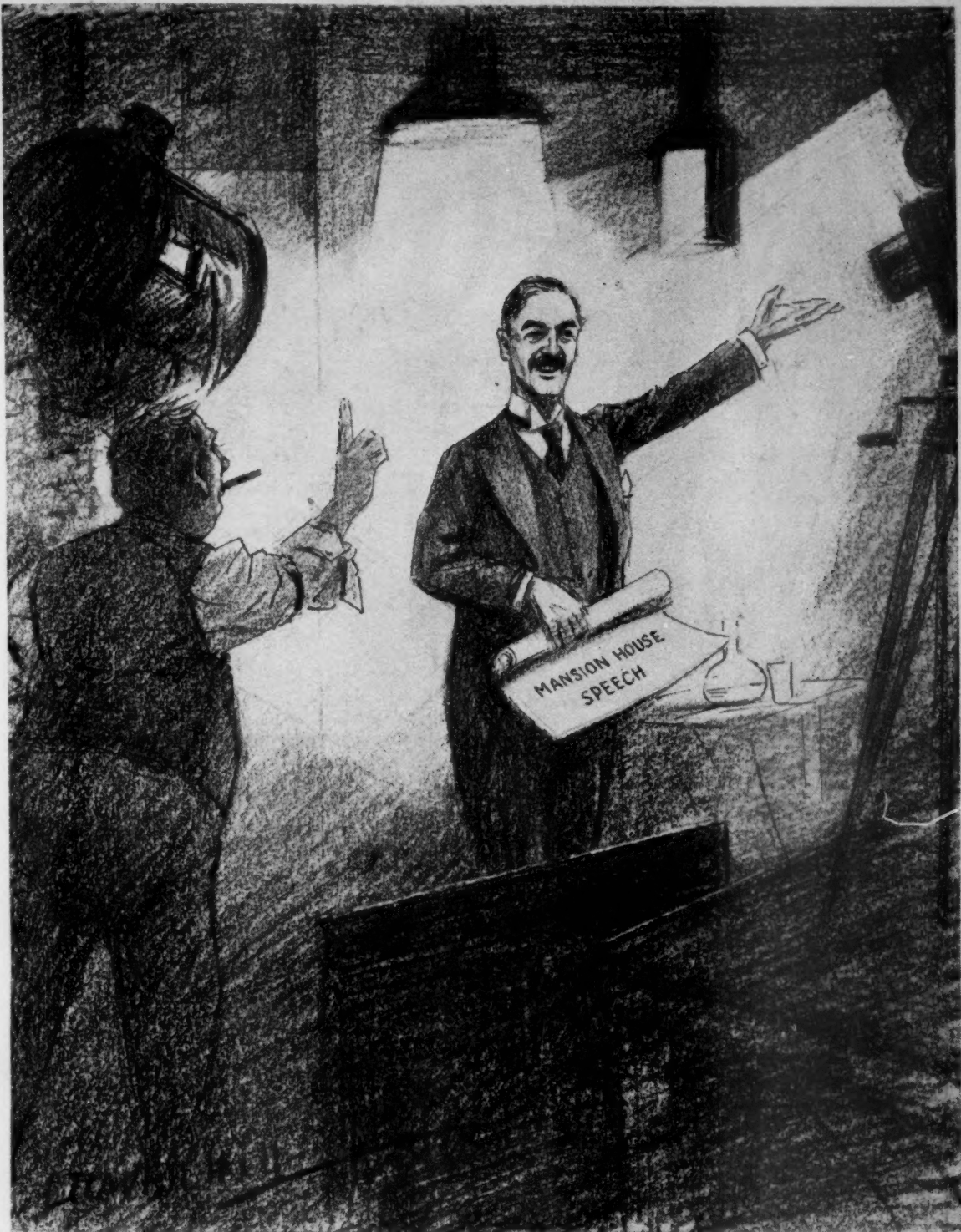
"Brookwood Cemetery.—'Noted for its picturesque scenery.'"

*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

Even so there is no great rush to take up residence there.

"To hit a ball on an empty stomach in sheets of rain is not quite so easy as it may sound."—*Daily Paper.*

Why not tee it up?



THE SMILE THAT MUST NOT FADE.

JOHN TAX-PRODUCER. "THAT'S ALMOST PERFECT, NEVILLE! HOLD THAT—FOR SIX MONTHS."

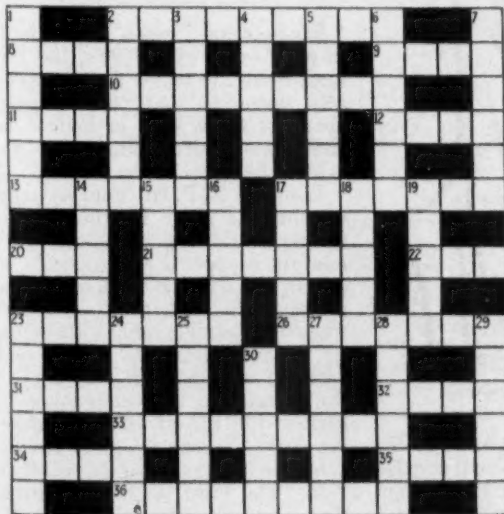






"THEY'RE THE DILLWATER TWINS. THEY'VE GONE ALL STREAM-LINE."

### Mr. Punch's Crossword.



#### Across.

2. Not a relation of blackjack nor of yellow-bill.
8. Part of a score.
9. Spins over.
10. It need not become imprisonment.
11. Generally male.
12. Half find a circle.

13. Mars.
17. Write three times three to make a chain.
20. Relic of the Golden Age, now gone West.
21. Coaches are.
22. Back us in Latin, my boy.
23. Nurse upset about mother's return.
26. March 22.
31. The reverse of elephantine food.
32. Believe in the Bible.
33. If you can't do this then you can't help doing it.
34. You will find this all right on the map.
35. Black Italian autocrat.
36. A great man, let nothing disturb his dust at the end.

#### Down.

1. Insect drowned in rising dew.
2. Be a god in a wineshop.
3. Disloyal.
4. Many are Peter's.
5. Sweet.
6. Boat.
7. Dance.
14. Square to make a pony.
15. Responsible for a large rent.
16. The English have been accused of only having one.
17. Often used for leading up.
18. Elbow.
19. Scene of ALEXANDER's greatest victory.
23. Not an only child.
24. Ancient victim of owning vines.
25. Present on one's birthday.
27. Saving.
28. Plates.
29. President of the Royal Society, 1703-1727.
30. The waist of the Wharfe.

## At the Play.

"STREAMLINE" (PALACE).

MR. COCHRAN had evidently made up his mind that this, the twenty-first of his reign, should be his best revue. It certainly seems to sum up the best of his experience, to recapitulate the salient points of a form which, if not created by him, he has so remodelled



A NANNY WITH A PAST.  
MISS NORAH HOWARD.

and reinvigorated as to make his own. Here is his unique sense of style—that intangible yet dominating quality. Here the variety of mood and effect and the astute plan of arrangement; the hurtling pace, almost bewildering—*Streamline* is an appropriate title.

MR. A. P. HERBERT is principal librettist, with Mr. JEANS in strong support. Mr. VIVIAN ELLIS, who can create a memorable tune as well as manipulate in a lively way a contemporary rhythm and whose orchestration shows a new richness, is maker of the music. And as for decoration, there is DORIS ZINKEISEN as leader, with REX WHISTLER, CATHLEEN MANN, CECIL BEATON, VIVIAN FORBES, EDWARD WOLFE, HEDLEY BRIGGS and (oddly) TOM WEBSTER—and all. A goodly team.

Of the twenty-three items there is not one but would have served for the best in a standard revue. I reaffirm that, after having ruminated a while on it. Space allows no more than a perfunctory summary of the choicest of a picked lot. To take first those whose matter was not provided by the librettists: the brilliant dancing of Mr. JACK HOLLAND and Miss JUNE HART,

ballroom exhibition dancing in *ex-celsis*, took the house's breath away. We thought we had seen all that could be done in this kind, but Mr. HOLLAND, so grave and effortless, must be a superb athlete to control the supple and courageous movements of his graceful partner. There is a point in the first dance where Miss HART is spun round and round in a crouching position—if so ugly a word can be used for so graceful a movement—which must be seen to be believed, as the saying is.

Miss TILLY LOSCH enchantingly posted, recovered from a susceptible postman and re-posted a letter in front of an enchanting street-scene by Miss ZINKEISEN; and later gave us one of those dramatic plastic interpretations of music which her exquisite figure and skilled manipulation of effective draperies always make interesting. The goalkeeper of SHERKOT was the quintessence of all swaggering popular goalkeepers, cock-a-hoop in victory, deflated in defeat—a quite brilliant piece of miming; later a grotesque patter-dance by the same artist also pleased greatly. The lovely figure and



GOOD-BYE TO LEGS.  
MISS TILLY LOSCH.

impassioned inviting gestures of LA JANA (to music of GRANADOS) startled and intrigued us. And the French Can-Can Girls—revivalists making play with the voluminous frills and skirts of the '90's—were amazingly full of life and virtuosity as acrobats, but to my disappointment kicked no man's top-hat from his head, though certainly not lacking ability to do so.

I see that I am in danger of squeezing the very good things of Mr. JEANS and Mr. HERBERT into a corner. Mr. JEANS achieved a really glorious piece of fun in "Newspaper Readers at Home," in which an honest bourgeois household was shown reacting to the news, stunts, gifts, promises, campaigns and publications of a really popular newspaper as that newspaper, to judge by its comments, assumes it to be behaving. And



AIR-MINDED.  
MISS FLORENCE DESMOND.

"Eve-volution" was a serial anecdote of chorus-girls of the '90's, the 1900's and to-day, in which it was incidentally suggested that their respective shares of virtue were in inverse ratio to the amount of clothing worn—which is quite likely to be the truth.

Who but A. P. H. could so happily imagine the Fairy Matrimony transferring a drab register-office, with its relevant occupants and contents, into a form and mood so much more appropriate to the romantic occasion, the winged Registrar handing a little cheque for £10,000 "from the State" to the astonished groom? In "Nowhere to Go," concerning two young lovers, embarrassed by the official surveillance of the parks, he starts a good Haddock hare which gives us an enjoyable run.

In "The First Waltz" he provides the happy occasion, and REX WHISTLER decorating and Miss TILLY LOSCH, the Fräulein from Vienna, who suddenly goes dancing mad in a Bishop's palace, improve it for him. There is criticism, mischief and jolly nonsense in "Speech Day." There is a



superb at-the-microphone rag of a "first British mother to fly to the North Pole with her baby"—Miss FLORENCE DESMOND at her very best.

Mr. HERBERT and Mr. VIVIAN ELLIS offer us "Perseverance," as good a parody of plot and words and music of a GILBERT and SULLIVAN opera as could well be imagined, with its bankrupt aristocratic twins, *Lady Chancellor*, *Official Receiver* and chorus of Bailiffs and Fisher-girls. A wicked business.

Miss DESMOND, Miss NORA HOWARD, Miss MEG LEMONNIER, Miss SEPHE TREBLE and Mr. NAUNTON WAYNE were the principals, and it was pleasant to see the daughter of VASLAV NLIJNSKY dancing in the furious and bitter finale, "Faster! Faster!" "Our brains may be small but our engines are big."

Mr. COCHRAN's admirable Academy of Young Ladies reveals new graces and beauties without vulgar over-emphasis. T.

#### "AS YOU DESIRE ME" (ROYALTY).

PIRANDELLO is a law to himself, and where other dramatists construct good First Acts and then wilt and fail to end, he does not find it easy to begin. The last Act of *As You Desire Me* (at the ROYALTY) is the most interesting, and it would be more interesting still if PIRANDELLO had not already queered the pitch for his heroine. His theme is the question he is always asking: In what does the real self consist?

To *Elma* (Miss JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON), a hard unhappy woman living with a degenerate writer and dancing in a cabaret night after night, comes the chance to assume a new identity. She is mistaken for the wife of *Bruno Pieri*, and as that wife had disappeared in the War when brutal enemy soldiers had invaded and sacked the *Pieri* home, it is not thought strange if she has greatly altered and has forgotten the old life and ways which are divided from her by a chasm of misery. There is every willingness on the part of the husband, a fair simple-looking little man, who looks as if he turned out every Saturday afternoon with an amateur football-team, and on the part of the old uncle and the old housekeeper, to believe that they have got their *Lucia* home again.

We have seen *Elma* in the First Act getting very little kick out of life, bored by the admirers who follow her home from the cabaret, not much interested in the man she is living with, and therefore ready to take the chance to finish with her old self and to become, as well as to seem, somebody else. She begins with a strong natural resemblance to the bride who disappeared and she is full of intelligence. She picks up hints of what the old *Lucia* was like, she comes upon an old intimate diary,

memorably acted by Miss BEATRICE KANE, who is, he claims, the real *Lucia*.

Miss JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON, who has been a deliberately unattractive *Elma* in the First Act and has kept her secret through the Second Act, sets out in the last scene all her hand. She is not really *Lucia*, but she has made herself into *Lucia* and can so live if she is believed in. Otherwise she will go back to her old bad life—and go back she does. There is an energetic competence about her which makes us feel she will not sink or collapse even if the impersonation experiment has failed through the pedestrian minds and gross natures of other people.

Perhaps a more delicately feminine portrayal of *Elma* would have brought out better the author's fantasy and suggested that a bad nature can be laid down and a vacant good one tenanted. *Lucia* as she was is an idea in the minds of *Bruno* and his slow faithful friend, *Boffi*, to which love and devotion are attached and which it should be possible for somebody to incarnate to the benefit of all parties.

The players, so resolutely led by Miss FORBES-ROBERTSON, struggle valiantly to make of this a dramatic plot (Miss JOAN PEREIRA was particularly convincing as the old housekeeper) and give a performance which gathers interest and power as it goes along. But PIRANDELLO's ideas will not stand the scrutiny which able acting makes us give them. D. W.



WHICH IS MY LONG-LOST WIFE?

A HUSBAND'S DILEMMA.

Patient . . . . . Miss BEATRICE KANE.  
Elma . . . . . Miss JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON.  
Bruno Pieri . . . . . Mr. CLIFFORD BARTLETT.

and in four months has completely recreated the character. If *Bruno* will only put away the half-doubts which assail him he can have *Lucia* once again. But prosaic matters like birthmarks, prosaic motives like the legal ownership of the estate, which goes to *Lucia's* sister, *Inez*, unless *Bruno* can produce *Lucia*, lead to a grand family scene. The writer whom *Elma* has deserted is sore, and, although in Mr. PETER GODFREY's hands a note of silliness rather than dangerous abnormality made us surprised to find him so effective in his final intervention, he is very effective, for he produces from an asylum a poor mad-woman, very

memorable acted by Miss BEATRICE KANE, who is, he claims, the real *Lucia*. Looking round, you would have said that some tremendous tragedy was producing such an emotional catharsis that even the calloused hearts of the first-night audience were in danger of breaking up. In all directions Pillars of Society sagged forgetful of their burden and dabbed their streaming eyes; big strong company-promoters dashed showers of honest tears from their beards and uttered little broken cooing noises which rent one; here and there limp peeresses feebly wiped lorgnettes on the saturated handkerchiefs of Guardsmen; debts lay back and moaned; and more than one critic's nose was red.

And you would have been wrong, for it was just Mr. LESLIE HENSON at the



"WHATEVER YOU DO DON'T 'AVE GAS, DEARIE. MRS. WILKINS ACROSS THE WAY, SHE 'AD GAS UP AT THE 'OSPITAL FOR 'ER WISDOM-TOOTH, AND THEY TOOK 'ER TONSILS OUT."

very top of his incomparable form, bursting with energy, well-charged with good lines by Mr. DOUGLAS FURBER, absolutely spendthrift of comic invention and supported by a sound cast. I doubt if I have ever seen him obviously enjoy himself so much. He was scarcely ever off the stage, and when occasionally he appeared to be taking a breather it was only to catch us off our guard with some diabolically silly trick. A new tendency to plumpness in no way cramps his style, his face is still so beautifully elastic that one feels it should now and then be vulcanised at the nation's expense lest it should ever perish, and his eyes have lost none of their old aquarium-appeal.

He was, in short, extraordinarily funny, and that is really all that matters about this show, which has a comfortable lack of tiresome plot, and only one set, the flat which Mr. HENSON shares with Mr. DAVID HUTCHESON—a flat which is paid for by a furniture-dealer, who uses it for exhibiting his wares to their rich friends. This explained the double bed which leaped out of the wall whenever someone jabbed Button A and dissolved again into the *décor* at the pressure of

Button B. Various laden, it was in motion most of the time.

Next to Mr. HENSON's performance I put the grotesque dancing of Mr. RICHARD HEARNE, a grave knock-about window-cleaner of exceptional humour and astonishing skill. To watch him is delicious agony, and one of his exits is the most courageous I have ever seen.

The Misses SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER, ALETHA ORR, HEATHER THATCHER, ADELE DIXON and JUNE CLYDE had remarkably little to do and did it with singular charm, the last three breaking pleasantly into song from time to time; Mr. DAVID HUTCHESON, loose-jointed and amiable and unquestionably about town, provided just the right foil for Mr. HENSON; Mr. BERTRAM WALLIS terrified us as a brutal debt-collector, the more so since we knew his wife to be a passenger in the double-bed; and Mr. CHARLES STONE was as improbable a dealer as ever faked a Chippendale. Mr. HARRY ARCHER's music was sufficiently agreeable, and the Chorus proved themselves doughty acrobats.

This piece can safely be put on the guaranteed list.

ERIC.

### Wine, Women and Swords.

"It has been said," remarked the Duke of Neuchâtel, who invariably grew philosophical after his third bottle of wine, "that men were deceivers ever. For my part, I would rather say, 'Women were deceivers ever.' For who has known them can say that they are other than irresponsible, unreliable, defective in memory and lacking a sense of proportion?"

"Sir," said I (for I invariably grow pugnacious after my third bottle of wine), "I consider your remarks are not in the best of taste."

"Really?" queried the Duke, lifting his eyes lazily to my face.

"Yes, Sir," replied I, "exactly, really and entirely."

"Most unfortunate!" murmured the Duke, "most unfortunate," and deftly emptied his wineglass into my face.

I rose in a dignified manner (I am always dignified, even after my sixth bottle, as befits a Leon of Château Namur). "We meet to-morrow, then, Sir?" I said.

"At your convenience," murmured the Duke.



"Six o'clock, then, Sir, to-morrow morning, behind the Abbey by the Old Cloisters."

"Exactly," said the Duke.

"Swords or pistols, Sir?"

"Eh? Oh, let's have swords," said the Duke. "Much less dangerous to our seconds," and he reached for his fourth bottle of wine. I bowed, and with my cousin left the room.

Punctually at six we foregathered behind the Abbey. The Duke was there with his inseparable friend the Vicomte Grazzio; I was there with my cousin the Duc de Bel-âne. The Duke's lackey watched the Abbey gate for signs of the Guard; my man stood at the Cloister end with a stick, to keep off any vulgar rabble of town-folk.

We measured; we saluted and took our places. The Duke yawned and flexed his blade; I gave my moustachios an extra twirl. Then as my cousin called "En garde, messieurs!" we fell into the posture of defence. For a moment our blades tinkled against each other. I noticed the Duke was not too well covered for defence in the low line. I suddenly found his blade with mine, spun it aside and lunged in at his groin. But with a bored air he slipped neatly back, and his riposte all but took my shoulder as I recovered. We sprang back into our original position. The Duke yawned and even as his yawn was finishing disengaged in sixte and came in at my chest. I took it in carte disengaged, and lunged in octave. Again the Duke slipped back; but before he could recover I swung up into carte with my arm still extended, and only by flinging up his blade did he ward off my point. As it was I tore the lace ruffle at his wrist and scored a red line across his forearm. I heard him mutter, "Tut, tut, this will never do!" and suddenly he sprang into life. His blade was everywhere about me; twice he scored my shoulder, and then suddenly my sword was twisted from my grasp and went spinning across the turf. The Duke recovered and saluted me. My cousin caught up my weapon and held it out to me. I heard the Duke's voice say something, and there was an answering babble from the Vicomte and the Duc de Bel-âne. But I had forgotten the duel. My eyes had caught sight of a certain lady who had suddenly appeared in the cloisters. Obviously she was there by chance, and she had neither realised there was a duel taking place nor that I was there. By her side strutted a certain gilded popinjay whom I knew only too well—and again it was obvious that he and she had a perfect understanding. Only lovers or betrothed couples



THE WOOD-CARVINGS OF M'BONGO M'BONGO.

NO. VIII.—A YANKEE MEDICINE-MAN.

walked in that moonstruck fashion. Only the day before the lady had given me a rose! Oh, Dulcinea! Dulcinea! To pass over me—me, with my magnificent moustachios, for that chattering hairless peacock! With a start I awoke from my despair to find the Duke by my side. "Are you satisfied, Monsieur?" he questioned.

"Eh," said I, "satisfied? Oh, yes, Mon Dieu, but surely I am satisfied!"

"Then," said the Duke, "I propose breakfast. This early-morning exercise gives me, I vow, a quite prodigious appetite."

"It has been said," remarked the

Duke of Neuchâtel, who invariably grew philosophical after his third bottle of wine, "that men were deceivers ever. For my part, I would rather say, 'Women were deceivers ever.' No one who has known them can say that they are other than irresponsible, unreliable, defective in memory and lacking a sense of proportion."

"Sir," said I in a dignified fashion (I am always dignified even after my sixth bottle)—"sir, I am in complete agreement with you."

"Sir," replied the Duke sleepily, "I require no corroboration from you or any man," and with a deft movement flung the contents of his wine-glass into my face.





"IF I SAY 'E CAN 'AVE A PLAY-PEN 'E CAN 'AVE ONE."

### Dots.

ALL writers know the value of the dot. . . . It is extremely useful if you happen to stray into a long sentence and cannot find your way out. . . .

But of all dot-fans the most expert are the men who draw up the poster advertisements for plays in the London theatres. To them a dot is not merely a device for saving the wear and tear of india-rubber but a magic charm that turns dross into gold. Take, for instance, the play that is now running at the Immensity Theatre. It is called *Sour Fish*, and the critics wrote about it like this:—

"I have seldom passed such a dismal evening. It is extraordinary that a talented actress like Julia Jujube should waste her time in such a production. No actress, living or dead, could have made anything but balderdash of the lines that were put into her mouth."—*Evening Times*.

"Plays like *Sour Fish* are one reason why people go to the cinema. From the rise of the curtain until the end of the Third Act the audience sat in a stupor of boredom. It is wonderful that the

gallery refrained from hissing. Probably they were petrified with amazement that any author could invent such twaddle."—*Daily Standard*.

"In forty years' experience of the London theatre I have never seen a worse play than *Sour Fish*. As the young man sitting next to me remarked, 'God bless the feller who invented intervals!' Even if the days of great acting are over, surely some attempt should be made to provide some semblance of a plot, or dialogue that does not consist entirely of platitudes!"

*Weekly Express*.

"Miss Julia Jujube struggled gamely against impossible odds in an attempt to make the heroine of *Sour Fish* appear remotely like a human being, but it was wasted effort. The plot of *Sour Fish* has been used since the Stone Age; the dialogue appeared to have been written by an illiterate schoolboy, and the characters absolutely failed to convince. Anxious as I am to do my duty by the public, I retired to the bar during the Second Act, and remained there for the rest of the evening. The lemonade sold in the bar is the only thing that sparkles in the Immensity Theatre."—*Sunday Sketch*.

If you or I were asked to attract people to the Immensity Theatre by means of the foregoing criticisms we should simply send in our resignations and go on the dole. But the "dot expert" is not in the least worried. In fact the worse the criticisms the better he likes it. It puts him on his mettle. After a few minutes' cogitation he rattles off something like the following:—

### IMMENSITY THEATRE.

JULIA JUJUBE

IN

*SOUR FISH*.

"... talented Julia Jujube."

*Evening Times*.

"Wonderful . . ."

*Daily Standard*.

"... Great acting . . ."

*Weekly Express*.

"... sparkles . . ."

*Sunday Sketch*.

"According to 'ancient custom and charter of over 900 years,' a telegram will be sent to the King announcing that the fishing season has been proclaimed open."

*Daily Paper*.

What did CANUTE say when he got his wire?

### The Parrot.

WHEN my little friend, Podgy McSump, marched into the room I saw by the angry look on his face that something had upset him.

"I thought I heard you playing in the garden," I remarked.

"I've stopped playin'," replied Podgy glumly, "an' I'm no speakin' to Willie Pilkie an' Maggie Stoorie noo."

"Quarrelling again, Podgy? Don't you remember what I told you the last time about quarrelling?"

"But it was their faults," protested Podgy. "Hoo would you like it if somebody said ye was to be a parrot?"

"A parrot?"

"It was desert islands we was playin' at. An' Willie Pilkie said he was to be *Robinson Crusoe*. An' then Maggie Stoorie shouted oot that she was to be *Friday* before I could say it."

"And what then?"

"Willie Pilkie said I would just have to be the parrot."

"I see. But I thought you told me the other day that you liked parrots?"

"Ay, but no' wild parrots in desert islands—just parrots in cages in hooses."

"Well, but supposing——"

"An' I never said I wanted to be a parrot mysel'. An' besides I don't like parrots noo. An' I'm no goin' to be the parrot," he concluded, scowling at the fire.

"Now, Podgy," I said, taking him on my knee, "you must not be selfish. You must——"

"But it's them that's selfish for wanting me to be it when I don't want to be it."

"But look how kind Maggie Stoorie was to you the other day, giving you half of her apple."

"I don't care," growled Podgy. "If I could just get them one at a time by theirsel's I would bash them."

"I believe," I said musingly, trying a new tack—"I believe I know a story about a parrot—a good brave parrot. Wouldn't you like to hear it?"

"No," snapped Podgy.

"But it's also a story about a little boy who lived in the wilds of—of Africa."

"Is there to be savages?"

"Oh, yes, plenty of them."

"Tell me about it," commanded Podgy, wriggling himself into a comfortable position.

"This little boy, whose name was Willie Smith, had a parrot."

"I don't care," grunted Podgy.

"He was so fond of his parrot that wherever he went he always took it



"YES, HE'S GIVING UP SPORT, AND DEFINITELY GOING IN FOR BUSINESS—WHENEVER WE GET THAT SPACE FILLED."

with him. He was never afraid then, because it was a big strong parrot and it could bite."

"Does parrots bite?" gasped Podgy, turning his head and gazing at me in startled surprise.

"Of course they do. A strong parrot could bite a man's finger off. Well, one day Willie Smith's father and mother were away——"

"They would be oot for the mes-sages," explained Podgy.

"—and Willie and his parrot were playing together in the house when suddenly they heard a terrible noise at the back-door."

"Is this the savages noo?"

"It was. They broke down the door and rushed in waving their tomahawks. But the moment they appeared the parrot flew at them. It dabbed at their eyes. It pulled their hair. It flapped its wings in their faces."

"An' did it bite them?"

"Like fury. It bit their noses and it bit their fingers until the savages ran away screaming with fear. Now wasn't that a brave faithful parrot for saving Willie Smith?"

"Ay," agreed Podgy, "it was a good biter."

"Wouldn't you like to be a parrot like that?"

Podgy glanced towards the window through which he could see his two playmates running about at the foot of the garden. "I think I'll go back and be the parrot noo," he murmured.

"Good lad," I cried approvingly. "And you can play at saving Willie Pilkie and Maggie Stoorie from the savages."

"I will not," retorted Podgy, giving me a look of extreme disgust. "Willie Pilkie an' Maggie Stoorie will be the savages, an' I will be bitin' them."

### As Others Hear Us

(And Have, in Fact, Heard Us So Often That No Sub-Title is Required.)

"... Now I've not the slightest objection to letting them enjoy themselves in their own way, but when it comes to a lot of noisy young idiots turning the house upside-down at all hours of the night then I *do* say the time has come to make a stand."

"I know, dear. You're quite right, of course."

"And there's another thing while we're on the subject. What's all this nonsense about a dance?"

"Oh, that was only Joan."

"Because if anybody thinks I've got money to throw away—"

"Oh, no, darling; nothing in the least like that. It was only just the children's idea. Quite quite vague. Nothing at all, really."

"I should hope not, indeed! Turning the house upside-down."

"Of course in a way it need only be the drawing-room. Just a *very* few of their own friends, and just the gramophone."

"And I suppose they'll be asking for champagne and cocktails all over the place?"

"Oh, *darling*, no. You're thinking of the old days. It's just simply lemonade and things now, and perhaps beer and sausages and things in the early morning."

"The early morning!!!! If you think—"

"No, no no! I didn't mean that in the least. I can't think what made me say such a thing."

"The fact of the matter is you spoil them. They think they've only got to *ask* for a thing and they must have it. Why, God bless my soul, when I was John's age I never went *anywhere*—I never *wanted* to go anywhere. And as for cars and latch-keys and late nights—my poor father would have had a fit at the very idea."

"I *know*, dear. Only in a way don't you think perhaps things have changed a *tiny* bit since then? and one ought perhaps in a way to remember that."

"Remember it! If you think there's another father in the world who tolerates more absolute nonsense from his children—"

"No, no, dear. I know there isn't. Of course I do. So do they, I'm sure. I only just wondered if perhaps some time, before Christmas or some time, they could have the *tinest* little party, just for their own friends."

"Now that's another thing. Who are these friends they're always dashing about with? What on earth do they see in that girl who's always here?"

"Darling, you see, she's got a car. And there's no real harm in her. She's called Susan."

"And there's that young ass who plays the piano. Why the devil hasn't he got a job? At his age I should have been ashamed to be heard strumming on a piano."

"Well, of course, in a way that might have been partly—only *partly*—because of not having been taught to play, ever, do you think? No, no,

"Now look here—if you think—or Joan either—"

"No, darling, *honestly* we don't. I promise you we don't."

"And I'm not going to have Joan prancing about all over the place with all that stuff on her face, either. You can tell her from me that she's to wash it off at once."

"Yes, of course, dear; I know exactly what you mean. I'll speak to her. And I do think it's *so* good of you about their little party."

"Mind, I'm not going to have the whole place standing on its head."

"Of course not, darling."

"And it's simply for once in a way. They're not to think they can entertain every rag-tag and bobtail in London at my expense just whenever they feel like it."

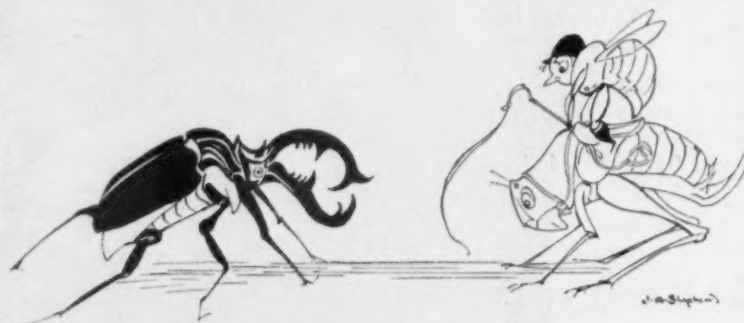
"No, dear; I'll tell them."

"And I don't want to hear nothing but these ridiculous American dances either."

"Of course not, darling."

"What my father would have said if I'd gone on in the way these children do, asking for this, that and the other—or my poor mother, either."

"Oh, darling, I can't imagine. Unless perhaps, do you think, they might have said—"



HUNTING NOTE: "THE STAG (BEETLE) AT BAY," BY OUR ENTOMOLOGICAL CORRESPONDENT.

darling, I do know what you mean, really. Of course you're *absolutely* right."

"These young people nowadays seem to think they've nothing to do but enjoy themselves."

"I *know*, dear. Still, in a way they'll only be young once, I suppose. And I don't think a *tiny* dance need really cost very much."

"Mind, I'm not going to have you working yourself into a nervous wreck over it."

"Oh, no, darling. I thought perhaps ten couples, or perhaps twelve at the very outside. And I suppose a few refreshments."

"I thought you said—"

"Yes, I did, and I still do. It'll all be absolutely simple, and I really will keep the expenses down. I thought perhaps next week."

"You said before Christmas."

"Well, darling, that *will* be before Christmas. Ages before. I think Joan rather thought perhaps her birthday."

"What?"

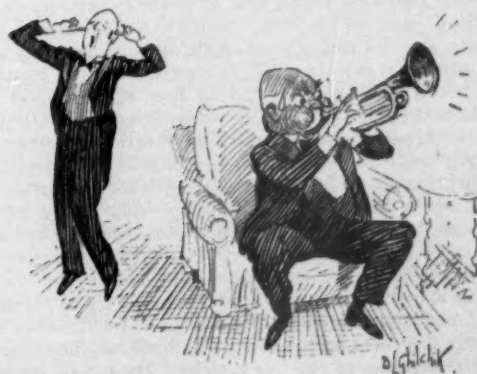
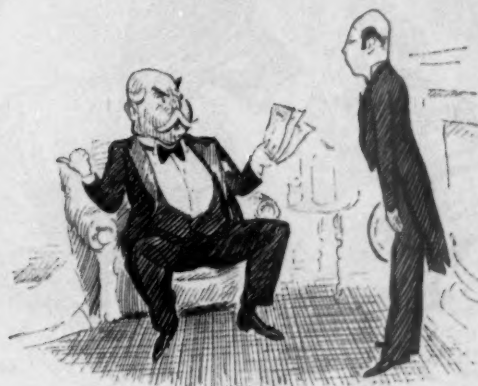
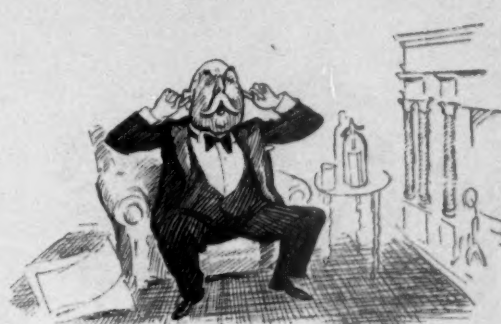
"Nothing, dear. I don't remember what I was going to say." E. M. D.

### In Memoriam:

"A. M."

BY the death of Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL *Punch* has lost an old and valued contributor. Outside these pages he won distinction on both sides of the Atlantic as perhaps the most successful of all the post-Victorian novelists, who carried on the traditions of TROLLOPE as an interpreter of the kindly humours of English country life. His association with *Punch* dates back to 1914, and since 1926 he had endeared himself to our readers by his "Simple Stories," "The Birdikin Family," and other pleasant fantasies.





THE OFFENDING INSTRUMENT.



"Hoi! YOU MAY BE EX-RAYED FOR THAT WHISTLE YET."

### Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

#### Perils of the Book Trade.

MR. GEOFFREY FABER, it would seem, is at one with Sir THOMAS BROWNE, who expressed a wish in his *Religio Medici* that there were a general synod to reduce the growing band of writers to "a few and solid authors." He is of opinion that over-production is one of the most serious problems affecting the book trade, and he actually puts forward, in the third paper of his little volume—*A Publisher Speaking* (FABER AND FABER, 3/6)—certain definite suggestions for combating the evil. In 1933, it seems, the total number of new books published, excluding new editions and pamphlets, was 9,845, the number of new novels 1,950, which, as he justly points out, is absurd. How is the reviewer to deal honestly with this multitude, and how is the bookseller to choose his stock? Mr. FABER suggests a sort of self-denying ordinance, a limitation imposed by some body like the Publishers' Association. First of all some impediment would have to be put in the way of the would-be new publisher; and, secondly, the Association would have to fix a quota beyond which publishers would venture only at their peril and at the cost of a heavy fine. This is not the only novel and startling idea in a provocative book, which deals also with the tyranny of the "best-seller," the art of book-selling, and the proposal by a late Home Secretary to set up a literary censorship.

#### Salt from the Marshes.

It is a relief to come across a book devoted to the lives of country-people which is neither squalid nor sentimental. Mr. S. L. BENSUSAN, in *At the Sign of The Wheatsheaf* (UNICORN PRESS, 12/6), neither lays up his Essex characters in lavender nor deposits them in the midden. In fact his irony is just sufficiently relieved by kindness and true sentiment to allow readers to share his affection for a people to whom "furriners" are "fair game—just like rabbits." The greatest villains among them are humorists, and all their fleecing of fools is done with genius. I grew fondest of *Martha Ram*, the charwoman—"She's rough and outspoken but honest and capable. There are others, but they are merely outspoken and rough." The author has done his best to dodge monotony by varying his anecdotes with dialogue and correspondence, but all the same the book should not be read at a sitting if you want to appreciate the lights and shades in the characters of *Mr. Behag* the oilman, *Mrs. Timms* the midwife, *Mr. Titt* the labourer, and all the rest who make up this large, naughty and happily-described family of marshlanders.

#### Pity a Poor Feminist.

The most interesting problem canvassed in *Women Must Work* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 7/6) is the alliance between the parasitic woman and industrialism. Given an attractive and clear-witted heroine who sees and resents the bond between Big Business and mainly decorative matronhood, I can imagine a stimulating novel. But so muddle-headed

a piece of emancipation as *Etta Morrison*—who plumps for a career and lovers merely because her parents were unequally and smugly mated—perverts the issue at the outset. Mr. RICHARD ALDINGTON'S narrative is as full of incidental morals as the *Duchess's* admonitions to *Alice*, but its dominant intention escapes me. *Etta*, a belated *Ann Veronica* of the War period, flouts marriage and dependence only to find that a lover, a deliberately wangled illegitimate child and a parasitic husband can be just as tiresome as the stock cast of the matrimonial drama. It is suggested, I note, that, except as a so-called artist, it is impossible for a working-woman to escape the contagion of industrialism. Not a word of a reversion to accomplished domesticity—surely a prettier alternative than the terms on which *Etta* finally accedes to the strident demands of her age.

#### "Bartimeus" at His Best.

Stories based on first-hand inside knowledge are nowadays more often than not inspired by the desire to disparage or denounce the shortcomings or scandals of the callings or services they describe. This tendency is especially displayed in school-books; but it is conspicuously absent from the work of "BARTIMEUS." Ever since he commenced author just twenty years ago he has never faltered in his devotion to the Navy, in his affection for his comrades of all ranks and ratings. His new volume—*A Make-and-Mend* (RICH AND COWAN, 7/6)—a series of post-War studies, retains much of the old magic that delighted us in *A Tall Ship*. But the longer stories, which occupy the first half of the book, strike a new and more serious note. "Warfare Accomplished" ends in a double tragedy; and in "The Pleasure of their Company" the account of a party given by a Captain on a South American station to a number of banana-planters and their ladies, he gives us an astonishingly vivid and lurid picture of their reactions to the discipline and decency of a British warship in their temporary escape from the hell of their usual lives. In lighter vein is the exhilarating yarn of the purser whose passion for salmon-fishing amounted to infatuation; the tale of the heroic exploits of the cooks of H.M.S. *Boanerges* in the race for the "interpart shield"; and the faithful record, in "A Sea-Daddy," of the trials, tribulations and triumphs of a midshipman in his first six months at sea.

#### Unconquered Souls.

Mount Everest is still mysterious. An aeroplane has passed over the top, but successive mountaineering expeditions have to report gallant failures. This Mr. HUGH RUTTLEDGE does in *Everest*, 1933 (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 25/-). Unlike his predecessors, the writer (and leader) did not trust to oxygen, though he advocates its use during



#### ALL THIS SCEPTICISM.

*Down-hearted Tipster.* "IT'S THIS 'ERE NOO GENERATION, ALF. YEARS AGO NEARLY EVERYBODY BELIEVED THE LIES I TOLD 'EM ABART REIN' PALS WITH THE AGGA KAN AN' LORD DURBY, BUT NAH THEY ARKS FOR PROOF."

the final thousand-feet dash. Two pairs of skilled climbers attempted to perform the feat in succession but were beaten by bad weather and exhaustion. The monsoon breaking early was the chief cause of non-success. If space permitted I would quote fully from the narrative of Mr. F. S. SMYTHE, who made a magnificent attempt after his companion had collapsed: "A wind of hurricane force . . . driving snow . . . the whole hate and fury of Everest were concentrated on one miserable little human being." But he stuck to it. The finding of what is almost certainly MALLORY'S or IRVINE'S ice-axe near the peak is discussed. Probably, as the author says, it was lost during descent. Perhaps the first man to reach the goal will find traces of this gallant pair on the pinnacle. A good book, and a well-illustrated one.



### A Dean's Farewell.

Dean INGE, in his latest book, *Vale* (LONGMANS, GREEN, 3/6), has given us as much biography of himself as he is willing should be written, but it is hard to believe that, in view of his great gifts and his importance in the long dynasty of the Deans of St. Paul's, his wish to have no further literary memorial will be regarded. Now at seventy-four he feels that his message is delivered, and in this modest little book sums up his own development, his conclusions and his career, pays a beautiful tribute to his wife, and tenderly recalls a little daughter whose death seems to have been their only real sorrow. Whether an age makes its men or men make their age, Dean INGE seems to have been singularly well-fitted to the period in which he has worked. There are signs that the next great religious development will be towards Christian Mysticism, and here he has been an ideal leader, armed with keen intellect and sound reason, "trying all things," grave—rather than the "gloomy Dean" of the catch-phrase—and above all sincere.

### A Servant of the Theatre.

Reading with envy, instruction and delight in its literary quality Mr. JAMES AGATE'S *First Nights* (NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 10/6), I was wondering whether with the years he was not becoming a little less fierce when I found him making confession that he was entering the third of the four stages of the dramatic critic's progress. These are, according to him (if I may paraphrase), the ecstatic ("the eaglet, mistaking every unaccustomed brightness for the sun"); the expert or balanced; the mellow; and the senile! I note no blunting of the point of his wit; he retains that enviable faculty of detecting at a glance the humbug in a false situation or piece of acting; he can praise generously and dispraise shrewdly and in explicit not merely vague terms. His well-charged memory of plays and books and players always lends him an apt illustration or quotation to point an opinion—though sometimes, as he regrets in a disingenuous apology, his allusions may sometimes be too recondite for "readers in Wick or Sark." He serves the theatre with a real devotion; sets a standard, reminds us of the great dead when Press agents and "eaglets" overpraise the precocious young; and more than ever despairs of English audiences.

### Drama on the Air.

Those who listen to radio plays must have often been mystified by the pranks in which the producers at Broadcasting House seem to indulge, and have perhaps come to the conclusion that the more straightforward the treatment, the less galloping horses, water-swishings, wind-moaning, delayed or hurtling *tempos*, mystery music and whatnot, the better. In *The Stuff of Radio* (CASSELL, 8/6), Mr. LANCE SIEVEKING, who writes plays and music for broadcasting,

printing generous samples here, and who has been for nine years a producer-in-ordinary at radio headquarters, argues for the making of all sorts of experiments however fantastic in a new medium, and gives us quasi-technical explanations of apparatus and method, takes us through the process of rehearsal, conducts controversies with other officials of his august institution, prophesies, philosophises and pleads for sympathetic understanding from an impatient public. A somewhat disorderly but instructive book written in a lively personal idiom and quickened with enthusiasm.

### A Gem of a Woman.

*Interlude for Sally* (HEINEMANN, 8/6) will, I say unhesitatingly, provide a most pleasant entertainment for all of us who met Mrs. BEATRICE KEAN SEYMOUR'S heroine in *Maids and Mistresses*. The severest criticism that could be applied to *Sally* is that she is almost too good and patient to be true. But, although her mistress in this interlude was convinced that "kindness abode in her like an ever-gushing spring," no one ever gushed less than *Sally*. Cool, reticent,

loyal and thoroughly efficient, she entered into the lives of the unconventional *Merralls* so sympathetically that she quickly became an indispensable member of that haphazard family. Personally I am devoted to *Sally*, but those who do not share my devotion will find that the numerous *Merralls* have each and all of them been drawn with humour and subtlety. And—a pleasant thought—Mrs. KEAN SEYMOUR gives me hope that we shall have yet another opportunity to admire this girl, who wears the badge of



"DOES IT LOOK ANY BETTER, 'ARRY, WHEN YOU GETS FURTHER AWAY FROM IT?"

service without any lapse into servility.

### Gaily the Troubadour.

Miss MAGDALEN KING-HALL has overcome a crop of difficulties in *Gay Crusaders* (PETER DAVIES, 7/6) and has caught the atmosphere of the twelfth century as cleverly and completely as she reproduced that of the eighteenth in *The Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion*. And so her tale of *Fulk* and his bastard son, as they made their way from England *via* Brittany to fight the Saracens, is an entirely successful tale of love, hallowed or not, and of adventure that in spite of its abundance never palls. Rough as these men were and free in conversation and in their treatment of women, they were by no means, as Miss KING-HALL draws them, without tenderness and fine feeling. Quite rightly she pays tribute not only to the bravery of the Crusaders but also to the courage with which the Saracens defied the invasion. Neatness of phrase and a rather mischievous humour add to the attractions of an unusual story.

"MODERN, BUT NOT GROTESQUE.  
SUSSEX PAINTER ON VIEW IN LONDON."

*Sussex Paper Headlines.*

We must go and have a look at him.

## Charivaria.

A LECTURER tells us that prehistoric men were never bow-legged or round-shouldered. Still, we would rather be bow-legged than prehistoric.

We have nothing to say about that story of an artist who painted a cobweb on the ceiling which was so realistic that the maid spent hours trying to remove it, except that there may have been such an artist but there never was such a maid.

An octogenarian says that he has worn the same pair of trousers for forty years. On and off, of course.

The accident problem, said Mr. HORE-BELISHA in a broadcast, must be tackled scientifically and broken up into its elements—"the largest element is the pedestrian." How simple things would be if only he were!

Wireless, we are told, will soon be used to exterminate germs. The difficulty at present is to induce the wretched little things to listen.

A London man is going round England in a taxi, starting from the Mansion House. He probably wants to get to Charing Cross.

"The man who can call a wooden hut an ideal home," said a Judge last week, "I should describe as an idiot." We should refer to him as an estate-agent.

Among indications that the drought

had definitely ended was the strike of Waterproof Garments Workers in Manchester

Shiny noses are to be fashionable. Smart women will soon be using one another's noses as mirrors.

The brothers DE CHRISTMAS, in-

"The average punter is a good loser," says a sporting paper. Bound to be, with all the practice he gets.

One of our novelists declares that while he lies in bed his astral body, unimpeded by walls, goes about and obtains material for him. This seems the most probable solution of the mystery of how novelists know.

We are awaiting a denial from our Scottish correspondent that the National Party is to be opposed by a new party—the Dinna Fascists.

A heavyweight boxer is to marry an heiress. We understand that he had no difficulty whatever in obtaining her father's consent.

"Very few people go to a doctor nowadays when they have a cough," declares a writer. They seem to go to the theatre instead.

"The man who never buys any literature is only living half a life," declares an author. Collectors of booklets at Olympia don't seem to care.

A statistician remarks that many Scots in Australia were born in Australia. This

method of course saves the fare.

With women's sandals, we read, a ring is worn on the little toe. But not as yet on the engagement-toe.

It is estimated that a district near London has a population of 4.3 per house. The .3 of course is father.



"THE NEAREST I CAN DO YOU, SIR, IS ONE OF OUR DOUBLE COLLARS OPENED OUT!"

inventors of a paralysing ray which they have demonstrated to the French military authorities, are no relation, apparently, of Father de Christmas.

It has been ruled that sausages not made in Frankfurt must not be called Frankfurters. Apparently even hot dogs must be provided with pedigrees.

### Safer and Safer.

"BRITAIN'S aerial defences can only be organised on the Continent." This is the reported opinion of General VICTOR DENAIN, the French Air Minister, and I am prompted immediately to sing:—

The hawk-men and the harriers,  
The treaty-makers too,  
Have broken down the barriers  
And made the old world new.

I saw the cliffs of Dover  
At dawning of the day,  
But statesmen thought it over  
And sent them right away.

They carried off the Solent  
Along with Folkestone Leas  
And set them down in Poland  
Or near the Pyrenees.

For fear of flying aces  
The countries can't keep still;  
They keep on changing places  
And bagging Portland Bill.

And little Lithuania  
Has lost her frontier-line  
And sold it to Roumania  
Or loaned it to the Rhine.

And Italy is Hungary  
And Denmark can't be found,  
While HITLER'S ironmongery  
Keeps rolling round and round.

I have not seen Bulgaria,  
Where all the roses are;  
Most probably its area  
Extends into the Saar.

But some there are, old-fashioned  
Uncompromising chaps,  
Who feel no love impassioned  
For monkeying with the maps—

Who long for days departed  
When lounging near the sea  
One knew where England started  
And France began to be.

And some say nothing matters  
And none would stand to gain  
When Earth is torn in tatters  
If Tooting Bec were Spain.

A little exaggerated, but I daresay you understand what I mean.

EVOE.

### Kultur.

Typical english conversations for nordic Students.

(Made in Germany.)

I.—HORSEFLESCH.

(The Scene is at the Horseflesch-market.)

Lord Smith. I would buy a nag.\*

The Vendor. Certainly, milord. I have horses of all

colours, of all sizes and of all shapes for dirty track racing, hacking, leaping or the fox-chase. Examine, pray, the yellow dun.

Viscount Brown. Make it go at a foot-pace, in trot, in galop and with loose rains.

Lord Robinson. It is a good ambler, by Jove.\*

Lord Smith. It takes frights. It walks rudely. It jolts.

Viscount Brown. It jumps both ways.

The Vendor. No, indeed, milord, what ho. It is the cat which jumps both ways altogether, according to our english folk proverb saying.

[All shake their sides with tittering. It is a choke.

Lord Robinson. Ho Ho Ho! I am so tickled!\* I am so tickled! Ho Ho Ho!

Lord Smith. Perchance we shall purchase the nag. But first we shall examine the others, great Scot!\*

[They depart, talking shops.

The Vendor. Aha! They talk shops.\* We English are a nation of shoptalkers. Aha!

[This too is also a choke as well. English chokes are quite peculiar. Students are advised to chortle, for it is polite.

### II.—SOCIETY.

Lord Smith. I am going into society. Are you also invited as well?

Viscount Brown. Always I am invited.

[They go into society.

Lord Smith. Let us commence a conversation with these lords.

Viscount Brown. Consider what you are about. One would think you no gentleman. Dear me! You have to be introduced by the lady of the house.

Lord Robinson. There are beautiful ladies here, splendid toilets.

Lord Smith. It is hot. The air is so thick, one can hardly see each other.

Viscount Brown. Take some sherbert—some limonade.

Lord Robinson. Thanks. I can be without it.

Lord Smith. I perceive champagne.

Viscount Brown. Good egg!

Lord Robinson. Let us all swallow the champagne!

[All swallow.

All. Ah! The topping english society!

### Donegal Revisited.

NOTHING is changed. The peat-bog pools still lie

Below the mist-blue hills; the autumnal sky  
Still sees the panniered ass and black-shawled dame

Breasting the road; and still there is a flame  
Of blood-red fuchsias by the cottage wall.  
There is no change—no change in Donegal.

Nothing is changed. The eider-duck still ride  
Gweebarra Bay. The crooning murmurous tide  
Still laves the dulse-fringed rocks; and down  
Glenveagh

The curlew still pipes in the first of day.  
Even the harvest moon, like those of old,  
Still turns the wetness of our oars to gold.

\* Sehr idiomatisch.





## THE WORLD WELL LOST.

MR. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE (inaugurating his New Welsh Liberal Party, and slightly misquoting the Warwickshire Bard). "WALES WAS MY EARLIEST OYSTER. WITH THIS WAND I'LL OPEN IT AGAIN."



"I'M SO GLAD YOU 'VE COME, EDITH; I'VE HAD SUCH A TUSSELE. RALPH LEFT A TUBE OF STICKOTENE ON THE CHAIR."

### Payment by Results.

WHAT with Mr. MONTAGU NORMAN and what with Mr. J. M. KEYNES and what with this and what with that, it seems fair to say that the science of Economics is in a mess. But despite the babel of tongues, one fact emerges like a single clear trumpet-note above the tumult. There is Too Much of Everything, and if only there were *less* of everything then the people who sold what little there was would get more for it, and they would spend the money on buying a bit of the reduced quantity of something else that there was about, and everything would be all right. Perhaps I erred in saying a "single clear trumpet-note." But anyhow that is the general effect of the rather blurred trumpet-chord of all the economists.

Now normally the great point about economics is that nobody *does* anything about it. People babble cheerfully about the Marginal Man, the law of Diminishing Returns and so on, but nobody ever sets up a school for the production of Marginal Men or an International Court for Diminishing Returns or anything practical like

that. But these are not normal days. And now, God bless my soul! people have really started to *apply* an economic theory, thus:—

In America, which suffers more than anywhere else from there being too much of everything, there are apparently too many hogs. Feeling that it would be better if there were *fewer* hogs the Government has started to pay people who, though capable of doing so, refrain from breeding hogs. In fact a gentleman who doesn't understand economics has just written to the papers to say that it is an odd thing that, although he has never made more than five hundred dollars in a year for *breeding* hogs, he has just received a cheque for a thousand dollars for *not* breeding any this year.

Now in the face of this I feel that we must all take back the things we have said about economists not being practical. With one single stroke in the hog business the economist has opened up a new vista of possibilities. Think of it. A thousand dollars just for not breeding hogs! Why, bless my soul! *anybody* can not breed hogs. It's easy. No experience required. No capital. Nothing. Just a simple act of renuncia-

tion and there you are—a cheque for a thousand dollars and the thanks of the community.

Well, there are rumours that this thing is going to spread. And if it is it certainly seems to be a thing to be in on from the start. I therefore propose to set up in business right away, calling myself Teetotal, Ltd. The objects of the firm will be not to brew beer. The thing will be organised like this:—

(1) A capital issue of one million pounds will be made.

(2) I shall then go along to the Board for the Prevention of Investing Capital and ask them just what it is worth to them for me to leave that money sitting in the safe. Probably they will run to a hundred thousand pounds to start with.

(3) I shall then buy a brewery and suggest that the Board for the Prevention of Brewing should make me an offer not to brew any beer in my brewery. Say another hundred thousand pounds.

(4) I shall then brew beer. (It's quite all right. There will not be a breach of contract. This will be another brewery.) Surely it will be worth another hundred thousand pounds to the Board

for the Prevention of Selling Beer to keep me off the market?

(5) I shall then sell vast quantities of beer (not the same beer as in (4); that wouldn't be honest—*other* beer), and cash in on the Board for the Prevention of Drinking Beer. Probably they'll pay me a lot of money to put something in the stuff which makes it undrinkable.

(6) Finally I shall negotiate with the Board for the Prevention of Returning Empties, who in their desire to help the glass trade will come down handsome if I make a point of not collecting empties.

There you are. What could be simpler? As far as I can see we ought to net a cool million net. And we shall have earned every penny of it. By not investing, or brewing any beer or selling it, or letting people drink it, or collecting empties, we shall have done our little bit towards putting the country on its legs and everybody will be a lot better off. There won't be any *less* beer perhaps, but there will be much less too much than there might have been if we hadn't been public-spirited. It's too late now, I suppose, for this year; but if our friend who didn't breed the hogs sees this I hope he will realise what his duty is for next year. Let him not rest content with just not breeding hogs and getting a measly thousand dollars. Let him really come into the thing wholeheartedly and not only not breed hogs but breed *not* hogs. For every not hog he breeds counts two on a division.

### Another Record.

DEAR MISTER EDITER,—I seen a pece in yore paper larse week wot was rote by mister haddock i berleve is name is and says as he was spat on in the river larse munth swiming under a Brige and now im riting to say as it was me and Maggie and no offence i hope. we was playing on the Brige pertending to be eesplorers wen sudinly i seen sumthing in the water and i calls out luk luk Maggie thers an oled coger in the water i says and she say no ther aint so we run on a bit an wen he comes under-naeth i says to Maggie wots my sister Betyer a penny i spit on the oled coger, but Maggie says wot if it was the lord Mare or one of them. wot yer mean lord Mare i says the Mare aint darft i says he noes wen hes well orf so i spits on him but not ernuff to see if i hit im proper, and now im riting to say if i hit im Maggies got to pay me a penny. Of corse if ide none it was a litreary man i mite not of done it only we havant got no further than shakspeer at our



"MY DEAR, THEY ALL SUIT YOU."

"THANKS MOST AWFULLY, JOHN. I'LL HAVE THEM."

school and teacher never toled us about mister haddock so how cood i no it was a litreary man an not just an oled coger like i thort. So please will you arsk mister haddock if i hit him alrite sos i can make Maggie giv me her penny please mister editer and now i 'must stop from yore affexunate Reder,  
ALF BRIGGS aged 9.

P.S.—Ma says to thank mister haddock for paying my edduccashon

wot im doing so well at an Farther says if a man calnt spit in the tames wer the ell can e spit addock or no mister addock an no offence.

"ANOTHER BELISHA LAW?  
ILLEGAL NOT TO USE CROSSINGS."

Headlines in Daily Paper.

Isn't this going to be rather hard luck on those who don't want to get to the other side?



## George.

My Aunt Rhoda breeds goldfish in Highgate. She advertises them in all the weekly illustrateds and lays special stress on their faithfulness. When I was taking tea at Mecklenburgh Villa last Tuesday I asked Aunt Rhoda what grounds she had for making such a claim.

She raised her head from her tea-cup and her feet from the Berlin woolwork and addressed me in no uncertain tones.

"And why," she demanded, "should I not make this claim? A goldfish is indeed the most devoted of all domestic pets. Ask yourself. Have you ever heard of a goldfish leaving home, making a fuss of strangers, biting the hand that fed it, raking up flower-beds or having litters in the wine-cellar? No, I know you haven't. Don't answer me, because I detest lies. You apparently do not think so or you would never have cast even the slightest aspersion on my veracity. And moreover," she added, "apart from such obvious instances of fidelity I have reason to believe in goldfish."

Her cup was suspended in mid-air and her truculent attitude softened by an expression of query. I knew the signs. There was a story. It is always useless to resist Aunt Rhoda's stories. I once deliberately disregarded the signals and had my umbrella lost or stolen from her house; at least when I came back for it it could not be found and no one seemed to mind but me.

"Oh, how is that, Aunt?" I replied therefore and settled myself as comfortably as Mecklenburgh Villa permits.

"It was like this," she began, swaying ever so slightly in her chair as she intoned the accustomed formula. "Many years ago I became the owner of a remarkable fish called George. The dealer I bought him from was a man of much repute in livestock circles, a rough diamond who lived in the neighbourhood of the Elephant and Castle. I entered his shop with some misgiving, and indeed the man was an even rougher diamond than I had imagined. Yet the surrounding paraphernalia of nesting-boxes, aquaria and bunches of millet placed me at my ease, and I was able to approach him on an international plane of enthusiasm. Were we

not both fanciers? Goldfish, as the song has it, kitted my fancy and cage-birds chiefly performed that function for him.

"It may be that as we conversed his enthusiasms became gradually confused. At any rate he eventually sold me George as the only Singing Goldfish in Captivity. I remember distinctly that he was leaning upon the marble slab supporting George's globe, and that as he made this disclosure the fish undulated a little and emitted a brilliant trill amid a shower of bubbles.

"This amazing *tour de force* com-



"Now, darling, lead me to the wall."

pletely astonished me and I hastened to possess the remarkable creature. All the while the necessary transactions were taking place George finned lazily around the globe trilling and chirruping like the finest canary. Indeed I was prompted to cast a sharp eye around the shop, suspecting fraud in the shape of some pedigree roller, but what birds were present sat quietly on their perches unmoved by George's virtuosity. However, fraud there must have been of some sort or other, for from the moment I left the shop George never sang another note. I tried every means to awaken his talent, even going so far as to feed him on birdseed and suspend a piece of cuttle-bone in his water. In vain. His song was ended.

"And yet he was not quite the failure he seemed to be. During the six or

seven months following his purchase I had reason to observe him very closely and without a doubt he would swim to the side when I approached and gaze at me intently, almost mournfully, through the glass. He would writhe uneasily in the water and make strange mouthings and swallowings as though he struggled with his song. Gradually it dawned on me that the unhappy creature had some message for me. Do not ask me how I became aware of this. I only know that the impression, once received, grew stronger and stronger. George, on the other hand, was visibly failing. His

fidelity to his cause was wreaking havoc upon him. He could eat not even the choicest morsels I prepared for him and daily grew thinner and thinner. The creature's devotion worried me terribly. Hour after hour I sat by the globe in the window and tried with tears in my eyes to relieve its misery.

"One mild autumn afternoon, when the sky was pale and the sun shone timidly in at the window, I could bear the fish's mute appeal no longer. Flinging myself on my knees beside the table I took the globe between my hands.

"'George,' I cried, 'tell me, oh, tell me what is it that causes you so much grief? Have you a secret from me?'

"He flapped noticeably at this and I was filled with wild hope and sudden inspiration.

"'George,' I cried again, 'is it your failure to sing that worries you?'—(Furious flap.)

"Was that man really an impostor?'—(Renewed and frantic flapping.) 'Tell me, then, George, faithful George,' I

begged, 'what was the secret?'

"'Ventriloquism,' said George suddenly and as suddenly expired."

My Aunt paused. Her tea was stone-cold. She put the cup down. "Need I say more?" She prepared to resume.

I saw she was a little overcome by her story and knew my chance. "Aunt," I said earnestly, "the tale of your moving experience has completely convinced me. You must be very tired. Thank you for a delightful afternoon. I will let myself out."

My aunt looked at me with approval. "Young man," she said, "as you go you may ask my maid for an umbrella which you left here on one occasion. We have—ah—come across it quite recently. Remember, truth at all times. Good-bye."



T. DERRICK

ARCHITECTURE: OF THE TERMITE STATE



THE BRITISH CHARACTER.  
SKILL AT FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

### Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

XI.

From Ralph Viney, Captain, Roughover Golf Club.

Thursday, October 4th.

DEAR WHELK,—For some time now I have felt that the Club should acquire Farmer Ragwort's meadows beside the 2nd hole as a landing-ground for aeroplanes. If this were done and the fact properly advertised I am certain our visitors' receipts would go up very considerably.

Before you let me know your views you might sound one or two people about it (members and others), but for Heaven's sake don't breathe a word to General Sir Armstrong Forcursue or Commander Nettle. They have already complained enough about the seagulls, and if they hear aeroplanes are likely to come and disturb their game of golf it means trouble with a very big "T."

Yours sincerely,

RALPH VINEY.

From Herbert Pinhigh, J.P., Member of Roughover Golf Club and Chairman of Roughover Urban District Council.

8/10/34.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—I consider the aeroplane landing-ground an excellent idea, as it should bring a good class of visitor to the town. If the scheme goes through rest assured that I shall give it my support.

I fear, however, you may have very strong opposition from General Forcursue, Commander Nettle and possibly Mr. Lionel Nutmeg.

With kind regards,

HERBERT PINHIGH, J.P.

P.S.—Why not start a club and have your own hangar, instructor, supply service, etc.?

From Reverend Cyril Brassie, The Rectory, Roughover.

October 9th.

DEAR MR. SECRETARY,—The very idea of the Captain countenancing such an undertaking as a landing-place for aeroplanes is quite beyond my comprehension. For, frankly, Sir, I feel that

if he would but cast his eyes nearer home and try to persuade the Committee to erect a covered shed where the less wealthy members of the Club might house their bicycles he would be serving a worthier purpose.

For many years now (see Suggestion Book, 13/4/15, 23/9/25, 7/1/29, also Complaint Book, 13/4/15/, 23/9/25, 7/1/29) I have advocated this step, and I consider the Committee most niggardly in refusing my meagre request.

Yours faithfully,

CYRIL BRASSIE.

From Mrs. Troutbeck, Sun Rise Lane, Roughover.

Tuesday.

DEAR SIR,—Ever since my little Pekinese, Shanghai Wenti, was three months old I have exercised him in Farmer Ragwort's meadows, which I now hear you are going to rent as a landing-ground for aeroplanes.

This will be a terrible blow to the poor darling—his one simple pleasure; and I feel sure that if only the common on the other side of Roughover were



selected it would be found to be a far more suitable place, for there the air-men would have the added benefit of being able to alight on the pond in hydroplanes.

Now, dear Mr. Whelk, I know that you are a great lover of animals, for I have always appreciated the happy look on the faces of the Golf Club horses and the humane way the poor moles are trapped, so please help yet another of our dumb friends and at the same time prevent the desecration of one of our loveliest beauty-spots.

Yours very truly,  
EMILY TROUTBECK.

From Thomas Bunkerly, M.P., Sandy Neuk, Roughover.

10/10/34.

DEAR WHELK,—An excellent scheme. I shall ask the Air Ministry about the points in your letter when I am in Town on Friday. I note to say nothing about it to Forcursue or Nettle.

Yours sincerely,  
TOM BUNKERLY.

From Sam Dimple, Ypres Cottage, Roughover.

11th October, 1934.

DEAR SIR,—I was hearing that you are to have an aerodrome at the Club for members and outsiders, and I should like to apply for the position of caretaker.

I am well qualified for the work, having looked after the Church Hall here for the last three years. In addition I am 16 stone 3 pounds (station weights), which might be a good thing sometimes.

Yours hoping,  
SAM DIMPLE.

From Ralph Viney, Captain, Roughover Golf Club.

Saturday, October 13th.

DEAR WHELK,—I am glad to hear that you think the landing-ground might be a success and note all you say about ways and means, also the possibility of running a Flying Club under a separate Committee.

Please have the matter put on the Agenda for the next meeting.

Glad to hear that F. and N. have not got wind of the scheme yet.

Yours sincerely,  
RALPH VINEY.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., The Cedars, Roughover.

Monday, 15/10/34.

DEAR SIR,—Congratulations. I only heard yesterday afternoon about the



THE FIRST LESSON.

Jongness

contemplated aerodrome and Flying Club, and can assure you that the scheme will have the whole-hearted support not only of myself but of my friends, Commander Harrington Nettle, Lionel Nutmeg and Admiral Sneyring-Stymie. Indeed so keen are we on this "More Aeroplanes for Britain" movement that, once you have the plans cut-and-dried, we are each going to invest in a machine of our own, maintaining that it is the duty of all patriotically-minded people to be able to fly.

Kindly enrol us as soon as the scheme is adopted.

Yours faithfully,  
ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

P.S.—Commander Nettle and I are thinking of buying a glider for the steward.

From Ralph Viney, Captain, Roughover Golf Club, Roughover.

Tuesday, October 16th.

DEAR WHELK,—Thank you for sending me on a copy of the General's letter.

Under the circumstances I shall be glad if you will kindly withdraw the matter of the aeroplane landing-ground from the Agenda for the next Committee Meeting. On reflection I consider the scheme would be a great mistake.

I do not wish the matter to be referred to again.

Yours sincerely,  
RALPH VINEY.

### A Heartless Miss.

SHE sat beside me. Holding hands,  
The evening all too quickly sped;  
Things went so swimmingly, I feared  
Some disappointment was ahead.

Alas, my fears were realised!  
I've found that she, so fair of face,  
Had got no heart—the last time round  
She gaily trumped my ace!

"THE LEEDS CIVIC HALL BUST."  
Yorks Paper Headline.

Who done it?

## At the Pictures.

## JEWRY, GAIETY AND MELODY.

THE Tivoli must begin to Aryanise itself or it will be too much thought of as the abode of Hebraic eminence and idiosyncrasy. First we had CONRAD VEIDT as *The Wandering Jew*, the victim of destiny; then GEORGE ARLISS



J.H. DOWD

## NECESSARY CONTRAST.

Joseph Süß Oppenheimer . . . CONRAD VEIDT.  
Karl Alexander . . . . . FRANK VOSPER.

as the urbane successful Jew in high finance, in *The House of Rothschild*; and now here is CONRAD VEIDT again, this time as the inexorable hero of FEUCHTWANGER'S novel, *Jew Süß*, with the downtrodden virtuous ghetto all about him. A little Gentile leaven in the Tivoli pogroms—I mean programmes—would not be unwelcome.

To be fair, however, it must be put on record that Süß was not wholly of the despised but dominant race, having at least, as he was so delighted to discover, fifty per cent. of the other blood: a vital fact which he strangely forgot to mention at his trial. Perhaps to be addressed as Jew all one's life so accustoms a person to that state that little life-saving details like this may be overlooked even in the dock; but it must have surprised the audience. If, however, such a defence had been put up and Süß had not been sent to the cage—by the most ferocious judge since JEFFREYS—there would have been no execution scene; and then how defrauded we should have felt! Or should we?—for by that time I was conscious of an atmosphere of weariness.

The truth is that CONRAD VEIDT is a superb actor who should be used sparingly and swiftly. Throughout an

evening his fine qualities can become monotonous, and especially so when the action drags, as often it does in this play, where there are both repetitions and hesitations. Nor are we ever quite sure how we ought to regard him: whether we should admire, as we felt constrained to admire the *Rothschild* of ARLISS, or deplore a Semiticism that never really offends and possibly is not meant to. In point of fact Süß is a Jew only in name, and is no more unscrupulous in his rise to power than many a Christian has been. For the rest he is an ordinary astute courtier and employer of intrigue, with an extremely malleable ruler to flatter and to intrigue for, and a nose of ordinary Sunday-go-to-meeting dimensions. Tragic events occur in his life, but we are not touched by them, for they are all of the surface.

The cinema industry has now been in existence long enough for us to recognise the different and peculiar characteristics of the films of each of the countries where they are most diligently produced, so that one can say definitely of, for instance, the French, that it is safe to expect from them three desirable qualities: firstly, there is vivacity; secondly there is a high level of acting in every part, large or small; and thirdly there is a logical construction which makes even absurdities cohere. To these must be added an ingenuity which makes for novelty and surprise. At a certain moment in *The Slump is Over*, for example, I remarked to my



J.H.D.

## SLUMP OR NO SLUMP.

Emile Bertin . . . CARPENTIER.  
Nicole . . . . . DANIELLE DARRIEUX.

neighbour in what I hope was a whisper and with what I considered profound sapience, that it was ridiculous for the admirable PREJEAN to be making so many preparations for the opening performance of the revue so long as he was forgetting all about advertising and

attracting the public; and even as I said this the device for filling the theatre without a single *affiche* on the hoardings was beginning to move. And such a device!

*The Slump is Over* has other unexpected moments besides this, but this is the best. Next perhaps is the way these light-hearted troupers deal with the merchant of pianos, a most



J.H.D.

## THE IMPRESARIO IN HIS LAIR.

Monteverdi . . . . . TULLIO CARMINATI.

competent actor whose name I wish I could blazon forth; but as the Curzon, although it provides sumptuous programmes on gold paper, does not specify the members of the cast, I am unable to do so. Let it suffice that this merchant of pianos and, on the side, admirer of actresses could not be more convincingly impersonated.

Like so many French cinema farces, this one has its own music, and again we realise how closely together the composer and producer have worked, every song being an integral part of the plot. As for *One Night of Love*, in which GRACE MOORE sings so often and so operatically, it is pleasant romantic stuff, with for its *Trilby* a new kind of *Svengali* in the person of TULLIO CARMINATI, who will take only such pupils as agree to be treated like dirt, but who, if they can put up with it, will be qualified to sing where they will, whether at La Scala, Covent Garden, the Metropolitan Opera House or Glyndebourne.

After seeing *The Slump is Over* and then visiting Paris for a few days I have reluctantly come to the conclusion that the gaiety and sparkle for which that city used to be famous has passed from life into the films. For while nothing could be more vivacious than that screened story, nothing could be more sober and dingy and anxious and early-retiring than Paris now appears to be. While I am sorry for our depressed neighbours, I am glad for our own sakes, because a vivacious film is a true benefaction.

E. V. L.

# Unposted Letters to The Times. No. IV.

DEAR SIR,—Pens are dipped in ink and the owners drive them on their inexorable passage across the virgin pages of notepaper to inform the yawning world that the cuckoo is with us again, or perhaps that the summer flowers, casting their petals on the polished surface of the highway, have caused the writer to experience what is called a "side-slip." Some season or other, they wish to inform us, is in full operation.

But this was the season when the dash-away youths who were my contemporaries in the grand old days turned their thoughts to "the road." Those that could afford fours-in-hand began to buy new spotted neck-cloths and get their hats ironed. Even in



"GRAND OLD DAYS."

those days the cost was considerable. My old friend, Lord Smeyray (pronounced to rhyme with "Teary"), told me that if it wasn't for the look of the thing he'd give up his Town house and live in the coach. But his chef said he couldn't do himself justice cooking in a boot.

I was not able to go to the expense of a four-in-hand. I joined a Tandem Club. We were a passionate band of sportsmen, perhaps unequalled, certainly unexcelled, to-day.

One of the members, Teddy Rollo, said it was a question between his "jointed team" and his mother's jointure. He tossed a coin and the tandem won.

Our club had twenty members. We were all in the novice stage, so we sent down to the coast for old Bill Soaks, the bathing-machine coachman. He gave us lessons in the delicate art of tooling the equine processional turnout yclept "The Tandem." We made fast progress. I had a good deal of experience as a fly-fisherman, so the management of the long whip gave me very little trouble, and, as to the post-horn, from childhood I was a music-lover.

When we were proficient we came out of the stable-yard and went for a long country drive. We gave the yokels a sight they couldn't see to-day for love or money. Bill Soaks drove the first team. A line from the back



"WE GAVE THE YOKELS A SIGHT."

of his gig was attached to the head-stall of the leading nag of number two tandem, and so on down the line. The arrangement saved the members a good deal of anxiety and allowed them to give more attention to keeping their whips from catching in the hedges and to the enjoyment of their post-horns. Each of us had his own tune, in some cases the family anthem, as a poet of the day wrote—

Twenty gentlemen  
Driving along  
All blowing post-horns  
But not the same song.

The motto of our club was: *Tandem fit surculus arbor.*

Bill Soaks was very pleased with it. He thought it stood for "I am able to drive a tandem round the harbour" and was intended as a compliment to his amphibious calling.

I remember well one morning Smeyray, while driving his coach through



"FORTY-FIVE TERRIFIC ROUNDS."

the arch of Temple Bar, having an argument as to right of way with a coal-heaver. At last Smeyray, weeping bitterly, as he always did at that hour in the morning—his nerves (plural) had all gone long ago, but his nerve (singular) was splendid—handed the reins to myself and leapt to the cobblestones.

After forty-five terrific rounds he induced the coal-heaver to cry, in the words of *Mr. Micawber*, "Hold, enough."

As an emollient Smeyray presented the coal-heaver with a cheque for fifty guineas. The value of the cheque was of a purely superstitious nature.

Nevertheless the coal-heaver, by simply showing the cheque to a noted plunger of the day, was able to back Smeyray's horse, "Cobbler's Hope," at some country race-meeting, probably Epping, to win fifty thousand pounds. The horse won handsomely. He was ridden by Captain Billy Mutton, one of the Muttons of Muttonhead. As well as being very useful on the flat he was said to be the most experienced steeple-chase rider in England. I remember him at Croydon riding Wait-for-me



"TURNED THE PICTURE-GALLERY . . .  
INTO A COAL-CELLAR."

in the Villa Owners' Cup. He covered himself with glory. He made "a possible." He fell at every fence each time round.

Captain Billy on the present occasion had furnished himself with a two-penny note-book, and as he rounded each flag-post had the book initialled by a steward. He was the only rider who took this precaution, so all the rest were disqualified.

The piquancy of the story lies in the fact that Smeyray hadn't a sixpence on the horse. He was so annoyed he was unable to weep, and the coal-heaver bought the estate next to Smeyray Court, turned the picture-gallery of the mansion (it was over a quarter-of-a-mile long) into a coal-cellar, and employed a number of the able-bodied poor of the county to heave coal all day long. Himself he never did another stroke of work.

Now Lord Smeyray and the coal-heaver are both no more. When shall we look upon their like again?

Always yours most sincerely,

I am,

THE VERY OLD UN.





Barber (re bottle of hair-growth). "Yes, it *is* cheap, Sir, but I warn you it'll run you into something for hair-cuts."

### Lessons for Lowbrows.

#### III.—Visiting a Friend's Yacht.

WE will imagine (taking you to be a poor sailor) that she is hauled up on the slips and under refit. This makes your task much easier and also safer.

Start at the bow; this is the end that hasn't got a rudder-thing stuck on it. Stand close up first, then move slowly backwards till you are brought up suddenly by a jumble of miscellaneous wood and rope. Hold the right forefinger upright and at arm's-length for ten seconds, lower it, sigh and say: "McClellan's cleavage, I see. . . Well, I don't know. . . ." Walk briskly past the beastly thing's side till you get to the stern. (If they have taken the rudder-thing off all this advice is useless to you, but we'll hope they haven't.) Repeat walking backwards, going south instead of north this time, but look out for water or mud behind you. Place your arms akimbo, nod several times. Then: "That empenage wasn't built in New York. Ha! Ha! I don't know that I've ever seen such

a good aileron strapping to a strut. I bet she has a good reaction in constatic weather. Yes, of course. Now I like her, mind you, but"—turn and walk firmly away—"I never *really* make up my mind about those Fyffe and Camper lines till I've handled the bus in a stiff westerly off the Fastnet."

Your host will then suggest a date for you to carry out a test. You will be a lowbrow in two senses if you accept.

Of course if you find out after this that the man is an ex-aeroplane pilot you have my pity but not my sympathy. Surely your dear Granny warned you not to bluff on a busted flush.

### Paying Bills.

"HULLO, Doc," said Davis, coming into the ward-room one morning. "Paying for Doncaster?"

"No, paying my outfitter," answered the Surgeon-Lieutenant rather smugly as he filled in a cheque.

Davis, who had just sent a cheque to the same destination, took exception

to the smugness. "Paying your *what*?" he shouted.

"Outfitter. Chap who sends me uniform made to fit someone else and charges—"

"I know what an outfitter is," Davis interrupted impatiently; "but one doesn't *pay* him."

"Not more than one can help," said the doctor, putting his cheque into an envelope.

"Of course you can help. All that's required is inactivity. Don't write; don't send; be a jellyfish."

But he paid no attention, and Davis was so scandalised that as soon as he found an adequate audience, which was not until dinner that night, he told us of the Surgeon-Lieutenant's lapse. We were horrified.

"Here have we been," said Hill, not paying our outfitters for years, and now up starts a young doctor, a sucking sawbones, a—an immature medico, and undermines the cause for which we have so freely refused to be bled."

"Shall this serpent be allowed to trample on the years of our strenuous immobility with the cloven hoof of his

second-hand stethoscope?" demanded Davis.

"What did you send him, Doc?" I asked.

"A cheque," he answered shortly.

"A cheque!" said Hill hopefully. "After all, there are cheques and cheques. I hope yours was one of the latter sort."

"No, it was a good one."

"Has it actually been posted?" asked Hill.

"I'm glad to say it has," answered the Surgeon-Lieutenant cheerfully. "I may be trampled on by the cloven hoof of the jellyfish, but so long as I have a penny in the bank and there is an outfitter left to send it to I shall continue to lift up my voice in support of the cause so dear to the heart of every Englishman."

"Quite," said Hill; "and so long as I have a voice to lift up and a cause to lift it up for I shall continue to lift up my voice in support of the cause I'm lifting it up in support of."

"Well, that's all very interesting," I said; "but in the meanwhile this outfitter person gets a cheque for an unknown amount."

"Traitor!" said Davis to the Surgeon-Lieutenant.

He laughed.

"He's hardened," said Hill.

We said no more at the time, but when the Sub-Lieutenant came in after dinner to see Davis we reopened the subject for the benefit of the Surgeon-Lieutenant's moral health.

"I suppose you chaps in the gun-room never think of paying your outfitters?" I said, feeling that I was on fairly safe ground.

"We do and we don't," the Sub answered.

"I'm sorry you do, but then again I'm glad you don't," said Davis.

"What exactly *do* you do about outfitters?" I asked.

"When mine gets too impossible I renew my promise to pay him when I'm promoted."

"It seems reckless extravagance," said Davis. "I prefer Mason's method."

"Red-head Mason?" asked Hill.

"No, Ten-fathom Mason. When he was a sub he owed his outfitter a goodish amount, and the outfitter seemed to think that if he wrote to Mason often enough he'd be sure to get something out of him sooner or later."

"And he never did?" I asked.

"Yes, he did; he got eighteenpence and a telegram. He got the eighteenpence by writing Mason a pathetic letter at Christmas saying that his expenses were great and that he hoped Mason could see his way to sending him a tenner on account. I saw the



"BUD, CODSTABLE, DRULY, THAD WASN'D BY HORD."

letter. It would have touched a heart of stone. It touched Mason. He got a postal-order for one-and-six and sent it off to his outfitter with a letter saying that he hoped it would tide him over the financial crisis."

"What about the telegram?" asked Hill.

"He sent that about a month later. His outfitter wasn't a bit grateful for the postal-order. He wrote threatening to take proceedings against poor old Mason. I saw that letter too; it was practically rude. Mason burnt it and said he hoped it would answer itself before long. About a week later he had another letter saying that unless his outfitter had received Mason's cheque in full settlement of his account by the first of February he'd take legal proceedings without further notice. Mason didn't burn that; he read it out to the

Mess and then pinned it up on the notice-board.

"Well, the first of February came and nothing happened, but on the second Mason got a telegram from his outfitter: 'Your cheque not yet received.' He sent a reply telegram at once: 'No cause for alarm. No cheque sent.'"

"What happened in the end?" I asked.

"I don't know," said Davis. "I fancy his outfitter gave it up as a bad job. Mason hadn't paid when I left the ship six months later."

"MASTER SANGUINE  
WHO ALWAYS BELIEVED WHAT HE WAS TOLD  
BY IVOR BROWN."

*Advt. in Sunday Paper.*

Much as we admire Mr. IVOR BROWN, we are not prepared to go as far as that.



"DO YOU NOT FAIND THE COMPANY ON THESE CRUISES SLAIGHTLY MIXED?"  
 "MIXED? NOT A BIT OF IT! WE GOT ON WITH 'EM ALL RIGHT."

### Autumn—and an Apple.

SEEKING a warmer clime,  
 Now flies the migrant bird;  
 Eels, at about this time,  
 Are similarly stirred;  
 Town coal and country logs  
 Inform an earlier fire,  
 And young maids cadge new togs  
 Out of a painful sire.

A time of chastened mood  
 When solemn thoughts have birth,  
 And those inclined to brood  
 Can get their money's worth;  
 Rather I mean to pipe  
 A song of livelier cheer;  
 Are there not apples ripe?  
 Is this a record year?

True that ere summer dies  
 The lesser breeds begin,  
 But those we greatlier prize  
 Come, with late autumn, in;  
 Each has her special grace,  
 Yet there is one that knocks  
 All others into space:  
 The gift of Mr. Cox.

Oh, Mr. Cox, whose wit  
 (And toil, I'll take my oath)  
 Did ultimately hit  
 On this unrivalled growth,  
 You that have nobly wrought  
 So rare an end and rich,  
 What was your line of thought?  
 What did you graft on which?

Poets have made great lays  
 In words that scorch and burn  
 On men they wished to praise  
 For their inventive turn,  
 But who may fitly chant  
 Your merit, wondrous man?  
 I've tried to, but I can't,  
 Nor do I know who can.

And yet what need of song  
 When this that bears your name  
 Brings to the munching throng  
 The resonance of your fame?  
 Never shall autumn come,  
 But it shall bear its due  
 Of wide encomium,  
 Oh, Mr. Cox, for you. DUM-DUM.





KING PETER.

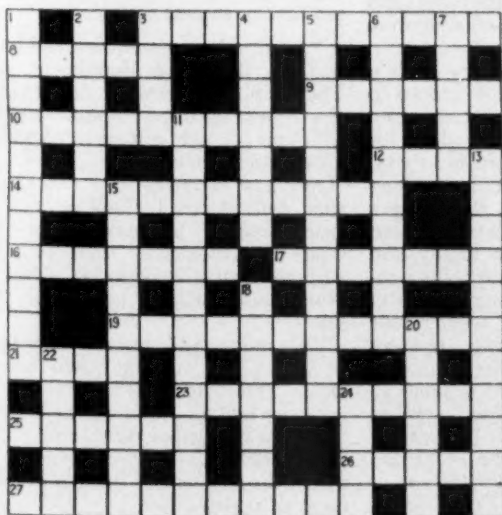
EUROPA. "MY BOY, YOU WILL NEED ALL YOUR FATHER'S COURAGE. YOU HAVE THE SYMPATHY OF ALL THE WORLD."





"ANY MORE OF IT AND I'LL BREAK EVERY BONE IN YER BODY, YER MISERABLE SPINELESS JELLY-FISH!"

### Mr. Punch's Crossword.



#### Across.

3. Lost light in the jungle?
8. Works of a confused writer and an artist honoured but unnamed.

9. Move it back inside.
10. Large animal which sounds comparatively easy to terrify.
12. You surely cannot take this before you find it.
14. It needs all this to make a tiger tender.
16. Whitby bard.
17. Remained loyal.
19. Day on which you are reminded that only one runner receives the prize.
21. You have to get your double with this before you can begin the game.
23. Flowery feminine costumes.
25. Spring with nothing inside is an opiate.
26. Ready and tough?
27. Story of witnesses.

#### Down.

1. Squeezed.
2. Oliver didn't ask for more of this. He had it taken away.
4. Conservative business?
5. Children remember to put them down at the top of the page.
6. Small cape.
7. Seaside resort in N. Wales.
11. This evangelist is probably less than Luke and certainly more than warm.
13. Mixture of adoring and entanglement.
15. Tin—tin disc apparently; but it's not certain.
18. There was no set-back for this last week.
20. CARLYLE says that a young man who is this may be viewed as a pest to society.
22. Classical sand.
24. Vivacious.





AN EARLY SETTLER IN AUSTRALIA TRIES AN EXPERIMENT.

### An American Romance.

UNDER the heading of "Legal Notes" some weeks ago I commented on a judgment of Judge EUGENE O'DUNNE (of the Supreme Bench of Baltimore City, U.S.A.), extracts from which had appeared in a London paper. But these extracts did the learned Judge less than justice, and he has courteously sent to *Punch* the full text of what he said.

The case, as many millions will remember, was said to have concerned the annulment of a marriage on the ground that the bride had "changed her mind." That sounded odd in this country, where we nobly insist that Woman is a rational being; and certain of the Judge's dicta, torn from their context, sounded odder still—as, for example, "What are the limitations (if any), *legal or human*, on the right of the female 'to change her mind' at any time, on any subject, as she would her dress or the brand of her perfume?" (The italics are *not* mine). . . . "She needs no such legal guarantee. She simply exercises this feminine prerogative."

These words, without more, proceeding from any Bench, might well have started a "nation-wide" breaking-up of homes. But I hasten gladly to say that the judgment as a whole bears no such message and should provoke no

such consequences. The real ground of the decision was not that the bride, as she put it, had "changed her mind," but that she had never made it up at all. The ceremony (if such it could be called) was scarcely over before both she and the bridegroom realised that this was so, and the latter nobly accepted the position. The odd thing, then, about the story is not the annulment of the contract but the casual and easy manner in which the couple were allowed to make it.

The Judge tells the story with a breezy humanity which I commend to the High Court; and I hope that many of our legal profession will send out for *The Daily Record*, Baltimore, of July 11, 1934. There they will find, in five long columns of small print, the Judge's Memorandum Opinion. It was written in New York because (a kindly and characteristic note) "I am sailing to-morrow for Paris with my son from Boston" and "it would seem rather selfish and inconsiderate of me to leave this romantic couple in the 'limbo' of uncertainty for the entire summer as to what is their status in life." (There were one or two romantic litigants in this country, we fear, who spent the summer vacation less fortunately.)

"The cynics may sneer," writes the Judge towards the end, "and think the judicial life itself too cloistered fully to comprehend human nature in

the making. Perhaps the only answer worth while giving them is that I am sailing to-morrow on the *Europa* for Paris, and I may broaden my 'Kultur' in that line during the course of the summer."

But Judge O'DUNNE need not bother his head about such critics. He shows himself a master of life—and literature. His judgment is starred with sparkling political or topical asides:—

"... drunken ceremonies, as I lately had in the Dove annulment case. These are less prevalent now than in the days of legalised Prohibition!"

"Some of the self-styled 'modern universities' are now giving courses on 'Love and Marriage.' . . . In one of such institutions I think a once- or twice-divorced professor holds such Chair and speaks at least with the wisdom of much experience. What his other qualifications are I do not know."

"There is in this case no suggestion of inebriety . . . but mere human nature knowledge tells me that neither good nor bad gin—and there was none 'good' in November, 1933, and I have seen little since—sobers thought or makes for serious and deliberate judgment of a high order. . . ."

"Strange to say, the public officials at the Ellicott City Court House were working longer than ordinarily permitted under either the N.R.A. or old

political code—due to the trial of a murder case. . . .”

We need such virile stuff at Temple Bar and elsewhere. The Judge is as rich and generous in literary allusion as our own fine Judges. We have references here to “CARDOZO’s inimitable booklet, *The Judicial Process*,” “Amy’s mother in *Locksley Hall*,” “last Sunday’s *New York Times*,” “MEREDITH the writer,” “DISRAELI,” “Dr. GRAVES of the University of North Carolina,” “the late English bachelor jurist (McCARDIE),” “Judge BEN LINDSEY’s own doctrines of companionate trial marriages, which at least make a popular call to some persons believing in the wisdom of the ‘trial and error’ doctrine of the New Deal!”

And not only the Great are quoted. Even the poor humorist and journalist are permitted to contribute their mites of wisdom: “In one of this week’s daily articles by CARROLL DULANEY . . .” “Some day late this week DOROTHY DIX called attention to the fact that a wife, a baby and a yacht each cost about the same. . . .” “The tale . . . taxes human credulity. So, daily, does RIPLEY in his *Believe It or Not*.”

No “judicial ignorance” here of the common things of life. I believe the High Court Judges are few who spice their written judgments with extracts from *Punch* or *The Daily Express*. But Judge EUGENE O’DUNNE knows better.

And comes, I repeat, to a sound and humane conclusion upon the facts. And tells the strange story with attractive brightness:—

“The fair plaintiff (and she is fair, otherwise she would not have been chosen as ‘Color Girl’ at the Naval Academy exercises in the spring of 1933) . . . only a few hours before the marriage had decided *not* to be married (if the term ‘decided’ may ever be used with legal exactitude as applicable to any act of the adorable sex). Then followed a cocktail-party (in November, 1933, under legalised Prohibition) at one of the many informal dispensaries on Biddle Street. . . .”

Two friends, “R. Howard Bland, Jr., and his fair and charming young bride,” told the Judge what happened. “Most refreshing, not only in appearance but in the simple straightforward candor of their testimony. . . . When they joined the cocktail-party they said (in substance): ‘Now, Virginia, if you and John are going to get married, why, we think that is “swell,” and if you are, then talk quickly and get going. If you are *not* to marry, say so, as we have



“NO, DEAR, IT’S ‘PIUS IV.’ NOT ‘PLUS IV.’!”

a “bowling” engagement shortly and nothing less than the romance of a wedding is going to make us break it.”

“Another chapter of feminine indecision followed, during which the wedding was on and off more than once. Bland said, ‘Virginia, let’s get set; either there is to be a wedding or a bowling-match. Which is it?’”

It was 6.30 P.M., and the “licence bureau” at the Court House should be closed. But it wasn’t (due to the murder); and the clerk, *per* telephone, said: “‘Could they make the grade in half-an-hour?’ Yes, they thought they could. Into one parked roadster”—

(thrilling tale)—“hopped Miss Virginia and John. Into their roadster hopped Howard R. Bland, Jr., and his sweet bride. How the Knight Miller got there I now forget. Safe to assume they broke the speed-limit and ran the red lights, and in less than half-an-hour the five romanticists stood before Cupid’s Clerk with a dollar down and no interest or other instalments there to pay. Presumably the usual question was put by the Licence Clerk: ‘For dog or Woman?’ (Same price.) They unwisely chose *woman*. Running entirely true to feminine form, as soon as Miss Virginia got what she *thought*



she wanted she no longer wanted it. . . and she said, 'What should I do? I don't want to go through with it.'

But "Cupid's Clerk" had already directed them to an Episcopal minister. He counselled caution and reminded them that by a canon of his and their Church "three days must elapse in such case between application for marriage and performance of the religious ceremony. . . . But yonder is the home of a Presbyterian minister not bound by such stricture as to three days' delay. If I refuse to marry you for that reason would you go to him and get married to-night in any event?"

"Virginia's sporting blood rose to the surface . . . and she bravely said, 'I would.' 'Well,' said the good minister, 'in that case I would not want to be the humble instrument in the hands of inscrutable Providence in driving out of the Episcopal Church (and into another) two good members of this faith; therefore in such case I think I ought to marry you.'"

And he did, having, as the Judge fairly records, first tried and failed to "call his Bishop" on the telephone.

For the rest of the story there is no space. But the Judge gave it a happy ending, and let us salute him.

And you, reader, who are accustomed to deride American customs, pray do not miss the moral of this story, in which it is not too easy divorce but too easy marriage that causes all the trouble. A. P. H.

### At the Play.

"HYDE PARK CORNER" (APOLLO).

LET us praise Mr. WALTER HACKETT for his courage as a cocktail-mixer—equal parts of heavy tragedy and broad farce with a dash of metempsychosis or (is it?) of a special new brand of heredity unknown to MENDEL, DARWIN or LAMARCK. Clearly the two first ingredients are often blended, or rather juxtaposed, by the great masters; but I think it will be found to be as well to arrange that the funny folk while being funny—and indeed the desultory folk while being desultory—should not already have seen the corpses propped up behind the arras. And as for psychic or spookish or pseudo-scientific ingredients, while they need not be in fact strictly reasonable they should for a space be made to appear so. And one of the sound devices of the dramatist for ensuring this illusion is to keep the action going at as smart a pace as possible.

Mr. HACKETT, however, chooses to be in the most leisurely mood imagin-

able, and while in particular he is providing Miss MARIAN LORNE with those opportunities of shrugging, blethering, blundering, chuckling, interrupting, misunderstanding, vaguely ruminating and opening wide eyes of wonder, we have time to be harbouring misgivings. If you will take this affair bit by bit without trying to see it—indeed deliberately trying not to see it—as a whole there is a good deal of entertainment to be got out of it, and there are plenty of very happy ingenuities in detail.

There is, besides, heaps of blood; no fewer than four corpses—one victim of a duel, two plain murders, one suicide; and one corpse-to-be, by hanging. This last I add on the authority



POLICE COURT INFORMALITIES.

Sophie Wittering. . . . . MISS MARION LORNE.  
Sir Richard Carstairs, K.C. . . . MR. GODFREY TEARLE.

of Sir Richard Carstairs, K.C., defending counsel.

One evening in 1780, in young Mr. Edward Chester's fine new ADAM house at Hyde Park Corner, the host was arranging to have his honest revenge at faro on a certain rich upstart tradesman, Sir Arthur Gannet (Mr. J. H. ROBERTS), to whom he had already lost a large sum and whose wife he had incidentally been busy seducing. Sir Arthur was arranging to have his further carefully-planned revenge at the same game. His design was to ruin the seducer completely. A handsome scapegrace, Captain Richard Carstairs (Mr. GODFREY TEARLE), cashiered and masquerading under another name, is blackmailed by the ruthless knight into being his croupier and is provided with a trick box to deal from.

The game ends partly according to Sir Arthur's plan in that young Chester (Mr. J. WHITMORE HUMPHREYS) loses all his fortune and, by a reasonable extension of the plan, Sir Arthur being a good swordsman, his life in a duel; and partly according to the plans of

Bow Street—the footman, Cheattle (Mr. GORDON HARKER), giving the signal for a raid at the appropriate moment. Chester had expressed doubts of this man. And no wonder, for anyone less like the footman he professed to be and more like the Bow Street Runner he actually was could hardly be imagined.

Incidentally an odd lady, the Hon. Mrs. Sophia Wittering (Miss MARION LORNE), had been picking other people's stakes off the cloth in the most obvious way, with Captain Carstairs using his authority as croupier, gallantly settling every dispute in her favour. Chester, dying, laid a solemn curse on Gannet and his house which impressed Carstairs readily and impressed Sir Arthur much against his habit and will.

And this explains, or is supposed to explain, why one-hundred-and-fifty-four years later a Mr. Edward Chester is appearing at Marlborough Police Court on a charge of murdering the current Gannet at an ADAM house, near Hyde Park Corner. And why handsome Sir Richard Carstairs, K.C., is so interested in the shoplifter, Sophie Wittering, who has picked on him for her defence—interested even to the point of saying in his engaging way, in the course of his examination, "I may call you 'Sophie,' mayn't I?"; and why Sophie the shoplifter's fate is linked with Police-Constable Cheattle's; and many other queer things.

Whose is the corpse wedged against the window, what the sinister butler with catlike tread has in and on his mind, what the untasted supper laid for two really implies, who was being unfaithful to and with whom, and who killed whom and why—all this I must leave you to discover.

The acting is as good as is needed by this kind of play, in which the interest is rather in the twists and turns of the story than in the subtlety of the playing. The Lorneites and Harkerites were clearly happy about their fancies. And Mr. GODFREY TEARLE and Mr. ROBERTS really seemed to relish the flavour of their queer opportunities. T.

"YES, MADAM" (HIPPODROME).

Eccentricity in wills is quite a common thing, lawyers tell me. People frequently direct that half-a-ton of back-studs shall be sent every Maundy Thursday to the Chapter of St. Paul's or that a brace of the best kippers shall be despatched once a week by air to the President of Liberia, and so long as their executors have been bribed into concurring and the money holds out, their wishes must be respected. I do



not propose, therefore, to take any exception to the will which sets this musical comedy in motion, for the launch is carried out quietly without a drop of Empire wine, and we are left more or less untroubled by legal quibbles. But you must understand that some old gentleman with more money than sense had recently died and left £80,000 each to *Sally Ganthony* (Miss BINNIE HALE) and *Bill Quinton* (Mr. BOBBY HOWES) on condition that they enter domestic service for two months and hold their jobs down during that time. A suspicion of a sack and the money is to go, *faute de mieux*, to a natty young fellow named *Tolliver* (Mr. BILLY LEONARD). *Sally* and *Bill* are cousins of sorts, but they have never met, so that when the family solicitor—and for this I consider that the man merits censure—gets them work in the same house they start socially from zero. From the first, however, the mercury shows marked activity.

It is high time, I think, that some philologist devoted his attention to the proper transcription of North-Country dialect. The inability to convey the nuances of Bradford or Bolton is a deplorable gap in the critic's armoury. For if I tell you that the house to which our heroine and hero go is the London residence of a retired button-magnate from the North you are likely to miss a great deal of the point; while all the time I am eager to intimate swiftly and accurately that our *Mr. Peabody* (Mr. WYLIE WATSON) is a booton-magnate . . . a būton-magnate . . . a beughton-magnate—I can't do it. A great pity. Anyway, he is. And whereas he himself has remained a nice simple old boy with a taste for bitter and actresses and a loathing for boiled shirts, his sister (Miss BERTHA BELMORE) has fairly polished up her English and discovered an ambition to insert poor *Mr. Peabody* into politics.

Cupid's approach-shots are prettily played on a step-ladder by *Sally* and *Bill*, who little suspect that they are laying the foundation for a union of £160,000; the natty *Tolliver* reveals a ruthless streak and tries out a series of criminal dodges to get *Bill* sacked; but these fail as *Bill* becomes increasingly dear to his master owing to his attempted recovery of certain injudiciously-phrased letters which *Mr. Peabody* has recently addressed to an actress.

There is plenty of comic material here, so much indeed that it seems to me a mistake to bother with eleven

different scenes and a sometimes crowded stage. Superb *Mr. Peabody* and *Bill* and *Sally* are the essence of the piece, and the more they are together, intimately, the happier we are. Too

much time is also taken up with rather machine-made dialogue of the music-hall variety; but when the authors (Messrs. K. R. G. BROWNE, WESTON and LEE) let themselves go the fun is furious.

It is most furious in the scene where *Sally* and *Bill*, returning in the small hours from a night-club without latch-keys, are joined outside the *Peabody* mansion by the owner himself, drunk, and properly so, since the Association of British Button Manufacturers has just, at their annual dinner, elected him King Button for the year. After some admirable fooling, *Mr. Peabody* mounts on *Bill's* shoulders to investigate the upper windows, and in this position (*Mr. Peabody's* long cloak covering his feet and *Bill's* head) they are surprised by a policeman, who is no less surprised to find an eleven-foot burglar with a spare voice in the region of his stomach. This is a painfully funny scene, and the cat-chorus between *Bill* and *Mr. Peabody* which follows hurts nearly as much.

Miss BINNIE HALE is very expert in the rôle of temporary house-maid, bringing the archness of the Nippy to her own personal charm; Mr. BOBBY HOWES is as entertaining as ever, varying his mood cleverly and playing all kinds of gnomish tricks: these two combine excellently. As for Mr. WYLIE WATSON, I can only say that his unsmiling North-Country humour delights me.

All the cast could be praised. The Chorus work neatly and are at their best in a well-dressed military scene; and at a conservative estimate there are three good tunes. ERIC.

### Parliamentary Pictures.

Mr. Punch desires to call the attention of his readers to an Exhibition of "Parliamentary Sketches and Westminster Woodcuts," by A. W. LLOYD, with paintings and drawings by KATHARINE LLOYD, to be opened at the Cooling Galleries, 92, New Bond Street, W.1 at 3 P.M. on Monday, October 22nd, by the Right Hon. J. H. WHITLEY. The Exhibition will be open till November 3rd, from 9 till 6; Saturdays, 9 till 1.

### The Harmonious Party.

"The National Liberal Federation of Music yesterday decided to fight all along the line at the next general election, contesting 400 seats without entering into any compact." *Steamship Bulletin.*



STEP-SONG.

Bill Quinton . . . . . Mr. BOBBY HOWES.  
Sally Ganthony . . . . . Miss BINNIE HALE.



A GOOD TURN.

MISS VERA PEARCE DOES A CART-WHEEL.



"DARLING, I'VE GOT THE MOST MARVELLOUS FORTUNE-TELLER. SHE DOESN'T USE TEA-CUPS; SHE DOES IT ALL WITH COCKTAIL-GLASSES."

### The Sallynoran Smoker.

LOCAL accounts of the unexpected arrival of the discarded railway-carriage purchased at the distant depôt by Thady Miles a few years ago and brought five miles to a corner of his field near the bog are so vivid as to show some discrepancy.

On one point, however, the historians are unanimous: a railway-carriage was the very last thing anyone would have thought of meeting on the narrow lane to Sallynoran bog, even though further investigation proved that the wheels had been removed and that a row of dingy compartments rested upon two low hay-slides placed end to end and drawn by a pair of Tierney's farm-horses. At any time the driver of a vehicle on Sallynoran lane trusts in a Providence that will dissuade the driver of any other from using the same route but travelling in an opposite direction.

"Didn't I very near come to conclusions with the same ould Smoker, meself an' the jimmet?" young Doyle says bitterly. "Sure Thady had no call to intruduce the like of that yoke down here widout a yes, ay or no."

Another witness of the arrival thought merely that the gipsies had

come back, and he called indoors to his wife to bring out the wicker-chair purchased from those wanderers a month earlier and broken, as he said, "in seven halves."

"The bite'll be on theirselves now," he remembers saying triumphantly, "the roistherin' rogues!" But it wasn't the gipsies; it was the Smoker.

The imaginative and talkative Mrs. Doyle herself has lurid memories of that autumn day. Attracted to her door by the noise and seeing the railway-carriage above the hedge, she presumed that it was travelling of its own accord, so to speak, and the shock was so great that she "took a sudden tie-up in the back of her skull" and has never been quite the same since—or so she says.

"I took no heavy intherest in the rumble at the first goin' off," she insists, "but look'd, when I seen a railway-thrain shuntin' apast the gate, an' we five good miles from the station, the life very near left me; but when the yoke took to whistle I was done. To this very day I do be in dhread of me life for fear one of them expresses might come beltin' down to the bog, the Lord between us an' all harm."

Which is unreasonable of old Mrs. Doyle, who for a long time has been familiar with the history of the railway-

carriage and can see its stove-pipe above the hedgerow of Thady's four acres, close to the crumbling cabin that now acts as an outhouse.

But it is not from its belching stove-pipe that the carriage got its name. Did not every witness of its coming read the word "SMOKING" on each of its windows, so what else could they call it?

\* \* \* \* \*

Occupied by what is known in those parts as "a confounded bachelor," Thady's dwelling is the chosen rendezvous of the men of Sallynoran lane, who linger there when the day's work is done, unharried by the uneasy presence of any woman of the house.

As Lar Toomey remarks from time to time, having travelled to Dublin on a day-excursion years ago and having suffered much at the seething terminus in an effort to find a seat in the returning train, "I never can take me time gettin' into the Smoker, however it is; I do always be full sure 'twill be gone off across the bog if so be I vegetate one minute at the door."

For a while this excursionist had it all his own way in a compulsorily stay-at-home community, and his reminiscences grew wearisome, until at last Tierney's nephew from Belfast temporarily joined the nightly gathering



and succeeded in doing what his gratified host described as "batin' Lar off of the excursion" by a highly-coloured account of his own experiences when crossing the Border between Northern Ireland and the Free State.

"We got as far as Ballymanus," the newcomer told his listeners in the accent they found so intriguing, "an' all the people that wanted to jine the thrain there was pawin' at a barrier to get onto the platform, but dom the fears of them makin' anny headway till the Customs fella was pacified! I had to open a parcel meself, an' the whole cargo of me belongin's was around the place. Ay, indeed," he went on, "them people was dancin' in all directions outside, for I hear 'tis a usual event for the thrain to start widout them an' then to have to go back. Man dear, it's a fright."

With the departure of young Mr. Tierney, however, the deposed excursionist roused himself again, and this time he made no mistake. When on an autumn evening the hanging lamp flared dangerously close to some old newspapers in the luggage-rack, Lar Toomey was seen to claw desperately high up on the other side of the kitchen while a less experienced traveller removed the threatened papers.

"Wasn't I sthrivin' to pull the communication-cord?" Lar said simply.

D. M. L.

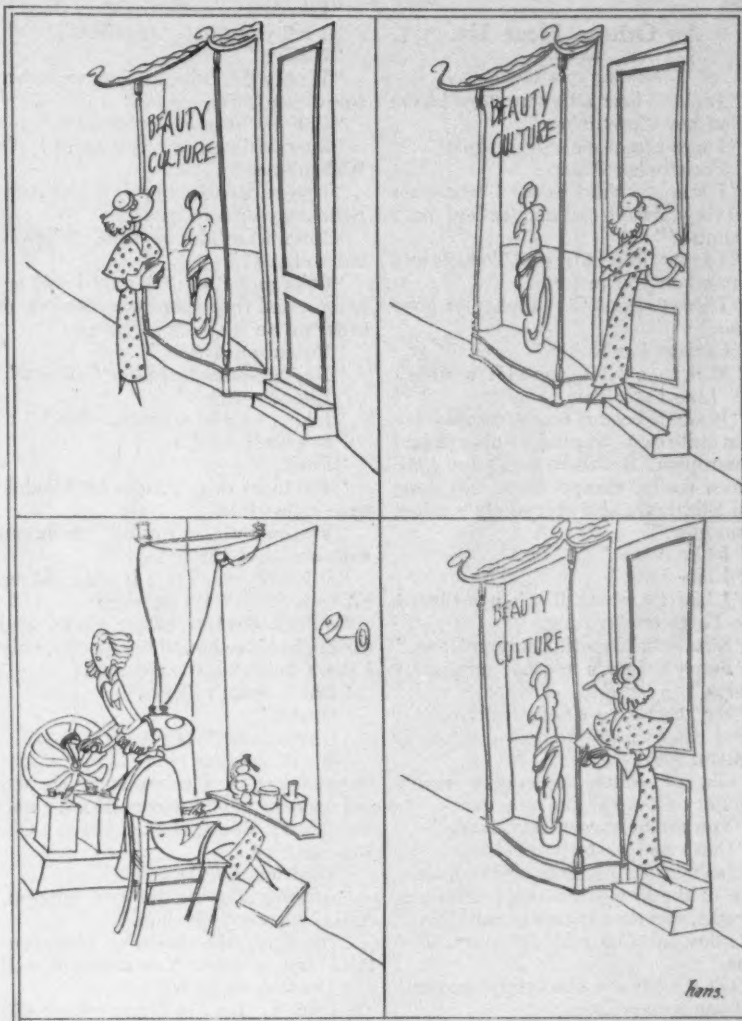
### The Eagle's Understudy.

(Correspondence in "The Sunday Times" makes it clear that while eagles, golden or otherwise, have long been extinct in Wales, buzzards, smaller birds but majestic in flight, with a cry like a "mew," have become much more numerous of late years, especially on the heights of Cader Idris.)

In quest of some strange "birdling"  
Or "beasticle" or brute,  
Some folk are always girdling  
The world in hot pursuit;  
They fly to mid-Australia  
Or penetrate Peru;  
I am content with Gwalia,  
Where the great buzzards "mew."

Yet as the loveliest roses  
Are never free from thorns,  
The sober truth discloses  
One grief that Cambria mourns;  
For while her charm inveigles,  
Her glamour never fails,  
There are no golden eagles  
In gallant little Wales.

But pointedly disowning  
The royal bird's retreat,  
Nature is found enthroning  
The buzzard in his seat;



And though no eagle's lair is  
On Cader Idris' crest,  
The *Buteo vulgaris*  
Builds there its craggy nest.

Though Scotia's capercaillie  
May soar on mightier pens,  
And caracoles more gaily  
When courting of his hens,  
The buzzard, though phlegmatic  
And sluggish in the main,  
Can be as acrobatic  
As any aeroplane.

He is no lounging lizard  
When high aloft he sails,  
No worry frets his gizzard,  
His beak is hard as nails;  
Fearless he fronts the blizzard  
With grit that never quails,  
For the buzzard and the Wizard  
Preserve the Soul of Wales.

C. L. G.

### Solution of Last Week's Crossword Puzzle.

W		B	L	U	E	P	E	T	E	R		A
A	L	T	O	N	E	R	A	T	O	P		
N		D	E	T	E	N	T	I	O	N		A
T	A	L	E	R	C	F	D	I	S	C		
E		G	U	E	L	A		H				
D	E	F	A	C	E	S		P	E	N	N	I
I		A		A		A		U		S		
S	O	V		S	H	U	N	T	E	D		S
E		C		C	H	G		U				
S		U	R	N	A	M	E		S	T	E	P
I		A		O		S		H		A		E
S		N	U	B		T		T		R		T
T				O		T	H	E	R		W	I
E		A	S	T		E		I		F		N
R				H	E	R	O	D	O	T	U	S

NOTE.—In the solution given last week the word "ALOR" was printed instead of "AXLE." Heaven knows why.



## As Others Hear Us.

## Naming this Child.

"If she'd been a boy we should have called her Christopher."

"I like Christopher frightfully."

"Christopher Robin."

"I know a child called Christopher and they always call him Toffler. Isn't it idiotic?"

"I know, like Baby and Toddler and Tiny when you're forty."

"I always think Christopher is a good name."

"Christopher Robin."

"Still, that'd date one a bit, wouldn't it? Like Peter Pan."

"If she'd been a boy it would have been quite easy, because we always said Christopher. But there aren't any girls' names really, except Anne and Jane and Elizabeth, and everybody's called them now."

"I like Anne."

"I like Jane."

"I like Elizabeth if it's not turned into Betty or anything."

"Elizabeth, Elspeth, Betsy and Bess."

"Fancy! John's mother suggested Gladys."

"My dear, one simply couldn't be called Gladys nowadays! What a frightful idea!"

"Oh, of course we never really thought of it for a single moment."

"You might as well say Mabel."

"Don't be so utterly revolting."

"Isn't it funny how awful names were in the last generation? Ours are all right, and the *old* ones are all right."

"Like Caroline and Julia and Belinda."

"Oh, Caroline's absolutely modern. Caroline's marvellous."

"So's Julia."

"I like Charlotte."

"Apple Charlotte."

"That's put me off again. I was just beginning to think Charlotte might do. But it wouldn't really. It might turn into Lottie."

"My dear! Not nowadays. I mean, if you're going to have a pet name at all it'd have to be a proper one, like Stinker or Bunny or Rags. You couldn't just be called by an abbreviation."

"I can't bear the name of Barbara. I don't know why."

"You probably know a beastly one. It's all association really. Psychoanalysis tells you so."

"I think Barbara's marvellous. So's Diana."

"No, I think Diana's going right out."

"So's Patricia."

"Why not a double name and always call her both? I like that rather."

"Like Marjorie-Ann or Mary-Jane?"

"I tell you what—Jennifer."

"Gillian."

"If only she'd been a boy we meant to call her Christopher."

"Call her after SHAKESPEARE."

"Just William, do you mean? Or Wilhelmina?"

"I mean Rosalind or Juliet or Anne Hathaway or something."

"I don't like any of them. Who else did he have?"

"Celia and Rosalind, only I said her before; and then there was someone or other on an island."

"Robinson Crusoe."

"No, no—somebody like Caliban."

"I know—Ariel."

"Like an aerial railway. No."

"It wasn't Ariel."

"Puck."

"Too like a dog. I knew an Airedale once called Puck."

"You're putting me off. It began with an 'S,' I think."

"I know exactly. It was Silvia. 'Who is Silvia? What is she . . . ?'"

"John's aunt is called Silvia, and she might leave her all her money, only I don't believe she's got any."

"But it wasn't Silvia."

"Olivia."

"Olivia doesn't begin with an 'S.'"

"What masses you know about SHAKESPEARE! I never knew he had any women much, except Romeo and Juliet and Rosalind and Celia. Oh, and Beatrice."

"That was DANTE."

"Anyway, I don't like any of them. And John wants Marion."

"My dear, you couldn't! It's absolutely out-of-date. You might as well say Dorothy or Isabel."

"I know. Isn't it funny? They did have the most frightful names in those days. Ivy and Daisy and Violet."

"How too awful!"

"The woman on the island was Miranda."

"Really? Wasn't there a book called *Miranda of the Island*?"

"Balcony."

"Juliet was the balcony, if you mean SHAKESPEARE. But anyway, I don't think I want her to go all literary. If she'd been a boy we should have just called her Christopher."

"Well, I like Christopher. Or Christopher Robin."

"The main thing is to give her the same sort of name, if you know what I mean, as all the other people of her own generation, and yet something absolutely original."

"I know exactly what you mean. Some name like Jane."

"Or Elizabeth."

"Or Anne."

E. M. D.

## A Matter of Chance.

"SIR JAMES JEANS," I remarked, "says that if we toss a ton of pennies in the air half-a-ton will come down heads and the other half tails."

"Nonsense!" said Elmer. "They are just as likely all to come down heads."

I tried to look impressive. "If two thousand million people each tossed up a million tons of pennies every second for a hundred thousand billion years there wouldn't be a billionth chance in a billion billion billion that one whole ton would come down heads. And those figures," I added, "wildly understate the case."

"They are just as likely to come down heads as anything else," said Elmer.

"But, my dear chap, it's a question of sequence. I know an all-head sequence is as likely a sequence as any other sequence, but only one sequence is an all-head sequence, while ever so many sequences are fifty-fifty sequences, so you can be confident of getting a fifty-fifty result—at any rate within an ounce or two."

"Not at all," said Elmer. "It's entirely a question of chance. One thing is quite as likely to happen as anything else. Fifty per cent. might be heads; seventy-five per cent. might be; a hundred per cent. might be. Nobody knows."

"I know nobody knows, but the odds are so huge that in practice you *do* know. Nobody knows the sun will rise to-morrow, but everybody knows it *will*. And so it is with pennies. Half-a-ton are sure to come down tails."

"I don't think you quite understand," said Elmer kindly. "It's just like thirteen Spades at bridge. Thirteen Spades are just as probable as any other hand. There are laws about it."

"Yes, but don't you see there are millions and millions and millions of ways of getting half-a-ton of heads but only one way of getting all heads? Therefore it is a practical certainty that you will get approximately half-and-half. You surely don't imagine that if you actually tossed up a ton of pennies you *would* get a ton of heads?"

"They are just as likely to come down heads as anything else," said Elmer.

"SIR JAMES JEANS—" I began impatiently.

"He made a mistake," said Elmer.

\* \* \* \* \*

And there seems to be only one thing for it. So would some kind bank provide us with a hundred-and-seventy-thousand five hundred pennies? Elmer has eighteenpennyworth of coppers, and the remaining twopence I daresay I can find myself.



"YES, ME DAUGHTER TAKES ME TO THE PICTURES NOW AND THEN, BUT I'M NOT WHAT YOU'D CALL A OUT-AND-OUT FILM FAUN."

### The Roman Villa.

AN eligible villa  
 Stood in a Cotswold glade,  
 With baths and central-heating  
 And floors and walls inlaid,  
 And fancy-birds from Phasis  
 Soared o'er its woodlands free,  
 And the grounds were stocked  
 with succulent  
 Great snails from Burgundy.

That eligible villa  
 Is empty now and old,  
 The pavements lack mosaics,  
 The hypocausts are cold;

Yet still the jewelled pheasant  
 High o'er its woodland sails,  
 And in the mosses still you'll find  
 The big Burgundian snails.

### In a Good Cause.

THE Alexandra Orphanage is the oldest orphanage for boys and girls in the country; but the chief reason why it asks for £10,000 a year in donations is that in the care and training of three-hundred-and-sixty fatherless boys and girls day by day it is meeting a real need of 1934. Lord PLENDER is making an appeal for the One-Hundred-

and-Seventy-Fifth Anniversary Festival, to be held at the Mansion House on October 23rd. The President is H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES, and Lord MARSHALL has been the active Treasurer for the last thirty-six years. We commend the appeal to all who like to help fatherless children through a reliable and proved institution. Donations may be addressed to Lord PLENDER, at the Office of the Orphanage, 34-40, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.

"Queen Elizabeth arrived Split (Sept. 14)."  
*Daily Paper.*

She seems to have been a long time in the post.



"DASH! SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS."

"Oh, I say, THAT'S MARVELLOUS! I'M SURE I COULDN'T TELL THEIR MAKES FROM BEHIND."

### Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

#### Wells in the Making.

MR. H. G. WELLS would have us believe that his is a "very ordinary brain." That of course is nonsense. Everybody else knows that it is a most extraordinarily alert and inquiring, vigorous and constructive brain. Were it not so, why should its owner be at the pains to conduct or we to investigate the *Experiment in Autobiography* (GOLLANCZ AND CRESSET PRESS, Vol. I., 10/6) in which its "discoveries and conclusions" are recorded? Not that cerebral activities are the book's only matter. The circumstances of Mr. WELLS's early years, at home and at school, in drapery and pharmacy, as student, schoolmaster and journalist are rendered with the mastery which created *Kipps* and *Tono Bungay*. There are portraits, ranging from HUXLEY to the obscurest counter-jumper, to rank with *Mr. Polly* and *Uncle Ponderoso*. Humanity and humour abound. But there is little anecdote for its own sake. All subserves the main end of explaining by what processes and as the fruit of what experiences Mr. WELLS arrived at those views on life and society with which he has made us familiar in half-a-hundred volumes. The result is of most absorbing interest, stimulating and fecund. This first instalment brings us only to the threshold of its author's career. It is mainly a story of false starts, of trials and errors—all of high educational value. One looks forward with impatience to the sequel, the story of the fulfilment.

#### Mr. Lansbury Builds Jerusalem.

The main rift, I feel, between Mr. LANSBURY and those who love England as he loves her and are not Socialists is their appreciation of the fact that a government which cossets must also coerce, and that everything you gain from the State in corporate comfort you lose in individual freedom. But property as it is distributed at present may possibly have to go; and *My England* (SELWYN AND BLOUNT, 7/6) not only gives a hundred excellent reasons for a national change of heart and conduct but a hundred not always equally valuable suggestions for the directions that conduct should take. The book is not (for good and bad) the work of a doctrinaire. It is the work of a man who has spent his life on the spadework of social reform. He is all for colonising the land, but with a clutter of urban "amenities" and of course no ownership. He has no explicit alternative to the financial absurdities he deplores. But he is sound on eliminating the causes of crime and want—for you cannot humanise prisons and workhouses—and his plea for a "nobler revelation and a simpler standard of life" should not go unheeded.

#### Peace?

The bitter truths about the unrelieved evils of war cannot be re-stated too often by men of reputation, and I think they have never been put more tellingly or with greater sincerity than by Mr. A. A. MILNE in *Peace with Honour* (METHUEN, 5/-). Mr. MILNE is completely outspoken in his belief that what is wrong for the individual



must remain wrong for aggregations of individuals; that the National Churches, by invariably guaranteeing divine enthusiasm for their country's forces, have debased their true position; that the morality of nations is so far below that of ordinary people that the element of honour is absent, being replaced by a thing called prestige, an artificial pride in power which in the individual would be considered both un-Christian and in bad taste; and that if it were once agreed that on the outbreak of war the forty leading citizens in each country would be ignominiously hanged, war would quickly be found to be "outside the sphere of practical politics." His own suggestion is simply that war should be solemnly and simultaneously renounced by the leaders of every country—a proposition very easy to laugh at but in no way more absurd than that the nations should race one another, with increasing bankruptcy and insecurity, in accumulating the machinery of inhumane slaughter. Mr. MILNE, I think, underates the disinterestedness of the bulk of Churchmen and statesmen and ignores the question of the Far East, which, even assuming Europe's capacity to keep her word, is vital to any plan. But whatever one's views on particular facets of the problem, one feels that he has tackled it from what is ultimately the only sane standpoint, namely—that it is the Noisy Patriot who prevents the Quiet Patriot from enjoying his country in peace.

#### The World in His Stride.

For a thorough-going exemplification of the tediousness and sententious superciliousness associated with the trying process of growing up as compared with the urbane accomplishment familiar to those who have achieved maturity, commend me to the *Journals and Letters of Reginald, Viscount Escher* (NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 25/-). Reared in the inner sanctuaries of Mayfair and Westminster the late Lord ESHER drifted into the conduct of affairs of State as readily as a grocer's son may become a grocer. He kept a journal when frankly he had nothing to say; was from his cradle credited with abilities which he had hardly yet disclosed, and eventually entered the Civil Service—from the top—without any very visible aptitude. There, with true national inconsistency, he was a brilliant success. The latter part of this volume, consisting mainly of letters to the son who is now his editor, indicates a many-sided accomplishment wholly on the side of reasoned progress and national decorum. The record of contacts with "notables" takes on a truly regal sparkle as this life-story of the keeper of royal palaces proceeds. I am now looking forward keenly to the second instalment, but I very nearly foundered on the first half of this.



#### THE SOFTER SPEECH.

"NOW COME ON, YOU NON-ARYAN BOYS—OF IT!"

#### Bruce without the Spider.

It is only too true, I am afraid, that Robert Bruce, King of Scots (MACLEHOSE, 12/6) is best remembered by most of us as the hero of a fatuous rhyme and by English historians as a shifty partisan if also a skilful fighter. Miss AGNES MURE MACKENZIE will have neither of these aspects; but being profoundly interested in those heroic solitaires who come to the rescue of the spiritual or the temporal *patria* in times of need, she sees in the victor of Bannockburn a magnanimous as well as a resourceful figure. Handicapped



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by the lack of contemporary Scots chronicles, she has nevertheless succeeded in clearing BRUCE from his uglier complicities in English retaliation—notably the death of WALLACE; but her suggestion that COMYN was armed when BRUCE murdered him before the Greyfriars' altar is hinted without authority. I wearied of continual gibes against England, of which the silliest is the attribution of a proprietary God like the KAISER's to the English of 1306. On the other hand, she has gone over the terrain of Bannockburn with a six-inch survey, and taken exceptional pains over her account of the final reintegration of BRUCE's kingdom.

### A Good Mystery.

MR. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL, who has so often delighted readers of *Punch* with his chronicles of "The Birdkin Family" and other stories, wrote his last novel, *Nothing Hid* (COLLINS, 7/6), in a different vein of which he was equally a master, giving it that atmosphere of country life which he knew so well how to create. Few novelists of our day have been able to sketch, as he could, the ways of country-house and village society, their intimacies and interests, the fulness of their background. This gracious setting makes the crime of which *Nothing Hid* is the history at once more real to the reader and more horrible. I should like to say—but must speak cautiously, for this is one of those books where the reader, for his best enjoyment, must be kept guessing—that I was not able to put my finger on the real criminal until just before the author was ready to point that criminal out to me; that the very long court scene held my unflagging interest from beginning to end, and that one or two of the characters in this book are worthy to rank with the best that Mr. MARSHALL ever created—which in the way of praise is to say a good deal.

### The Dancing Virus.

MR. ARNOLD L. HASKELL's *Balletomania* (GOLLANCZ, 18/-), which he deprecatingly describes as "the story of an obsession," is something very much better than that. It shows him as in essence a sensitive and instructed critic with the critic's best gift of making understandable and admirable to others the work which he himself admires and understands. If he is lunatic enough to set off to the ends of the earth at a moment's notice just because some member of the company casually says, "Of course you'll come to America with us," he will spend his time ardently cross-questioning anyone who has anything to teach him; and if this were a planned instead of a happily improvised book it might serve as an authoritative guide

to the theory and practice of the entrepreneurs, choreographers, dancers and decorators of the Russian ballets of the past twenty years. That book Mr. HASKELL may yet write, and an orderly history to follow it. Here he gives an impression of DIAGHILEV much more favourable than that of ROMOLA NIJINSKY and an account of the tragic quarrel and sequelæ which seems on the face of it less unlikely. There are many really beautiful and informative photographs of contemporary dancers.

### The Big Five.

Although Mr. D. R. JARDINE's absence from first-class cricket during last summer was very regrettable, he has at any rate shown in *Ashes—and Dust* (HUTCHINSON, 6/-)

that he is a sound and careful reporter of the game. During the Test Matches he watched the tactics of the captains and the placing of the field with an eagle eye, and students of cricket will assuredly profit by reading the shrewd remarks which come from his pen. On controversial questions Mr. JARDINE has definite views, but I think that most of us who love cricket will value his book rather as a faithful record of some wonderful matches than for its references to contentious and wearisome topics.

### Secret Service.

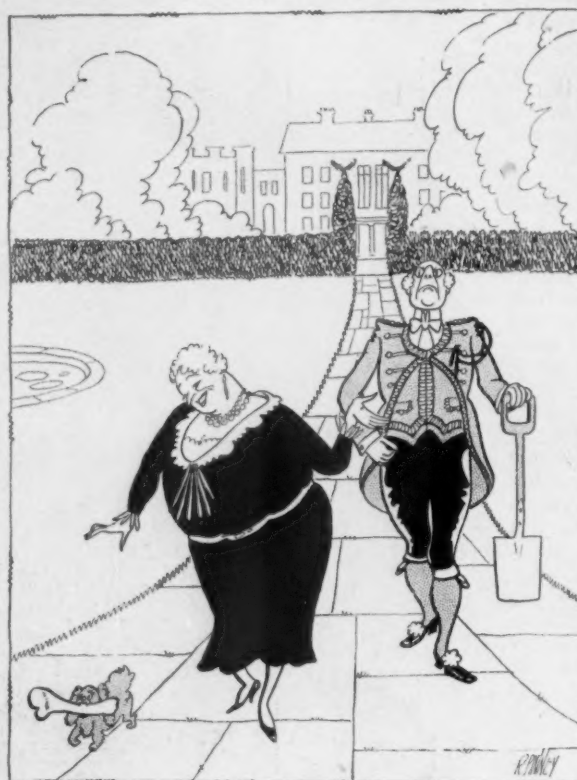
Staged in Venice at the end of the eighteenth century *Venetian Masque* (HUTCHINSON, 7/6) is as full-blooded a romance as Mr. RAFAEL SABATINI's adherents could conceivably require. At the outset the story may be a little difficult to follow, so numerous are the intrigues; but Mr. SABATINI is far too skilled a novelist to envelop his readers in a permanent mist, and very quickly he makes clear the issues in which his intriguers are involved. And apart from the series of hazards in which *Marc-Antoine Villiers de Melleville* and other bold men repeatedly found themselves, he has drawn a vivid picture of Venice as she moved tragically to her fall.

### Mr. Punch on Tour.

THE Exhibition of original work of Living *Punch* Artists recently held at the *Punch* Office will be on view at the Usher Art Gallery, Lincoln, from October 20th to November 17th, and later at Sunderland, Rochdale and Huddersfield.

The Exhibition of Prints depicting humorous situations between Doctor and Patient will be on view at the Public Art Gallery, Folkestone, from November 5th to December 1st.

Invitations to visit either of these Exhibitions will be gladly sent to readers if they apply to the Secretary, *Punch* Offices, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.



"THERE, THERE, MY LITTLE OODLUMS, JENKINS WILL HELP YOU BURY YOUR BONE."

## Charivaria.

THE announcement that the B.B.C. proposes to broadcast a Russian opera called *Lady Macbeth of Mtsinsk* is a reminder of progress. There was a time when nobody could have got even the title through a microphone.

\*\*

"You must be made to understand," Mr. Justice HUMPHREY told a prisoner, "that you cannot make a hobby of bigamy." We may point out, nevertheless, that without the help of the late Mr. WILFIE CLARKSON nobody could hope to make a business of it.

\*\*

"A suitcase plastered with labels indicates the inexperienced tourist," writes a journalist. Or the inexperienced cook.

\*\*

"Why is the earth always regarded as feminine?" asks a correspondent. Well, for one thing, nobody knows exactly how old she is.

\*\*

Evidence has come to light that the ancient Persians had a parcel-post somewhat similar to the modern service. The possibility is therefore not to be dismissed that parcels posted by the ancient Persians are still in transit.

\*\*

We are assured that all-the-year bathers never suffer from colds. Now we understand why bathing-suits are made without handkerchief-pockets.

\*\*

Sir GILBERT SCOTT's successful design for the new Waterloo Bridge is

described as being on "greyhound" lines. There is support for the suggestion that the architect deserves a Waterloo Cup.

\*\*

The fact that most jewels seem to be stolen while the owners are at dinner leads us to suggest that the best thing is for jewel-owners to give up dinner.

restricted. All the same, a request for a *Bradshaw* would be regarded with suspicion.

\*\*

Professor SABOTA, supporting the candidature of M. PADEREWSKI for Lord Rector of Glasgow University, said: "I would say that PADEREWSKI as Lord Rector would do for the University what the Loch Ness monster has done for Scotland." It will be a tough job, however, to work up the necessary disbelief in his existence.

\*\*

A teashop proprietor says he cannot understand why so many waitresses leave to get married. It cannot be the ring that attracts them.

\*\*

In a London Court recently a man informed the magistrates that by profession he was a poet. He did not reveal, however, what he did for a living.

\*\*

An airman claims that his pet lion can pick out his car when it is parked among hundreds. All the same, our feeling is that car-owners should dispense with the assistance of lions.

\*\*

The increasing number of opulent-

looking cars to be seen waiting in the Harley Street district is regarded as evidence that people are now able to afford the best medical advice. And the best cars.

\*\*

The last two names appearing in the list of members who will serve on the Committee on Road Safety are those of Mr. TRIPP and Captain SILLITOE. It is untrue, however, that these gentlemen will represent exclusively the interests of pedestrians.



THE MARRIAGE WILL NOT TAKE PLACE.

Splitters of the atom have been entertained at tea. Another interesting function would be a tea-party for splitters of the infinitive.

\*\*

In accounts of the G.P.O.'s recent Art Exhibition we saw no mention of line-drawings in Post-Office pen-and-ink.

\*\*

It is stated that the selection of books by convicts in our prisons is quite un-

## Yarra Unvisited.

MELBOURNE, the whimsy seized me when I heard  
That men were flying far above the scenery  
From England that I too would be a bird  
And greet you first upon your first centenary.  
Alas! that human wishes should be vain!  
"Stop!" said the Muse, "you have no  
aeroplane;  
To try to hire one now would be insane;  
In fact, the height of greenery."

What could I do thus ordered but obey,  
Though ardent for the skies and deeply scorning  
The petty earth I trod on (and the way  
All high adventures need official warning)?  
But nothing, Melbourne, nothing save the lack  
Of previous preparation kept me back  
From starting out upon the airy track  
At six on Saturday morning.

But if some other swallow flying South  
To sink the Pole Star and arrive down under  
Would kindly take my message in his mouth,  
Barring all hurts, I hope, and every blunder,  
Melbourne, I do believe that you might scan  
This printed page of ours not later than  
London and all the rest of England can.  
Will you do that, we wonder? EVOR.

## Kultur.

Typical english conversations for nordic Students.

(Made in Germany.)

## III.—SPORTY TALK.

Lord Smith. Let us telehone some of the best people and brobose a party at cricket, foutbal, tennice, rogger, sogger, pingping, horse-polo or le croquet.

Lord Robinson. I pooh-pooh the idea. It rains cat and dog, with thunder. Besides, my hat, there is snow, I hear! Too bad!

Viscount Brown. I too pooh-pooh the idea. Let us therefore commence a conversation of a sporty species. Eh what?

Lord Smith. Are we all sporty public schoolers?

Lord Robinson and Viscount Brown (together). Indeed of course we naturally attended the very best establishment every day.

Lord Smith. Not only gained I a bosition in the first fifteen of Rogby sports but also one at the same time in the second.

Viscount Brown. I played the part of the man who defends the sticks. The goalbird.

Lord Robinson. Pay attention! Lo! it shines. Let us go a-hunting. [They go and a-hunt.

Lord Smith. Halloo! Whoopee! Oscar has found something; he stands. Peace! it is a partridge!

Viscount Brown. I perceive many braces.

Lord Robinson. Let us enter the spot where they have perched.

Lord Smith. Alas! my birdshot passed the partridge by and entered the beater while he bended. Dear, dear!

Viscount Brown. He squeals.

Lord Robinson. That is enough sport for to-day. Let us carry him into the house.

A Servingman. Milords, the lunched awaits!

The Sporty Lords. We will at once munch the lunch. Let us bang off our guns before entering.

The Servingman. How sporty are the milords!

The Beater. Would that I had not bended!

## IV.—IN THE BARBER'S.

Lord Smith. I will my heirs shall be snipped, trimmed, washed, combed and rinceed.

Barber. With pleasure, Sir. Pray sit.

Lord Smith. Shall you take a clean napkin to me?

Barber. Without doubt, Sir. [He shaves the milord.

Lord Smith. Oh, what do you? You have cut my face. I am Lord Smith. I bleed.

Barber. Oh, milord! Woe! My aunt! But it is a nothing. I have but cut off a little pimpl! [He attends to the heirs.

Lord Smith. Clumsy! You have scratched my eer with the comb! Oh! Comb me but softly! I will no curls.

Barber. Do you require unguent?

Lord Smith. Pray no. Brush me a little and have done. [He pays a little and hastes away.

Barber (regarding the meagre sum). For my part I call that tip-and-run! Ho! Ho! (Englisch choke.)

## Rhymes for Robots.

## Insurance.

I HEARD a curious sound and saw  
My neighbour, Mr. Parr,  
Who carolled blithely as he scanned  
A printed circular.

Gay was the voice of William Parr;  
Acacia Crescent rang  
With loud if unmelodious strains,  
And this is what he sang:—

Insurance, heavenly maid, descend  
And let your presence shine!  
Alight and cover all our risks  
With policies benign!

Secure our homes, our lives, our goods  
From Nature's sudden ire,  
From storms and tempests, bursting pipes,  
From earthquakes and from fire.

Descend, that we may dread no more  
Misfortune's casual jolts  
Incurred in riots or in cars  
Or caused by thunderbolts!

In short, whene'er the Fates invoke  
Calamity and loss,  
Come down, O altruistic nymph!  
Or, rather, come across.

Thus in the hushed suburban dusk  
My neighbour, William Parr,  
Sang briskly as he read again  
His printed circular.

He sang; dim memories awoke  
And softly I withdrew  
To pay a certain premium  
Now six weeks overdue.

C. L. M.





BETTER AND BETTER.

HERR ADOLF HITLER (*improving on Louis XIV.*). "L'ÉGLISE C'EST MOI."



"WELL, ANYWAY, THE PEOPLE WHO HAVE TAKEN IT SEEM TO BE THE USUAL SHAPE!"



### As Others Hear Us.

Discussing the Detective Story.

"Do you know who did it?"

"I think I do, but I daresay I don't. It's frightfully good, anyway."

"Oh, frightfully. John didn't guess and he usually does. I thought it was the aunt, first, and then I thought it must be the man with the broken thumb."

"It couldn't possibly be, because of the finger-marks on the soap-dish."

"Ah! but he gets round that later. It turns out—"

"Don't tell me!"

"Oh, haven't you got there yet? John, she's reading *He Whined Like a Rat*."

"Is that the one where they find the legs in the cellar?"

"No, no; it's the one we thought

was so good. The one where the murderer turns out—"

"Don't tell me!"

"Oh, I'm so sorry. But you'll never guess. Will she, John?"

"I'm not sure which one you mean. Not that American yarn, was it, where the fellow spouts poetry all the time, and they shoot the woman through the telephone?"

"John, you must remember *He Whined Like a Rat*. You said it was one of the best you'd ever read."

"Was it a murder?"

"Yes, a perfectly splendid one. You think it's everybody in turn, and then at the very end—"

"Don't tell me! I've only got as far as the second corpse—the one they find just as they're all going in to dinner."

"Oh, you've come to a lovely part now. They all have dinner, and talk about the crime, and all the time the murderer—"

"Stop!"

"Yes, yes; I wasn't going to say anything. Now do you remember which one I mean, John?"

"I believe I do. It had a rum name—*Mewing Like a Cat*, or something."

"*He Whined Like a Rat*."

"Yes, well, I knew it was something to do with cats. That's the one where they all make fools of the police. You know, I'm not at all sure they ought to be allowed to publish that kind of thing."

"John! You're getting all mixed up. There are *no* police or anything in *He Whined Like a Rat*. Don't you remember, the whole house-party tries to detect the murderer, and they all suspect one another, and everybody has an absolutely cast-iron alibi?"

"Well, but have they? The part where I've got to, it looks as if all that business of the aunt having gone to the dentist was a put-up job."

"Ah! you'll see presently."

"Well, don't tell me, whatever you do."

"I don't remember about the aunt. Wasn't it the aunt who got murdered?"

"No, no, no! They lay a trap for her, with poison and things, but she—"

"Don't say any more. I haven't got there yet."

"I'm so sorry. I should hate to spoil it for you because it really is so frightfully good. Don't you think the people in the book are all much more



real than they usually are in murder-stories?"

"Yes, I noticed that too. The way you feel that *any single one* of them might quite easily have knifed that old man."

"I must say I think it's frightfully well done. And don't you like the bit—just after they've found the body and the nephew has noticed that the banisters are all slippery with blood—where they put on the gramophone and dance, and try to decide which of them must have done it?"

"I know, it's all so natural. I mean, he makes them all talk just as one feels they really *would* have talked—like one does oneself. And I simply haven't the least idea how it ends."

"Let me see—did I guess that one or not?"

"No, John, you didn't. You kept on saying that it would turn out to be the paralysed old woman in the village, because she was the least likely person."

"And wasn't it?"

"John, how could it be? Don't you remember she's found strangled herself quite early in the story?"

"So she is. Still, that might be a blind."

"Well, it isn't. You can't have forgotten! *He Whined Like a Rat*—the one where the murderer turns out to be the——"

"DON'T TELL ME!" E. M. D.

### Pet Name.

"WOULD you like to see my toad?" said Joan.

I assumed, as was expected of me, the air of one who would gladly spend his whole life looking at toads did he but know where to find them. "Where does he live?" I asked.

"He lives in the drain under the sink-pipe," said my niece. Then seeing the signs of disgust on my face she added: "Not actually in the drain; just on top of the grating, and under the corner of the pipe. It's ever so warm and cosy for him there."

She led me to the toad's most undesirable dwelling-place. By kneeling in the exact spot indicated by my guide I was just able to catch a glimpse of the reptile.

"Isn't he lovely?" said Joan, squatting beside me and breathing heavily in my ear.

I evaded the question. "What do you call him?" I inquired.

"His name," said Joan, "is Uncle Handsome."



"ELSIE, IF I WAS TO ASK YOU SOMETHING AND YOU WAS TO SAY 'YES,' WOULD YOU MEAN IT?"

"Well," I said, carefully dusting the knees of my trousers, "I don't pretend to be a judge of beauty in toads, but he hardly strikes me as *handsome*."

"Why of course he isn't a bit handsome. I called him that because he's so de-lightfully and skerrumshusly hidjus."

"Did you really?" I said admiringly. "I do think that was clever of you."

"Really and truly clever?" demanded Joan.

"Very clever indeed to think of calling him Handsome," I replied. "But why *Uncle*?"

"Because he's such a darling toad and I can do anything I like with him. I called him after you. It wasn't a bit clever really—not when I named *him*."

"Joan," I said sadly, "that last bit was superfluous."



### Dust and Crashes.

THERE are men more exuberant than our dustmen and jollier of disposition, more light-hearted, who get up earlier, men stronger of arm and clumsier on their feet and with louder voices, men as readily moved to bellows of one kind or another and no less fond of hitting things with a clang. I know this because I have read all about them in books, but I never met any. It is my fervent hope that I never hear any either. Our dustmen are enough for me.

I can readily believe that there are classes held locally for dustmen at which they are encouraged by a smooth pink lecturer in pince-nez and a stiff collar to bend a critical ear to their output and ask themselves some searching questions. From these lectures they go away wondering anxiously whether they are sufficiently noise-conscious and feeling with a sense of guilt that perhaps the necessity for utmost bin-resonance has not hitherto been unremittingly borne in mind. The fruits of this conscientious self-communion are evident the next morning when they come to empty our dustbin. I have no doubt that in the statesmanlike emptying of a dustbin they are excelled by few. There is no reason, though I have never scrutinised our dustbin after their departure, to suppose them so lacking in skill as to leave anything behind inside it. But how loud, O Lord, how loud!

Of the dustman's call down the area-grate, mentioned by Mrs. BROWNING, I have no experience. We possess no area-grate, and it may be that when the area-grate is absent the dustman, at a loss for anything to call down, forbears to call. But certainly in the present state of affairs for any member of our posse of dustmen to indulge in an orthodox call would be an act of formidable superfluity. Without being told, one knows—to put it mildly—when our dustmen have arrived. On their way to the dustbin they have to traverse a portion of the garden, and every time after their visit I am surprised by the discovery that they have not after all laid it waste, for from my bedroom in the early morning (they arrive, these jolly fellows, before six A.M.) they sound terrible—terrible as an army with spanners.

A possibility that has not escaped my notice is that the dustman's noise does not, as one might suppose, well out of him like the song of some happy bird, but is ground out bitterly by an intolerable sense of grievance. What grievance I cannot tell. Often, lying in

bed awake when I should but for him have been asleep, I have searched in my mind for a possible one. Bearing in mind the frequency with which I am told of the opulence of dustmen, I have sometimes wondered whether this one may not be having trouble with his investments. I have postulated the cankerworm of financial care as a reason for those bangs, that crash; as boot and bin thudded against wall and gate their evidence of a mind in ferment, my thoughts have been full of questions. Down there in that half-lit garden, which caryatid of the Stock Exchange is personified by what?

But on the whole I incline to the self-expression theory. Not the least convex part of the bulge that dustmen have on operative tenors is the fact that they can express themselves by sounds in which the voice need play no part. Without making any more use of the voice than the white-stork, which is dumb, dustmen can, like the white-stork, clatter. At any given moment they may resemble the woodpecker, the lapwing or the snipe in tapping, drumming or making a bleating sound without so much as opening the mouth.

In this happy faculty they take pride. Collecting in groups when work is over at the "Junior Scavengers" or the "Bin and Shovel," they talk, no doubt, over the triumphs of the day. And the family-men amongst them can go home and enlarge on the subject to their wives, reflecting that the bloke who said marriage halves a man's sorrows and doubles his joys never spilled a truer binful.

One dustman's wife, guessing what lies behind his mien of content, gently asks him how things have been going. Clouds of self-esteem distend his chest. "Cor!" he says, bringing his hand down flat on the table, "I didn't half catch the gatepost a crack at Number Fifteen. I couldn't do it as good again," he adds with some regret, "not if I was to try me best. Cor! that was a crack, that was. I never hope to do a better."

In some other trim suburban home his mate is narrating, not without dust and heat, the saga of his boots.

Assuming noise to be the dustman's means of self-expression, it would be churlish to ask him to give it up. It would be churlish to make such pretty scenes as this impossible. But few people, awakened in the fairly small hours by loud crashes, could be more churlish than I. I would not deny to any dustman his right to salute the happy morn with siren\* song and elephantine dance; I would not prevent

any dumb or lethargic dustman from accompanying his efforts on such instruments of percussion as may have found their way into the day's garbage; I certainly would not, if they did not wake me up in the morning. But they do, and at such moments I would that they were far away among the Beduins of the Ruwála in the great open spaces where dust is dust. I certainly would.

### Letter to Melbourne.

DEAR ROSE,—So you are celebrating yet another century down there! Well, great congratulations, and may you knock up the two hundred as quickly, courageously and well! I wish I were with you to bang a friendly drum and crack a bottle or two of your native vintages. (Some of the knowing ones still smile a little at the mention of your native vintages here; but if they were sold in French bottles with French labels adorned with French *châteaux* many of the knowing ones, I swear, would never know the difference. Anyhow, I can remember a merry evening or two on all-British wines; and I should not mind risking another.) Indeed I am a bit wounded that you did not invite me to come and open the new century for you. I would have made a dinkum speech for you. It is true that the last speech I made in Melbourne nearly caused a riot (and alarmed, do you remember, that fine public servant, the late Lord BURNHAM?); but I have mellowed since then and hardly ever put both feet in it at once.

Lord! to think that it is ten years ago—ten years since I first set foot in your hospitable city! Sydney's great bridge was only on paper then, and Canberra only a cluster of foundation-stones. And Mr. LANG was Top Boy of New South Wales; and Queensland had (I think) just abolished the Second Chamber (am I raving wrong, or has she now replaced it?); and you were all rather worried about Wool, but entertained us nevertheless like kings. And Lord STONEHAVEN was just coming out as Governor-General; and I remember telling you, naughty fellow, that, after our queer English fashion, he pronounced it STUNHAM; and "STUNHAM" I believe he was, in the best circles, for many months.

Ah, those were the days! And you taught me, do you remember, the alleged Sydney Man's Lord's Prayer, with that quaint passage: "Forgive us our swollen-headedness as we forgive those cows in Melbourne"! Do you and Sydney still work all those gags about each other, I wonder? Or have you fallen into the staid sad state of this

\* Steam-siren.



Editor. "WE WANT A LEADER-WRITER, MR. HIGGS, OF DECIDED OPINIONS—A MAN FEARLESS AND OUTSPOKEN, WHO WILL NOT HESITATE FOR A MOMENT TO SAY WHAT THE PROPRIETORS THINK."

country, where there are few jolly urban jealousies and people have almost ceased to jest about Aberdeen?

But I am wandering. Well, well, Sydney's Bridge is in being now, and Canberra is a city; so Melbourne thought, did she, that she would put it across both of them with a centenary? Well done! It is clever of Australia to get into our papers again so soon after the Test Matches. Believe me, it is quite a job to find anything about *England* in the papers just now. Yesterday I read about fourteen columns of *The Times* before I came across anything that seemed to be considered important in Home Affairs; and that was the match between Arsenal and Manchester City (which Arsenal won, as of course you know). All the best parts of the paper were about Spain, France, Italy, Germany, Austria, America, the Czecho-Jugs, the Jugoslavs, the Letts and the Croats, and some queer people called, I think, the Basinlanders.

However, that's a good sign, I know, for no news is good news; these other fellows have had bad trouble, and we've been lucky. All I mean is that,

rightly or wrongly, for anybody outside the Continent to get into our papers just now it is necessary to have a centenary or something of that sort. It was a good idea of yours, and we are arranging to have a Jubilee next year.

I take it that no news means good news in your case too. Anyhow even we know that you've done wonders in the last ten years. How's Wool? And how's that nice sister of yours, with the tennis-court? What good parties we had! And all those pretty brown girls who swim like fishes and dance like daffodils? All married now, I suppose, and tucked away in sheep-stations? Well, I hope that Wool is doing well, that they may be able to come and see us soon and often. How is Wool? And Wheat? And Secondary Industries? And those nice friendly bookshops you have in Melbourne, where they know more about British books than most of London does? And do you still go racing? I have never liked "going racing" before—or since. But it was jolly there—and easy: to drive out just after lunch and be back just after tea—quite enough time to

spend on racing in one day. And everything so civilised and well-arranged.

Ten years ago we came back from the Imperial Press Conference (in your Menzies Hotel) full of your tremendous "Totes," orderly betting, licensed book-makers, betting-tax and all. Well, we have got the Tote now, but not much else. We tried the betting-tax and made a mess of it—quite unnecessarily. Many of the problems which you solved years ago are still insoluble (it seems) here. But we won't go into that now. Anyhow, Australia showed the way to the Tote—though, believe me or not, we are still arguing about that!

Well, I must stop soon, for there is some talk of this letter going by one of these racing aeroplanes. I hope they will all arrive safely; but I would just as soon my letter came to you by sea, after the good old fireworks towards the end of November. For that is when I should like to arrive myself. There will be roses in your garden then (if I remember right); and you will be beginning to talk about Christmas, cricket and sea-bathing—all at the same time! What a country! "Oh, to





AUTUMN'S GOLD; OR, THE SENTIMENTAL LEAF-SWEEPER.

be in Australia now that November's there!" For we have just had the first nip of winter—indeed, the first *snow*; we have dug out our vests and pants and are digging ourselves in for the winter; and it will be a long, long time before we think of roses or swimming again.

But in spite of all this the odd thing is that about forty million people continue to reside in these islands, and only about six—or is it seven?—million in yours. What, by the way, is being done about this? Do you ever hear the word "emigration" in Melbourne? Here it is hardly ever spoken, which is an odd fact to record in a letter celebrating the centenary of Melbourne. I don't think it is entirely our fault—and I am sure it is not entirely yours; but there it is. It does seem—

But perhaps we had better leave this dangerous topic alone. For this is just a little line to assure you that we do think of you sometimes, even during the football season. And if you want to get into the papers more you must do as Austria does and have a great many misfortunes. Poor little Austria has even fewer inhabitants than you. But what a Press! Can't you lock

somebody up and brutally use them? I am always being invited to attend a meeting, subscribe to a fund or join a committee in order to compel the release of some tortured Czecho-Jug, innocent Lett or harmless Croat now languishing unconstitutionally in some European jail. But no one ever appeals to me to help an imprisoned Victorian or New South Welsh.

Again, no doubt no news is good news; and I shall take it that you are not only doing well but being good. Anyhow, my love to all, not forgetting my friends and brothers of the Press—hearty congratulations—and Good-O! all round. Yours ever, A. P. H.

#### Miss Smith Gives the Show Away.

"Then there is the boredom in which the directors hold their meetings."

*Schoolgirl's Essay.*

"And, like a large number of stars, he is polly glad of the opportunity to have a change from the factory methods of Hollywood."—*Evening Paper.*

The same old parrot-cry?

"Can you give me a good recipe for tomato ketchup, as I have stones by me and don't know what to do with them?"

*Letter to Daily Paper.*

Couldn't you throw them at the cat?

#### Progress Comes to the Highlands.

We have been on the telephone now for some time. There being but nine subscribers on the Glenbruachaig exchange, we dispense with the formality of numbers.

"Are you there, Maggie?" you ask, having raised the receiver.

"Ay," comes the answer.

"Will you put me through to Colonel Cameron, please?"

"Ah, but it's no any use ringing up the Colonel the day; he's always awa' tae Inverness on a Wednesday."

Having achieved the telephone we decided to take a further step along the Path of Progress. We took up the portable wireless.

"The first thing," said Uncle Henry—to whom the set belongs—"is to point it in the direction of Falkirk."

We fell to speculating on the whereabouts of Falkirk. Uncle Henry was of opinion that it lay just to the right of the new plantation. Patricia and I inclined to the view that we ought to point the set in the direction of "the young horse, Jawn"—he has been "the young horse, Jawn" ever since the day,



now almost fifteen years ago, when he first came to join "the old grey mare" in the pony-field.

Then we remembered the crack in the front-doorstep, which points east and west—or is it north and south? Surely Falkirk is due south?

"No, it's Selkirk you're thinking of," objected Patricia.

"Let's do the thing scientifically," I said, and went off in search of a map and a compass.

I returned to find Patricia's head glued to the loud-speaker, while Uncle Henry, his left thumb pressed firmly against the right-hand valve but one, was fiddling gingerly with one of the dials. From the set came a faint whispering—a hoarse sound as of a distant conspirator. After a while the whispering became audible: "La situation de l'industrie FRANÇAISE VIS À VIS DE—" A violent twiddle of the knob and the voice was replaced by a dull moaning.

"I've found Falkirk," I announced triumphantly a few minutes later. "It's south, with a touch of east." (I made a mental note to the effect that it lay about midway between the plantation and the "young horse, Jawn.")

Uncle Henry, who has known the set since its infancy, was going through the motions of one who throws the shadow of birds and beasts upon a screen. Quite what effect this is supposed to have is a thing that I have never succeeded in discovering, but then I don't pretend to understand about wireless-sets, and Uncle Henry does.

"The trouble about wireless in the Highlands," he explained after a pause, "is that the Grampians are made of the wrong stuff."

As if to lend confirmation to his theory the set gave vent to a wail more heart-rending than any Highland lament, and followed it up with a fine imitation of an asthmatic motor-horn.

There was a step on the gravel outside. Jimmy Maclean was making his way to the kitchen with butter and eggs from the farm.

"Jimmy is fifteen," said Patricia, "and at fifteen one understands such things as wireless." She ran out to solicit his aid.

Jimmy surveyed the set with the serene air of a veteran commander who is devising a plan for the utter destruction of his enemy.

He lifted the lid and adjusted a

couple of screws with his penknife. Then he tuned the set in. The moaning ceased and was succeeded, Grampians or no Grampians, by a human voice. "And now, children," it was saying, "before we start on the birthdays I'll ask Aunt Camilla to oblige with a little song."

She did so. The Highlands and the Metropolis were as one.

The set worked admirably all through Aunt Camilla's little song—so much so that Mrs. MacPhee came in from the kitchen to listen.

It would probably be working still if we could have kept her out of range of the gate-legged table.

"I always told you it would be safer on the piano," said Uncle Henry, gazing ruefully at the wreckage on the carpet.

#### Royal Tact.

"When a new game of table cricket, with from a pipe getting into the mouthpiece was shown to the Prince he nodded understandingly."—*Daily Paper*.

"For Sale. Baker's business. Large steam oven. Been in it for seven years." *Indian Paper*.

He should be about done by now.



"I'VE HAD THESE CUSHIONS ON APPRO, DEAR. NOW TELL ME QUICKLY WHICH ONE THRILLS YOU THROUGH AND THROUGH UNTIL YOU ALMOST ACHE, BECAUSE THE MAN IS WAITING TO TAKE THEM BACK."

### Winter Verses.

I WANT to say a few words to those about to write short poems in praise of November. All over the country, I take it, young bards are at this very moment striding to and fro in their mews and garrets afire with the determination to laud in melting syllables the month for which nobody has ever had a good word to say before. It happens every year. "Poor old November," say the poets as October draws to its close, "you've been slighted long enough as the lowest and least friendly of the months. It is high time a deathless ode was written in your honour. The magazines will like it." And they rack their brains forthwith for something to say in poor old November's favour.

I want to save them any further bother.

Hunting is the trump-card. The number of people who hunt and read the monthly magazines must be infinitesimal, but never mind that. We all like to hear about it; and we all like to feel the responsive thrill that mention of hunting on a crisp November morning awakens in the most strictly non-equestrian bosoms. The day when I shall sit upon a horse without discomfort and alarm has yet to dawn, and the prospect of travelling at speed over hedges and ditches on a November morning, however crisp, is one that in cold blood I cannot bear to contemplate, yet a single "Halloo!" in print is enough to convince me that that after all is the life for me. So let us have plenty of hunting, bards!

Useful rhymes are *hound-ground, air-mare, spinney—guinea* (as in "I'll bet you a guinea I'm first at the spinney"), *stirrup-leather—weather, bay—day* (or *gone away!*), *fox—copse* (for broad-minded editors), *gap—old chap, withers—Smithers* (a huntsman), etc., etc.; and it is as well to remember that hounds can have a wide variety of names. Strict grammatical construction is unnecessary:—

Fluttering leaves on an autumn day  
And a bottle of brandy, and "Whoops!" and "Away!"  
Aloft on my old grey mare . . .

gives you to a certain extent the spirit of the thing.

Autumn bonfires are another popular line, and these may be supposed by the poet to have a pleasant smell and to send a thin spiral of smoke into the misty air. It would never do to give an accurate description of the kind of bonfire that Robinson (on my right) and Major Clive-Jackson (on my left) will shortly be igniting. Of the two I think Robinson's tend to be slightly the more disgusting. They lack the sweep and volume of the Major's but they have a peculiar and penetrating odour that the

Major, try as he will, has never yet succeeded in emulating. But in any case neither variety is suitable for November verses. What is wanted is a word-picture of a whole number of bonfires, preferably in the open fields, all sending a thin spiral of smoke into the misty air. What they are burning I don't know, but it mustn't be rubbish if it comes at the end of the line. "Stubble" is easier but far from perfect.

In this part of the poem should come some reference to the operations of the farm-labourer. At no period of the year, unless it be harvest-time, are his activities so well suited to the purposes of the poet. Ploughing is in progress, and this—one of the outstanding glories of the month—should be good for a dozen lines at least. The long straight furrows, the gaunt bare branches of the trees, the cawing rooks (seagulls for coastal publications), the sweating horses ("steam," by the way, will rhyme with "team"), the stooping figure of the aged ploughman combine to form

a picture which no magazine-reader can resist. He knows he is reading about the soul of England.



For the first time in his life, Mr. Punch this week breaks out into colour, that is to say so far as the interior pages of his ordinary numbers are concerned. If any excuse be needed for this effluence let it be found in the theme of the cartoon opposite, wherein our artist has portrayed none other than H.R.H. the Prince of Wales engaged in what we respectfully believe to be one of his favourite hobbies.

We intend to publish a series of such coloured cartoons, not less often than once every month, and to entitle the series "People in Punch." Yes, humorous reader, we might have chosen to call it "Punch in People," but we preferred to put it the other way round.

the whole thing straight into immortal verse:—

Give me a pipe and a cosy chair  
And a book that I can read;  
What matter the fog when a crackling log  
Is all that I shall need?

You can have your sun-kissed beaches,  
Your yachts and your shimmering sea;  
But give me a cat asleep on the mat,  
And that is enough for me!

You can have—

Well, well, I don't see why I should have to do all the work. It would be a simple matter for me, given a little more time, to throw off a dozen or maybe fifteen more stanzas of this kind of stuff, but evening draws on and my opening bonfire is still waiting to be lit. I have indicated the subjects; let the bards get on with the business of putting them into verse.

H. F. E.



*Our Royal Gardener.*







IF IT WASN'T FOR—



OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC PRESS—



MANY OF US—



MIGHT NEVER KNOW—



HOW JOLLY—



SOCIETY BANQUETS CAN BE.

*C. J. Frank*



Lady (to new cook). "COOK, I HAVE WRITTEN OUT A LIST OF YOUR DUTIES TO HELP YOU. I'LL HANG IT UP HERE."  
Cook. "YOU CAN 'ANG IT WHERE YOU LIKE. I SHAN'T READ IT."

### High Jinks at Glasgow.

(Suggested by the forthcoming contest at Glasgow, when Sir IAIN COLQUHOUN, Mr. CUNNINGHAME-GRAHAM, Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS and M. PADEREWSKI are standing for the Lord Rectorship of the University.)

THOUGH the Scot is proverbially canny,  
In choosing Lord Rectors to-day  
His methods recall "Pretty Fanny"  
Who had so capricious a "way."

You'd have thought that on grounds  
patriotic

He could not consider the claim  
Of candidates who were exotic  
In origin, temper or name.

But how can you shirk the admission  
Of error, when out of the lot  
One only fulfils the condition  
Of being a resident Scot?

For GRAHAM, that perfect romantic,  
Though sprung from a cavalier strain,  
Looms larger across the Atlantic  
As champion and lover of Spain.

As for CRIPPS (though an angular  
Saxon),

Promotion notoriously mellow;  
And why should we level attacks on  
A leader who hails from "Good-  
fellows"?

PADEREWSKI remains, who is more  
Than capillary in his attraction,  
A benevolent worker in War  
And a Premier untainted by faction.

With other pianists he wipes  
The floor, by his wondrous agility;  
And if he could master the pipes  
Would win with the utmost facility.

So on balance, though antipathetic  
To alien broods, on the whole  
I am tempted to back the magnetic  
And quite irresistible Pole. C. L. G.

"Further indications that elephants once  
roamed Yorkshire were discovered on Kirby  
Moorside (North Yorkshire) golf links yester-  
day, when Mr. W. P. Frank, director of the  
club, unearthed the molar of a full-grown  
elephant."—*Daily Paper*.

He must have directed the club with  
astonishing vigour.

### Revolution.

No fewer than three pages of *Every Child's Book of the Past* are devoted to the events of "Bloody Saturday" (October 31st, 2023), when for the first time in more than three centuries Revolution reared its ugly head in Britain. When the Anarchist Party first began to win seats in the House of Commons even the most querulous of the die-hard Labour Peers hardly regarded it as a dangerous menace to the Constitution. A few elderly and apoplectic retired Indian engine-drivers staggered from the deep chairs of Pall Mall smoking-rooms and sent letters to *The Herald* about the country going to the dogs, and *The Herald* published a few rather pompous leading articles in the same strain, but nobody took the Anarchist Party very seriously. It was supposed that when they eventually took office they would set up a Royal Commission to inquire into the state of the House of Lords, and shortly afterwards elevate themselves prac-



tically *en bloc* to the peerage to see what it was really like.

But the leader of the Anarchist Party, Leo Potter, was no common demagogue. Having seen the fatal effects of the Westminster atmosphere on past reformers, he made a habit of standing in front of his looking-glass every morning and saying sternly, "I am a Bloody Revolutionist, and it is my job to stage a Bloody Revolution." By this means he kept his soul pure and his courage undimmed, so that when the elections of 2023 showed that a majority of the nation was behind him, he determined to bring off a *coup d'état*. Not having attended Evening Classes very regularly owing to his immersion in politics, he was not exactly sure what a *coup d'état* was, but he knew that it involved seizing as many things as possible and making proclamations over the ether.

He carefully read the newspaper reports of the eleven-hundred-and-forty-two revolutions that had broken out in other parts of Europe during the preceding century and found that the first thing seized was invariably the Army. Unfortunately the British Army had been disbanded by the late Government after the Glasgow Conference, at which France agreed to reduce her army by ten thousand, Germany by ten thousand, and Great Britain by five thousand. The relative strength before the Conference was (as every student knows): France, 2,010,000; Germany, 1,910,000, and Great Britain, 4,999. It will be remembered that the League of Nations fined us Gibraltar for failing completely to fulfil our obligations under the Treaty.

As there was no army the next best thing to seize seemed to be the railways. so Potter rang up Lord Ashfield and told him he was thinking of having a revolution and would there be any objection to seizing the railways? Lord Ashfield said he was perfectly agreeable so long as the historic soot at King's Cross was not sabotaged.

The P.M.G. was an old friend of Potter, and said that so far as he was concerned he had no objection to the post offices being seized, though he could not answer for individual post-mistresses.

The National Police Commissioner was a harder nut to crack, but he eventually agreed not to interfere with the revolution so long as it was not allowed to disturb the normal ebb and flow of traffic. He hinted at the same time that any blood would best be shed indoors.

The B.B.C. agreed to allow Potter



"HAVE YOU ANY FIXED ABODE?"

"No; I'M ON CIRCUIT, LIKE YERSELF."

to make a proclamation over the ether on condition that it was submitted beforehand to the Director of Programmes and did not exceed fifteen minutes, and also on condition that Potter delivered it in evening clothes. Potter accordingly turned up at Broadcasting House on Saturday evening and spoke immediately after the First General News Bulletin. His battered and bloodstained body was found in the Strand soon after midnight, and fifteen other leaders of the Anarchist Party suffered a similar fate. By an error of judgment he had insisted on speaking *before* the Sports Bulletin, thus making mortal enemies of fifteen million football enthusiasts waiting for the results.

#### New Blow for the B.B.C.

"Wanted, Good Talking Parrot, in exchange for almost new Portable Wireless Set and cash adjustment."

*Advt. in Evening Paper.*

#### New Idea for Mystery Novelists.

"The air of a first tentative Wiener waltz climbed up the branches of the wistaria and choked the window. Once more Paula stood up, suffocated."—*American Paper.*

"This sweet is made in Scotland, and is cut in conveniently small pieces."

*Advt. in Store Circular.*

Suitable for handing round.

"The fingers of one lady were pressed audaciously to his lips, while he whispered what appeared to be a very amusing story in the ears of another."—*From a Novel.*

Not in *both* ears, surely?



"DON'T YOU LOATHE THESE BEASTLY BELISHA FACES?"

### Ode on an Item of Underwear.

Inexplicably and Disconcertingly Encountered on the Seventh Green.

WHAT scene was here of horror and despair?  
Of what catastrophe are these the traces—  
The mute and mangled remnants of a pair  
Of brand-new braces?

No tried supporters these that, old and frayed,  
Drifted asunder after years of duty  
And in a whin-bush reverently were laid  
Upon the q.t.

Slap in the middle of the green they lie,  
As when the floods have fallen lies the sediment,  
Forming, I fancy, in the law's stern eye  
A loose impediment.

What pang of woe for unfulfilled desire  
Distending with inordinate inflation  
Their wearer's bosom led to their entire  
Disintegration?

Or is the story starker and more grim,  
Of angry passions and of words of loathing  
And sudden strife, with loss of life and limb  
As well as clothing?

And yet that they who tidied up the scene,  
Replaced the divots and removed the bodies  
Should leave these sordid relics on the green  
Extremely odd is.

Perhaps they were permitted to remain  
To purge the golfer's soul with fear and pity;  
Whatever brought them here, I shall complain  
To the Committee.

Our daily round too heavily is fraught  
With bunkers, burns and such unpleasant places  
To run the further risk of being caught  
In casual braces.

The Admiralty wants faster stenographers. It may not  
be generally known that the speed of Naval stenographers  
is reckoned in knots.

★ ★ ★

The suggestion is made that noisy dogs should have their  
licences endorsed. We don't believe they would care.

★ ★ ★

A Paris woman has secured a fancy-dress prize for a coat  
made of banana-skins. Very useful to slip on at odd  
moments.

★ ★ ★

"Metal in a crude state is unrecognisable to the ordinary  
man," says a metallurgist. He just knows it's a statue of  
somebody or other.

★ ★ ★

A youthful correspondent wishes to know if a church  
bell is the longest stringed instrument in the world.



AIRMAN, AIRMAN, FLYING SOUTH.

MELBOURNE (*a very young Centenarian*). "WELCOME TO YOU, WINGS OF THE WORLD!"

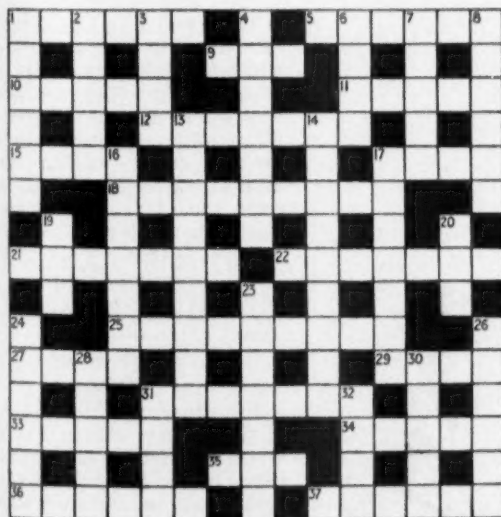






"GOING TO JOUST FOR THE 'AND OF THE FAIR LADYE ERMYNTRUDE, IS 'E? WELL, I WOULDN'T CARE TO 'AVE A MAN LIKE THAT ABOUT THE 'OUSE."

### Mr. Punch's Crossword.



#### Across.

1. Mess.
5. Turns itself about by sections.
9. Found in one across.
10. Solemn; you may even find it sad.
11. Cruel but useful.
12. Air and variation on D.
15. Former occupation of the French.

17. Reckless soup-eater.
18. If this is thus modified you may say it has infringed the copyright.
21. M.P. creates disturbance by breach of rules.
22. Billy's bun was this, but he couldn't this to eat it.
25. Due for benefits.
27. Function of the liver.
29. Give it a name and it's yours.
31. Fan.
33. Queer game.
34. Faded return to the unknown town.
35. Is this an island?
36. Low calling.
37. Stephen was.

#### Down.

1. Father's essay on the pudding.
2. And four for your drive.
3. Took a swain without an eye.
4. They have a Chamber in London.
6. Sounds like a bell.
7. You won't look well out of this.
8. Gives us beer.
13. Tripe came as a result of this.
14. Muddled or tin dictator.
16. Sheep in buttons?
17. Life-preservers.
19. Not a word.
20. Young Salopian?
23. Narrow.
24. Roman cavalry not on the water-waggon.
26. Simpler without its head.
28. A lot of bother about no one in particular.
30. Articles about a cricketer maybe.
31. Habitually changes colour.
32. A Roman candle does this when it is pinched.

### The Ex-Squire in Exile.

I ONCE was of use to the nation,  
I farmed several acres of land;  
But now, through excessive taxation,  
I rent a small place near the Strand.  
It's handy, of course, for the City,  
Though somewhat deficient in views;  
The purlieus are apt to be gritty—  
In fact it has once been a mews.

The hay-loft is now my best bedroom,  
A pleasant apartment though small,  
Restricted perhaps as to head-room  
For people who tend to be tall.  
I use the loose-box when I'm feeding  
And keep all my plates in the rack;  
The mangers have space far exceeding  
The cupboards I've got at the back.

It's just a bit cramped, I admit it,  
My furniture too looks all wrong;  
The family heirlooms don't fit it—  
They were most of them sold for a song.

So here I am parked for the present,  
And maybe for longer, of course,  
And life on the whole is quite pleasant  
In what was the home of my horse.

### At the Play.

"DEAR BRUTUS" (EMBASSY).

A VISIT to the Embassy is always a pleasant thing. There is an air of honest enjoyment in the theatre, a friendliness and club-worthiness in the linked members. I think, however, that the not unpleasant amateurishness of the Company cannot be displayed to best advantage in this confident and depressing thesis of Sir JAMES BARRIE that whatever be the matter with us the fault is in ourselves, not in our stars, and that a second chance would leave us pretty much in the same hole or on the same plane as the first.

*Dear Brutus* does not by any means play itself. At a first hearing of it our interest in the author's whimsies and ingenuities carry us safely past dangers which a second hearing is apt to expose. When we know the general outline and have in the First Act been reminded in detail of the complexion of the characters and the drift of the action, and when in the Second we have surrendered, or tried to surrender ourselves again to the wistful illusion of unsatisfactory *Mr. Dearth* painting by moonlight (difficult feat!) in the enchanted wood with his Might-have-been Daughter on midsummer night, we are apt to find a certain tedium in

the symmetrical manoeuvres of the Third Act as the characters step to the centre one by one, or rather two by two, and explain things that are



MR. RICHARD GOOLDEN AS LOB, THE OLD BOY WHO WOULDN'T GROW UP.



THE NEVER-NEVER CHILD.

Margaret (*Miss Sara Jackson*) to Mr. Dearth (*Mr. Vernon Sylvaime*). "DADDY, IT ISN'T FAIR. I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO HASN'T HAD A FIRST CHANCE."

implicit in the design. It is something like listening to the explanations of that kind of speaker who will never let you off the end of his sentences, however clearly you can foresee them. And this, I need hardly say, is a fault the lively author very rarely commits. Here, I think, he let that dream daughter run away with him—as when *Miss Faith Celli* played it once, and again she ran away with us.

*Miss Sara Jackson*, however honest her performance, hardly succeeds in laying that spell upon us. *Mr. Vernon Sylvaime* makes a very credible, likeable, easy and individual *Mr. Dearth*; but this was one of the parts that *Gerald du Maurier* at the very peak of his artistic climb filled in so skilfully that it is difficult to accept a substitute.

*Mr. Richard Goolden's Lob* was an agreeable fantastic, with a mixed vein of malice and detachment which was persuasively inhuman.

The woodland scene may have lacked the old pseudo-magic, but it was nearer moving us than the supposed real life of *Lob's* drawing-room, even though every passing year makes it more difficult for us to accept such ways of escape from reality.

Plays whose intrinsic intellectual and contemporary interest is slight seem to call for the ampler resources both in talent and extravagant *décor* of the fashionable theatre, and honest and modest repertory companies do best not to challenge comparison with that theatre.

There was a curious dragging of the action in the last scene which the skill of an expert producer like *du Maurier* would contrive to conceal. Naturally if an actor or actress has the fire of genius this will burn away all the little flecks and flaws, and some too of the more serious. But we have no right to expect as much as that. T.

### At the Revue.

"HI-DIDDLE-DIDDLE"  
(COMEDY).

Broadly speaking there are two kinds of revue-sketch, the one which contrives to be entertaining as it goes along and ends as best it may, and the other which, like a certain old-fashioned type of aquatic mouse-trap, leads its victim monotonously up a hill so that he may unexpectedly suffer a severe drop, followed by a black-out. In the case of the mouse this method is extremely effective, for it is final



and so obviates any subsequent discussion; but in the case of the human victim he is entitled to inquire if the experience has been worth while.

Too many of the sketches in this revue are of the second kind, really only expanded illustrations of a single joke, and of a joke not always as fresh as it might be; and indeed the whole programme, though it has its golden moments, struck me as decidedly uneven, about a quarter of it being well below the standard which M. ANDRÉ CHARLOT normally reaches. It is exceedingly difficult to grade revue-music, but that of Mr. WILLIAM WALKER is light and tuneful; and the fault is not with him. It lies rather with the production, which has sometimes been content with inferior material, has left itself short of good voices (which admittedly are out of fashion), and which hasn't used its stars to the best advantage. Mr. JOHN TILLEY, for instance, is not given enough individual rope; too often his subtle personality is unprofitably trammelled by the restrictions of a sketch.

But when he does get away on his own, then, as ever, he is very funny. His best turn is the delivery of a lecture on the activities of the League's Mission to Shanghai, which he fortunately accompanied; and his remarks are punctuated by a collection of Victorian lantern-slides which are generally on end, not always strictly to the point, and, one imagines, the fruit of much happy hunting. He is also at the top of his form while endeavouring to tell a long and insane story, in spite of frequent interruptions by the Chorus, about a horse with a passion for sitting on potatoes.

It falls to Mr. DOUGLAS BYNG to present, magnificently, one of the best short solo turns I can remember—"Miss Otis Regrets," Mr. COLE PORTER's only contribution to the programme. The stage is set with a wild oil-painting of *Miss Otis*, a table and a telephone, and Mr. BYNG, as the butler, enters to answer a call. Very gravely he picks up the instrument, listens, and then slowly, to music, breaks it to the inquirer that *Miss Otis* will not be able to lunch for the excellent reason that she has hung herself from a tree

on the other side of the street. In Mr. BYNG's hands the song, though it sounds slight, is a gem, for its awful tidings are gradually unfolded without any expression whatever; in the hands of lesser performers it is likely to be heard at parties for a long time to come.

I must admit that in his more elaborate appearances I failed to enjoy Mr. BYNG as much as I usually do. There has always been a danger that he might begin to rely too much on a heavily-padded *décolletage* and too little on his peculiar brand of lax but unpadded wit, and here he shows signs of falling a victim to it. He can still be extraordinarily funny, but the trouble is that when he is not he is sometimes just a little disgusting. I felt this most in his impression of an ancient French comic actress's reappearance on the stage, and to a certain extent during his big scene as *Nell Gwynn*; but I make these criticisms with my hat in my hand to a most gifted comedian.

JUNE, who appears in no fewer than ten items, is a useful member of the cast. Her voice is not powerful, and she is at her best in an intimate theatre such as this. She was best, I think, in a Spanish dance with Mr. WALTER CRISHAM, who has not only arranged the dances but leads some of them with marked skill and dash.

Mr. EDWARD COOPER once more proves himself an excellent compère and the possessor of an invaluable knack of getting a sketch across with a nice touch of burlesque; Miss DORIS HARE adapts herself most creditably to demands so far opposed as those of a Scots nursemaid and LOUISE DE KEROUAILLE; and Mr. JOHN BUCKMASTER shows promise in a variety of well-groomed parts. After "Miss Otis," the best short sketches are "Sophisticated Age," by Mr. AUBREY ENSOR, "Medical Advice," by Mr. WILL SCOTT, and "Waiting for You," by Messrs. FREDERICK STEVENS and DAVID YATES-MASON. Of the dances I liked most a gale frolic and a mime of low metropolitan life, acted in the dark with luminous clothes, but preceded, if I may say so, by a rather silly song. ERIC.

#### Sidelights from Smith Minimus.

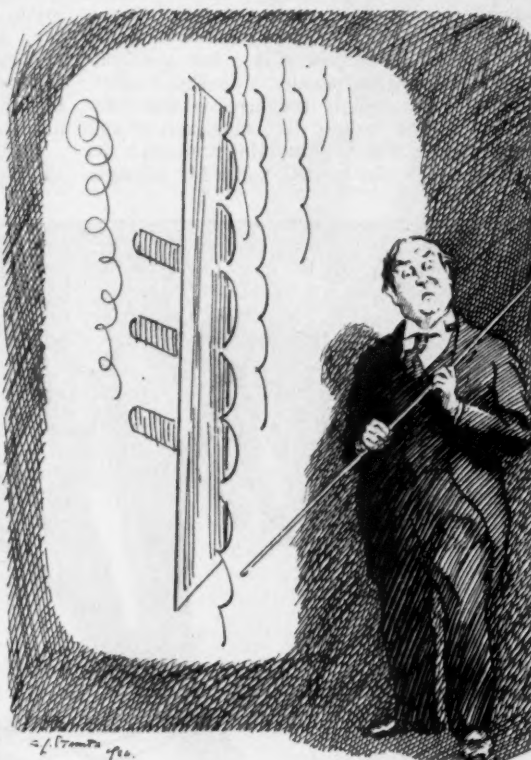
"King Alfred the Great often used to fight with the dames."

*Extract from Child's Essay.*

"THREE YEARS BOBSTAL FOR THREE BANANAS."

*Heading in Daily Paper.*

We doubt if even this will make them go straight.



LEAGUE OF BREWERS' MISSION.

Lecturer . . . . . MR. JOHN TILLEY.



MR. JOHN TILLEY AND MR. DOUGLAS BYNG IN DECORATIVE MOOD.

### Beadledom.

A JOLLY little English folk-tale comes from Brighton. Brighton, you will remember, is the heart of the trunk industry, where dead bodies lie about in back-rooms for many days without attracting the attention of the police. But the police have other things to worry about, poor fellows.

Police-Inspector BEADLE, for example, had a busy night at Brighton recently (according to *The Daily Telegraph*). Passing the "— Arms" "after midnight" — Gracious! — he heard "voices coming from the first-floor room over the bar, the sound of money being thrown on the table, and such expressions as "That's a double. You owe me fourpence."

"You owe me fourpence."

At these terrible words suspicion and horror filled the soul of the Inspector and he "obtained a ladder."

Up the ladder went the gallant officer and he looked through the window. He saw a horrible sight.

He saw "men and women sitting at a table playing cards." (Whatever next?) "Money was in circulation and a whisky-bottle was on the table." (Golly!)

In short the infamous proprietor of the Arms was entertaining a few friends. There was no suggestion that anyone was "intoxicated" or disorderly. No citizen, I gather, had been roused from his innocent slumber by such expressions as "You owe me fourpence."

But the miscreants were playing—hold on to your seat, reader! — they were playing pontoon!

They were playing pontoon for money!

They were playing pontoon for pennies!

AND ON LICENSED PREMISES!

But there is worse.

One of the company, Mr. M., was Chairman of a Watch Committee in the North Countree, relaxing in Brighton. I have no knowledge of pontoon except that it is a card-game, and therefore I suspect that it is a silly game. But I judge from the presence of the Chairman of a Yorkshire Watch Committee that it cannot be attended by any grave moral dangers when played privately in an upper room under the supervision of a licensed victualler—yea, though it be played for pennies after midnight!

(I see now, in my dictionary, that "Pontoon" is a corrupt term, invented by soldiers, for *Vingt-et-un*, which we used to play in the nursery—for buns.)

But Inspector BEADLE, poor fellow, did not make the law, and no doubt he has to do his duty. If, from his perilous perch on the ladder, he had beheld four or five speculators arranging a gamble in the wheat-market he would have been powerless. But pontoon-playing for pennies is another matter.

Accordingly the licensee was summoned before the magistrates and charged with permitting pontoon to be played for money, while his manager

To this question Mr. M. might have made many fine answers. But he contented himself with saying, "I don't think it is criminal."

There, of course, the good Mr. M. was wrong. It is a ghastly crime; and the magistrates took four good pounds off two wicked citizens for permitting same. But they decided, I am glad to say, that there was not sufficient evidence against the Watch Committee Chairman; and the good Mr. M. went back to the North (I presume) without a stain on his character.

And, if you ask me, I think the whole thing is pure pontoonery. A. P. H.



Farmer. "SAY, YOU, HAVE YOU SEEN A BULL PASS THIS WAY?"

was charged with "aiding and abetting." And each was fined forty shillings.

Mr. M., the Watch Committee gentleman, was summoned too, not for playing pontoon but for consuming intoxicating liquor.

Mr. M., as he admitted in Court, was rash enough to tell the police that "he did not think they had much of a case and that he thought it paltry."

On hearing this admission, counsel for the prosecution is reported to have said the following good thing. It is such a good thing that I hope it may be printed in some special way (if possible in colour):—

"Mr. M., as Chairman of a Watch Committee, do you think that the playing of pontoon in a public-house is paltry?"

finale, if there is a great number of hosts you may not become aware of the departure of all the other guests; but I cannot help you here. You must extricate yourself from the social snare as best and when you can.

To revert to the beginning, there will be no introductions, for the majority of guests do not know who anyone else is, and those who do won't bother. But do not be deterred from speaking if you have any fancy to.

Here are a few conversational gambits:—

(a) "What do you do?" This is dangerous, as you will certainly be addressing a celebrity either flood-lit or bushelled, but do not be wilted by

### Lessons for Lowbrows.

#### How to Behave at a Highbrow Party.

THIS is not a treatise on the formalities of the fork or the finger-bowl, for there will be no forks, finger-bowls or formalities. There may be a host (unless he has gone to another party) or there may be several, but you are not likely to discover him or them unless the fun becomes more furious than fast. In this case you may become aware of someone standing on the mantelpiece and shouting "Damn it! I'll have to pay for those glasses, you fools!" Or (supposing, as is often the case, that the party is being held all over some intellectual and communal boarding-house) you may discover a peevish poet kicking a sitting-out party off his divan and remarking that he's going to bed anyway. This should not be taken as a signal for breaking-up. Talking of the grand



his answer. Announce loudly that you yourself are a Group Leader of the Publishki School of Ceramic Thought. If questioned (this is not likely because highbrows seldom express ignorance about Groups) say you can only speak to initiates about the intimacies of inverted Jabberwockism. Have no fear that CARROLL will be remembered. You will have made a good beginning, and the brillig business can be kept up all night.

(b) "British Generals are so feminine, aren't they?" This is a brilliant opening, because the Fighting Forces are as much rejected of highbrows as are the public schools. None will contradict you since none will care to display any species of sex-unconsciousness, and the idea will be discussed.

Now for subjects to avoid. You must not praise—

(a) Any member of the aristocracy;

(b) Any politician who is not a Communist;

(c) Any uncensored play, book or film unless it is entirely kindergarten.

Clothes are important. Dinner-jackets, tails and evening dresses should be avoided—

(a) Because they are considered bourgeois, and both bourgeoisie and aristocrats are despised (So, by the way, is narrow-mindedness);

(b) Because they may show the marks of drink, and that will be mixed considerably.

All other dress is legitimate. Bathing-suits, mechanics' overalls, pyjamas, coloured shirts and tweeds (if not well-cut) are permissible. Lounge-suits are not considered to be in good taste unless they show signs of having been lounged in during a wet Bank Holiday on Hampstead Heath.

Perhaps by now you will have had enough of this and will wonder how to get away and when. The "when" is easily answered and should synchronise with the hour of the failing of drinks. The sight of some despairing guest pouring the dregs from a gin-bottle into quarter-of-a-tumbler of flat beer should be as good a hint to you as the National Anthem played very slowly at the end of a rural bazaar. Yet there may be hindrances on the way. In the entrance-hall, for instance, you may find some optimistic Pole trying to fit his guitar into a lady's hand-bag; or, as I have said, you may confuse yourself with the hosts; or you may be run over in the Square by the guests who have taken over the driving of the milkman's cart.



"No, HENRY. I'LL TAKE IT IN. YOUR HAPPEARANCE DON'T SEEM QUITE TO GO WITH A CHATEAU WINE."

#### Occasions of More Than Ordinary Interest.

"TABLET TO BE UNVEILED IN BATH."  
*Sunday Paper Heading.*

Of soap, we presume.

"What is the matter with English apples? Grower, salesman, retailer, and, most important of all, consumer, all agree in the monosyllabic retort, 'Nothing.'"  
*Daily Paper.*

Or, to spell it phonetically, "Nowt."

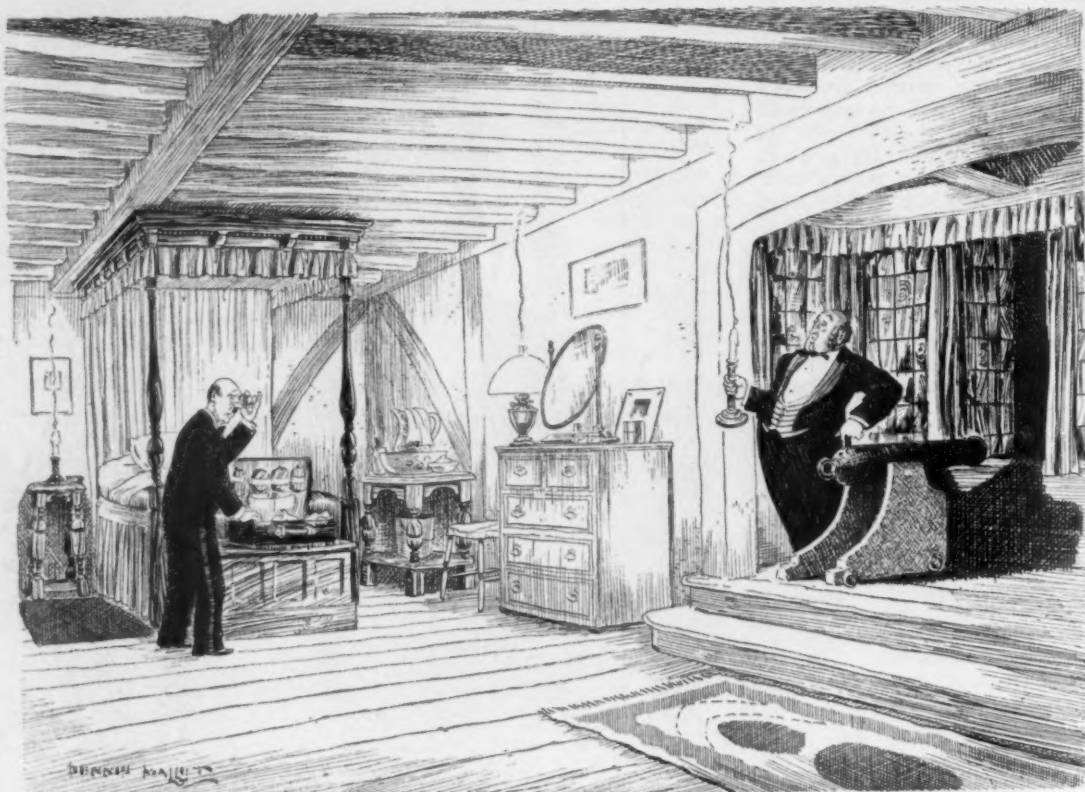
"Suitable clothing for Switzerland is the same as in England. Dress-suits are not usual. We provide printed labels."  
*Travel Agency Advt.*

Yes; but who is going to stick them on for us?

#### Solution of Last Week's Crossword Puzzle.

C	P	M	I	S	S	I	N	G	L	I	N	K
O	P	E	R	A	T	A	I	E				
N	R	C		O		M	O	T	I	V	E	
S	H	I	R	E	H	O	R	S	E	T	I	
T	O		O	A	S		L	O	N	G		
R	E	D		I	N	T	E	G	R	A	T	E
I	N	G	E	N	N							
C	A	E	D	M	O	N		A	D	H	E	R
T	I	S	S	A	S							
E	S	E	P	T	U	A	G	E	S			
D	A	R	T	E	N	E						
R	I		L	A	D	Y	S		S	M	O	C
V	E	R	N	A	L							
N	C	E										
M	A	R	T	Y	R	O	L	O	G	Y	C	T





Butler (to guest in remote wing). "SHOULD YOU REQUIRE ANYTHING IN THE NIGHT, SIR, AND THE BELL IS NOT ANSWERED KINDLY HAPPY A LIGHTED MATCH JUST 'ERE."

### My Mantling Vine.

It does not fall to the lot of many men, I imagine, to become *vignerons* within five miles of Charing Cross, and for this they may be thankful. I speak from the heart.

On the back of the house into which we moved last winter was a vine so gnarled and ancient that we wrote it off as decorative deadwood, and only bade the woodman spare the tree because we liked the abandoned air with which it went several yards out of its way to embrace, of all unromantic things, a drain-pipe. With the inward historical eye we pictured it laden with rich berries in the year that they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix, and possibly as throwing out a commemorative bunch or two to mark the dismantling of the Great Exhibition; but in our view the thing was utterly worn out.

It was not. Early in the summer clusters of small green balloons suddenly appeared from nowhere and began to swell under a heavy eiderdown of London soot. From the first they

exerted a peculiar fascination over me; on more than one dirty night I clove the storm with a flashlight fearing lest the parent stem had suffered divorce from its beloved drain-pipe, and often I found myself creeping out in my spotted dressing-gown at dawn to make certain that no marauder had ravaged them while I slept. It is not uncommon, I know, for us nature-lovers to be affected in this way by the sprouting of some favourite splurge of herbage; but the intensity of my pangs on this occasion was something new in my experience.

Never, of course, had I the slightest doubt as to what I was going to do with them. There is only one thing to do with grapes. Certain problems, however, presented themselves to me as a conscientious *vigneron*: (1) How does one make wine from grapes which, though fat, are not quite ripe? (2) Is there not a complex etiquette governing the harvesting and pressing?

Yesterday, at the first signs of winter, I saw that the Dionysian Festival could be delayed no further. and I decided to seek expert advice. I

began with Problem One, and rang up my wine-merchant.

"Can you tell me how they make wine from grapes which aren't quite ripe?" I asked him.

"They don't," he replied, and tried to sell me some '78 brandy. I hung up on him.

Then I tried my Cousin Henry, who is supposed to know about wine.

"Henry," I said, "you know the old vine at the back of the house? It's gone and produced a harvest."

"Ripe?" he asked.

"Not absolutely."

"Well, there's only one thing to do with them," he replied.

"Exactly," I said; "my mind is made up. After all, Yquem was accidentally discovered in an over-ripe harvest. Who knows but what—"

"Who knows but what what?" Henry demanded gruffly.

"Well, I thought you might. What method do you recommend?"

"There's only one with unripe grapes in October."

"What?"

"Dustbin." He hung up.

I never had much faith in experts.

We *vignerons* are a ready-witted lot, though, with no false pride. I got through to the cuisine editress of a monthly magazine.

"I want to make wine," I announced briefly.

"Cowslip, turnip, orange, dandelion or elder," she inquired—just like that.

"Unripe grape," I replied, equally like that.

"Ah, unripe grape," she echoed coldly. "Is the crop heavy?"

"Not frightfully," I admitted. "You could carry it easily in a suit-case without a porter."

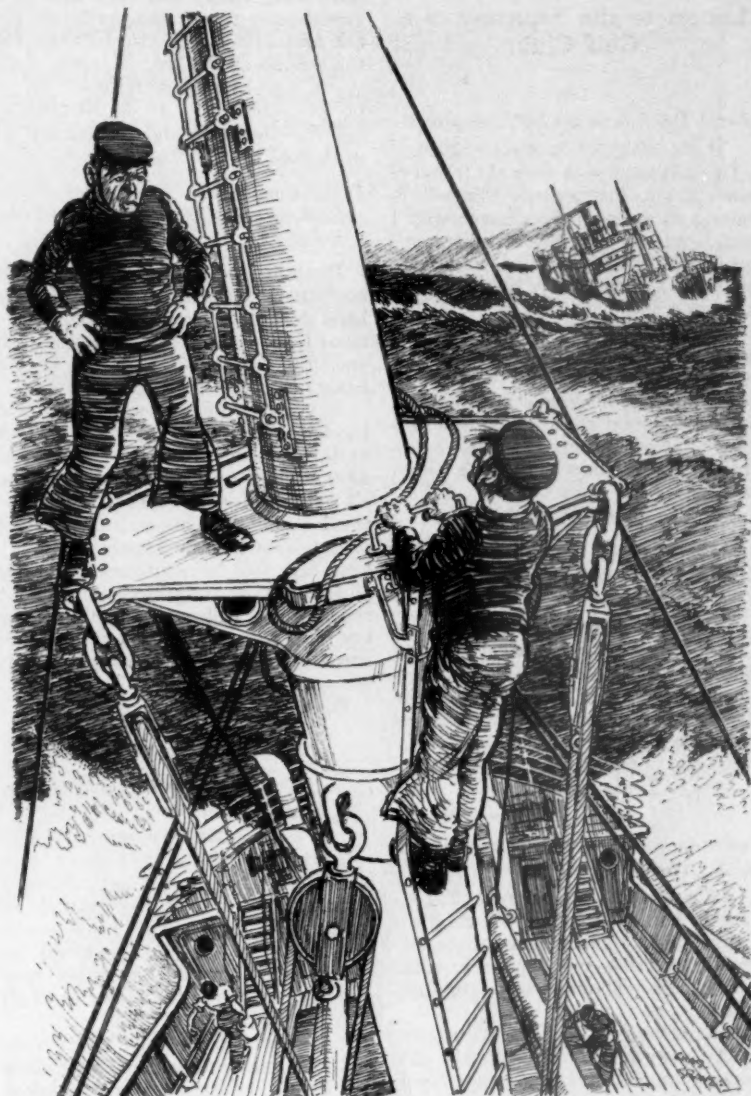
"Hold on, please. . . ."

There was no doubt about her efficiency. Within half-a-minute I was in possession of a perfectly straightforward recipe. It seemed that all I had to do was to squash the berries and add sugar and watch over the antics of the resulting mixture as if it were a sick child for a period not exceeding a year. I thanked her.

After that I turned to Problem Two. I went down to my club and read the accounts of several observers of the grape *récolte*. From these I learned that, while the *vigneron* often brings in a band of gipsies to do the picking, the treading of the grapes is the social function of the year, accompanied by music and usually lasting most of the night, in which all his neighbours must be invited to participate; and that in Burgundy it is not uncommon for the young men of the village to swim about in the vats in order to accelerate fermentation.

Well, well. You probably perceive the difficulties as clearly as I do. As regards the gipsies I should have no hesitation in ruling them out. For one thing they are probably out of season, and for another I can easily gather in the vintage myself, given a stout pair of nail-scissors, in about three minutes. Not so my social obligations during the pressing, however, for I am well aware that these are mystically bound up with the evolution of the grape, and I hope I would rather not be a *vigneron* at all than scamp the ritual of Bacchus.

But what I feel so uncertain about is the reaction of my neighbours, whose ideas of an evening party are far removed from paddling in grape-juice. Fortunately there is no question of swimming in the stuff, but even so some devilishly tricky points arise. As a *vigneron* it would be unforgivably rude of me, for instance, to omit from my invitation my near neighbour, Lady Fryddge; but, on the other hand, can you see her entering into the age-old ceremonies of the vintage and stepping barefoot into our geranium-tub (it'll have to be the geranium-tub) and taking



"I'M GOIN' DOWN. THE BO'SUN SED WE WAS TO IF IT STARTED TO BLOW."  
"YOU CAN TELL THAT RUDDY BO'SUN THAT I'M A LOT 'APPIER UP 'ERE THAN ANYWHERE NEAR 'IM."

her turn on the berries to the rhythm of the B.B.C. Dance Band? I can't. And what are we going to do with all our guests all night while they are not actually pressing, for there will only be room in the geranium-tub for one at a time—ask them to bring their slippers and just doze about? And what on earth do I do if the Vicar insists on endangering the bouquet by keeping on his goloshes?

\* \* \* \* \*  
It's too difficult. I chuck in the loofah and shake the vine-leaves from my hair. We have just cut the grapes, quite quietly, all ten bunches, and have

put them up in the hot-cupboard to mature amongst the clean pillow-cases. The first of our friends to get flu is to be sent the lot. ERIC.

#### The Truth at Last.

"MR. LLOYD GEORGE  
CERTAINLY NOT GIVING UP POLITICS.  
STATEMENT THAT HE WAS ONLY A JOKE."  
Hav's Paper.

"Spoons.—A Collector of Spoons is anxious to meet other collectors with a view to making exchanges."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*  
We are sending this on to our last week-end guest.



## Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

XII.

From Dr. Edwin Sockett, Roughover.

Wednesday, 5th September, 1934.

DEAR WHEELK,—A very old friend of mine, a Dr. Prometheus Plimsoll, is coming to retire in Roughover, and I shall be glad if you will have his name put up for the Club. I will propose him, and Lionel Nutmeg says he will do the seconding.

Although Dr. P. has spent the greater part of his life at sea, he has recently made an extensive study of the game of golf from a medical and anatomical point of view, and now lays claim to several interesting discoveries which he hopes may be of some use to members of the Club.

Yours,

EDWIN SOCKETT.

From Dr. Prometheus Plimsoll, c/o Dr. Sockett, Roughover. (Temp. add.)

21st September, 1934.

DEAR SIR,—Please convey to the Committee of the Roughover Golf Club my appreciation of their kindness in electing me a member. My cheque covering entry fee and first year's sub. is enclosed herewith.

Yours faithfully,

P. PLIMSOLL.

From Admiral Charles Sneyring-Stymie, C.B., The Bents, Roughover.

Tuesday, 25th September, 1934.

DEAR MR. WHEELK,—I should like to take this opportunity of thanking you for putting me in touch with Dr. Plimsoll. The man is an absolute marvel.

I was talking to him quite casually last Tuesday about that ghastly old trouble of mine (not being able to keep my head down on the putting-green), and within five minutes he had fixed me up with a lead plummet which I now attach by means of a fish-hook to the peak of my cap before each shot.

You will gather from the tone of this letter that the experiment has been an enormous success.

With kindest regards,

Yours v. sincerely,

C. SNEYRING-STYMIE.

P.S.—I beat Nutmeg this morning by 4 and 2, and he is going to ask Plimsoll about his ankles.

From Lionel Nutmeg, Malayan Civil Service (Retired), Old Bucks Cottage, Roughover.

27/9/34.

DEAR SIR,—As Dr. Plimsoll has recommended me to play golf in my

bare feet, kindly tell that fool of a greenkeeper to cut the nettles at the 8th and 14th holes, also to weed out the thistles at the 3rd.

Yours faithfully,

L. NUTMEG.

P.S.—Has the rabbit-trapper started work yet?

From Commander Harrington Nettle, C.M.G., D.S.O., Flagstaff Villa, Roughover.

27/9/34.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose three cards for adjustment of handicap. Since I have been working under Plimsoll's instructions I have never played better stuff and feel that the Committee should bring me down at least four strokes.

As you know, I could never overcome the temptation of lifting my right foot at the peak of my swing—a state of affairs which necessitated my playing all wooden shots off one leg. But since the doctor has recommended my fitting an intricate electric apparatus to my knee-cap (to be switched on after adopting my stance) the thought of the shock which will occur should I raise my right foot off the ground has quite cured me of this devastating and pernicious habit.

Thanking you in anticipation,

Yours sincerely,

HARRINGTON NETTLE.

From Dr. Prometheus Plimsoll, c/o Dr. E. Sockett, Roughover.

27th September, 1934.

DEAR MR. WHEELK,—I have just placed on the market my Plimsoll Overswing Corrector, a marvel of mechanical engineering, price seven guineas complete, and I should be obliged if you would bring this very useful apparatus to the attention of all your members.

In case you have not already seen this ingenious contrivance, I am taking the liberty of sending my original model by bearer.

Please note that the Plimsoll Overswing Corrector when in use is strapped on to the player's back, the steel paddle uppermost and the red flag, cane and bell to the rear. Full working instructions will, however, be found inside the lid of the box.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

P. PLIMSOLL.

P.S.—My personal written guarantee goes with each model.

P.S. 2.—The starting-handle is under the pressure-indicator.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., The Cedars, Roughover.

Friday, September, 28th, 1934.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to the Commit-

tee's overbearing letter of yesterday's date I should like to take this opportunity of explaining to them that Dr. Plimsoll informs me that no one can possibly hit a shot properly unless he has previously worked up an additional supply of animal heat. For the ordinary human being the preparatory club-waggle is considered sufficient, but in my case Dr. Plimsoll is emphatic I need something more. Hence my using a skipping-rope on the greens.

I trust that when you acquaint the Committee with this fact they will withdraw their stupid threat.

Yours faithfully,

ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

From Ephraim Wobblegoose, House Steward, Roughover Golf Club.

Monday, 1st October, 1934.

SIR,—I regret to say Sir that I am in the Cottage Hospital and all along of that Dr. Plimsoll man hearing you telling me this A.M. I was to try and get into the fresh air a bit more and away from the stuffy atmosphere of the bar.

And Sir, nothing would do for him but that I should begin to play golf under his tuition; and what's more Sir he had me out this very afternoon with Admiral Sneyring-Stymie, the General, Mr. Nutmeg, Commander Nettle and a whole lot more looking on, etc.

And Sir, what a carry on! The doctor making me wear every one of them patents of his and me getting so overcome with instructions from everybody that it ended by me losing my head and switching on the battery before I'd finished skipping to get up the right amount of animal heat and Sir the electric shock made me jerk my head that much the plummet up and struck me in the face.

Well Sir, it may be a good thing and no mistake for the General is in the private ward here along of it all, having dislocated his knee when cranking up the Plimsoll Overswing Corrector and Admiral Sneyring-Stymie and Commander Nettle has been in for dressings after getting in the way of the cane, and Sir, what with Mr. Nutmeg having one of his bare feet caught in a rabbit-trap this A.M. I think you wont hear much more of Dr. Plimsoll from what I saw afore the ambulance came and I'm sure you wont be sorry either. But Sir no more golf for me.

My regards to all and hoping to be back Thursday at latest.

Your obedient servt.,

EPHRAIM WOBBLEGOOSE.





THE DOWSER AT WORK.

"NO, SIR, I AM UNABLE TO DETECT A TRACE OF WATER."



Employer. "DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME YOU'VE PUT THAT ALL OVER THE CASE?"  
Employee. "NO, SIR. I COULDN'T GET AT THE UNDERNEATH."

### Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

#### The Laureate of Pity.

HAD I met *The Collected Poems of John Galsworthy* (HEINEMAN, 5/-) anonymously and been challenged to put an author to them, I think I could have picked out and duly assigned most of the verse that arraigns the world or its maker for lack of pity to men and beasts, while much of the (quite charming) residue consists of accomplished echoes. True the characteristic attitude is there from the first: knight-errantry is preferred to "fat prosperity." But the youthful technique is that of the suaver TENNYSON, save for a solitary and delightful "Land Song of the West Country," a ditty in dialect which ought to have had a brave line of successors. There are traits of HARDY—of affinity, not of imitation—in "Let" and "Merle," and of HENLEY's daintiest *chinoiserie* in "Promenade." The poet's muse was on terms with the whole man and he could turn out nonsense-verses, a dedication, or greetings to a new godson with the best. Yet, when all's said and done, it is the GALSWORTHY of *The Country House* whom one re-greets here with most appreciation, and in two sections—"For Love of Beasts" and "In Time of War"—he is paramount.

#### The Spacious Days.

*William Cecil, the Power Behind Elizabeth*, by A. GORDON SMITH (KEGAN PAUL, 10/6), is the most recent contribution to our knowledge of the Elizabethan era. DRAKE, we learn, was just a self-seeking pirate, and his voyage round the

world was "nefarious." HAWKINS was a mere slave-trader. His patriotism was open to question. That wonderful scheme of his for getting his men out of the hands of Spain by promising on their release to desert with his ships to ALVA had more in it than we have been told; if it had paid him to do so "there was nothing to prevent him from carrying out his bargain." The Inquisition appears to have escaped the author's notice. PHILIP was the least offensive of monarchs. The Armada is dismissed in half-a-dozen lines. CAMPION and PARSONS are spoken of in high terms; the former was executed by means of a got-up charge and suborned witnesses. CECIL was a schemer, ruler of England and ELIZABETH, whose actions seem to have been dictated by a fear for his own skin if the Roman Catholics got back into power. ELIZABETH, a woman of "lewd cravings," appears to have been destitute not only of noble impulses but of brain. (ELIZABETH, whom the admiring Pope wished he could marry!) She was under CECIL's thumb. She was easily frightened (Again, ELIZABETH!), and the celebrated Association which, as we have been taught, was formed voluntarily to protect a stout-hearted Queen who refused to look after herself, was a political stunt for getting rid of MARY, whose removal was ultimately attained by an "appropriate plot." So there.

#### The Cavalry Sailor.

It has been said that the instinct of a horseman is to get forward; this seems to be exemplified by the fact that our thrusting War Admirals were hunting men. In *The Naval Memoirs of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes* (THORNTON BUTTERWORTH, 21/-) there is no rancour or recrimination—only sad facts of history. I don't doubt that if Sir ROGER

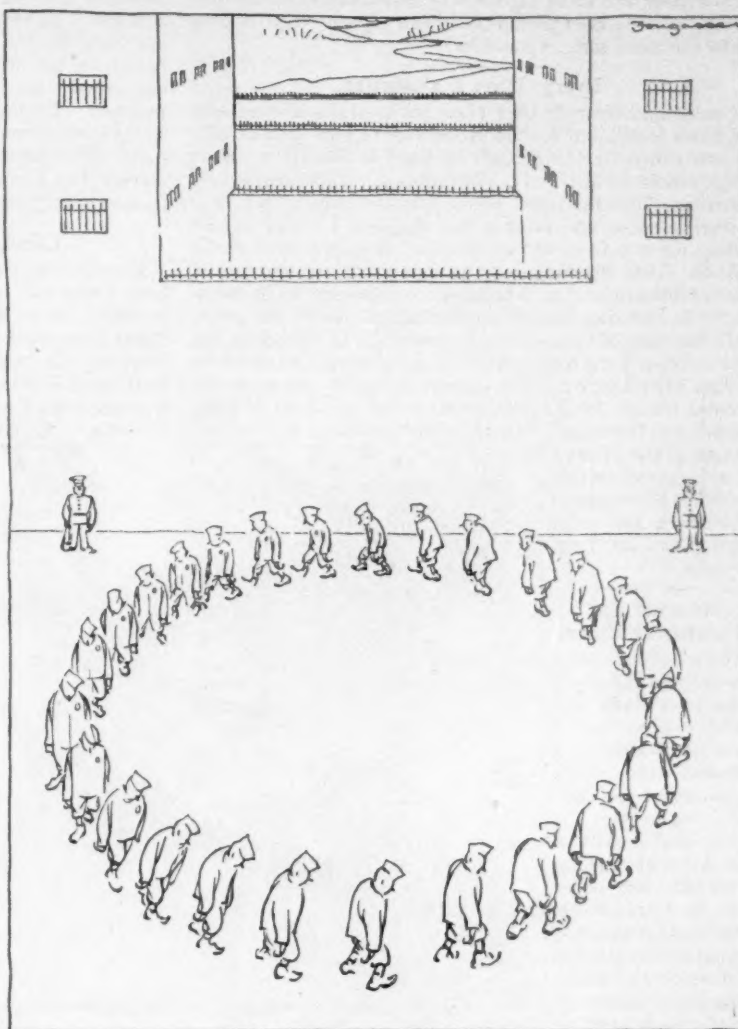
had had his way the Fleet would have forced the Dardanelles and with far fewer casualties than resulted from our failure. He is enthusiastic about his officers and men (especially in submarines) and is modest about his own physical and mental courage. He is not of the "Material" school of officers. One knows this from his ordering submarines before the War built to foreign designs which were in general failures; yet an armament monopoly had to be broken. I can only find one error in fact. When WEDDINGEN in U29 attacked the Grand Fleet the ships were neither zig-zagging nor escorted by destroyers (although the enemy conning-tower was sighted twelve miles ahead on a clear day!). The whole spirit of the book can be summed up as: "Throw your heart over—the longer you look at it the less you'll like it." Sir ROGER once said that he hoped to become a First Sea Lord. It is the misfortune of the Navy and the regret of all who served with him that his unselfish ambition was not realised. Yes, the best War-book to date.

#### Robespierre the Degenerate.

The biography which is also a moral inquisition is becoming increasingly popular and increasingly difficult. The difficulty lies in applying any ethical standard common to the writer and reader which shall also serve as a touchstone with regard to the subject of the biography. Mr. REGINALD SOMERSET WARD, however, has chosen to handle *Maximilien Robespierre* (MACMILLAN, 18/-) because ROBESPIERRE is a better theme for "a study in deterioration" than most public figures; and the issue undoubtedly justifies his choice if not, perhaps, his method. After a highly personal explanation of the existence and potentialities of the soul he proceeds to show how heredity, environment and the day-by-day decisions of a lifetime corrupted "The Incorruptible" into an almost maniacal egoist, an idolater of an imaginary "People" and an imaginary ROBESPIERRE, and a sacrificer of every tie of friendship and almost every other allegiance to these two implacable Molochs. As far as the facts of the case go, it is difficult to imagine a treatment more honest and in actual presentment more interesting. But I deplore the continual checks to the narrative involved by the spiritual stock-taking, high-principled, discerning and sympathetic though it be.

#### The Science of Ethics.

Mr. H. L. MENCKEN, that gadfly of American letters, has been silent for some few years; now he comes forward with a *Treatise on Right and Wrong* (KEGAN PAUL, 10/6), which is, he explains, a sort of companion volume to his *Treatise on the Gods*. That is to say, though there may be no necessary connection between religion and ethics, the study of the one led naturally to the other; and he has set down here in rambling fashion certain facts that interested him in his



"WHAT ARE YOU IN FOR?"  
 "FORGETTING TO SOUND MY HORN. AND YOU?"  
 "FORGETTING NOT TO."

reading and certain reflections and ruminations that arose therefrom. The real progress of ethical science, he quotes from HENRY SIDGWICK, has been impeded by that desire to edify that is prominent in the minds of moralists. Mr. MENCKEN disclaims equally any desire to edify and any love for metaphysics. In his view the moral sense is universally dispersed; some sort of moral system obtains even in the most primitive communities, and in every system may be found what he calls the "five fundamental prohibitions" levelled against murder, theft, trespass, adultery and false witness. Arising out of this he proceeds to deal at length with such subjects as the slave-trade, the emancipation of women, penology in general and the pronouncements of many ethical authorities, from ST. PAUL to BERTRAND, EARL RUSSELL, on the burning question of chastity. In short he provides a store of fine confused feeding in which students may disport themselves pleasantly enough for a considerable time.



Few writers are more vigorous or less trammelled by tradition, and the unexpected American phrase is apt to crop up in the most serious passages.

### Every Time a Cokernut.

Cooks may wrangle over their pet methods of resolving the baser jellies, but for the production of pure human jelly no one can deny the efficacy of what is already a classic recipe—that of Mr. P. G. WODEHOUSE. *Right Ho, Jeeves* (JENKINS, 7/6), his latest novel, quickly reduced me to a quivering mass, and after a few chapters I found myself calling for a pair of dry spectacles. Here we have Bertie Wooster doing his dangerous best to re-cement two sets of fractured hearts and so to bring peace once more to Brinkley Court, but finding himself deeper and deeper in the soup; while the king of valets hovers masterfully in the offing, his vast brain ticking over, awaiting the strategic moment to salvage his employer. The episode in which the normally teetotal *Gussie Fink-Nottle* presents the prizes at Market Snodsbury Grammar School after engulfing the major portion of the *Travers*' cellar is the richest lode which Mr. WODEHOUSE has struck for some time. Read on, I adjure you.

### Maurois the Miniature-Painter.

There is room—room especially in the shy columns of daily and weekly papers—for the clever short story of a thousand words or so, but I cannot feel that the biographer of BYRON and LYAUTEY does this sort of thing better than any other French journalist. *Ricochets* (CASSELL, 5/-) contains twenty-five little stories, of which the best are reminiscent of (but not so good as)

DAUDET's *Maison à Vendre* and the worst are mere *feuilleton* snippings. Among the former I should place "The Will," an amusing comedy of two grasping matrons in Périgord; "The Ants," with its poignant glance at sentimental heartlessness, and the story of the English subaltern whose second establishment in Burma shared the fate of poor *Tartarin*'s little *ménage* in Algiers. But for an English taste too many of these trifles are humourless confessions of conjugal aberrations, and the two ghost-stories, with their graceful country-house settings, English and French, are stereotyped in theme. I have never been able to sustain any enthusiasm for the *Meipe* series of longer short stories; and here it appears that M. ANDRÉ MAUROIS substantially lacks the imaginative fire that can endow the *conte* with the status almost of a lyric.

### Industrial Introduction.

If, as a young man, you migrate from sunny Sussex to the murky Manchester region, you become depressed and discouraged. Further, if you work as a rate-setter for an industrial firm, you become bored and do foolish things. Such are the lessons to be learned from *No Sky*, by NIGEL BALCHIN (HAMISH HAMILTON, 7/6). This novel is the

author's first effort and exhibits something more than promise. The story is a trifle deficient in body, but there are considerable sections of the book which would do credit to an old-timer. The only *longueurs* are those connected with his exposition of the TAYLOR system in practice. I rather hurried through this in order to get on to the love-interest which I guessed (from the dust-wrapper) must be contained somewhere. My conjecture proved correct, but I was relieved to find that inevitable subject treated sanely and with moderation.

### Climbs, Climbers and Climbing.

Excellent as the volumes of the Lonsdale Library have been I can call to mind no more comprehensive addition to them than *Mountaineering* (SEELEY, SERVICE, 21/-). Apart from the letter-press, contributed by a distinguished company of experts, we have been supplied with a hundred-and-thirty illustrations and nine thoroughly useful maps. Mountaineers the world over cannot but be grateful to the editor, Mr. SYDNEY SPENCER, and to those who have

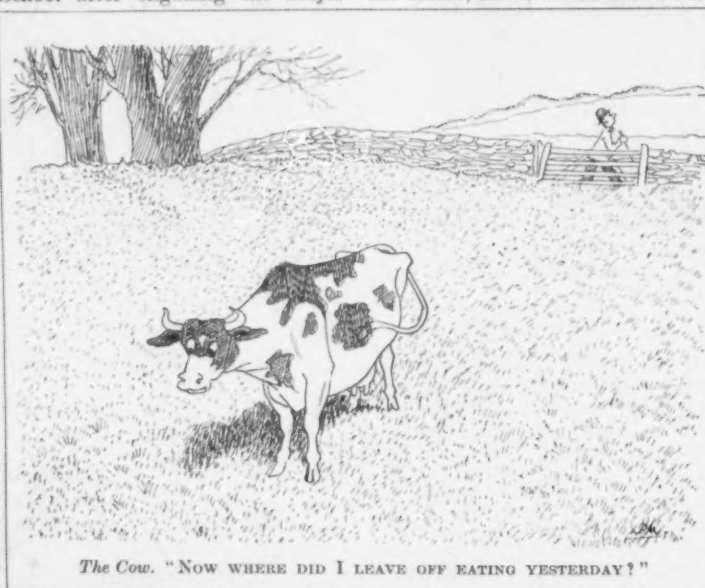
assisted him in a task that may without exaggeration be called colossal. And even those to whom climbing of mountains does not appeal may find matters of interest in this eighteenth volume of the Library. Botanists, for instance, will welcome the chapter on "Alpine Flora," with its charming photographs; and "Early Mountaineering" can be read with pleasure by people who have no desire to follow the example of world-renowned climbers. In short this is a really remarkable book.

### Off the Beaten Track.

*Sea Wake and Jungle Trail* was a record of

travel and adventure that lingers most pleasantly in the memory, and now Mr. H. WARINGTON SMYTH has followed it with a book of stories, which are happily named *Chase and Chance in Indo-China* (BLACKWOOD, 7/6). It is impossible to read these tales, however exciting and exceptional their scenes and settings may be, without realising that all of them are based on actual experiences. Once again fact is stranger and far more vivid than fiction. Perhaps one or two of the tales would have been more dramatic if the art of compression had been given a freer hand; but this is the only flaw that I can find in a collection that is alive with the spirit of true adventure. No chase was ever more admirably manoeuvred than the one in "The Dacoit of the Pak-Chan"; no two villains were ever more completely unmasked than in "The Forty Fathom Level." Illustrations and maps add to the value and pleasure of reading these unusual and informing stories.

Mr. Punch extends a cordial welcome to *How to Run a Bassoon Factory* by "MARK SPADE" (HAMISH HAMILTON, 3/6), the greater part of which originally appeared in his pages.



The Cow. "NOW WHERE DID I LEAVE OFF EATING YESTERDAY?"

## Charivaria.

ATTENTION is drawn to the fact that the alphabetical series-lettering of one-pound Bank of England notes is now well down among the "Z's." Collectors should therefore lose no time in completing their sets.

"It would be interesting," says a woman-writer on the subject of physical culture, "to know how old the lady was who posed for de Milo's Venus..." Even more interesting, we think, would be some information about the sculptor de Milo.

Mr. JOHN GREEN of Bradford is reported to be the oldest Oddfellow in the country. No claims for the position of England's Oddest Oldfellow have yet been received.

The centenary of the geyser, which occurred last week, was celebrated quietly in our bathroom.

"What is 'the food of the gods'?" asks a correspondent. Speaking theatrically, oranges.

For a few days the air race to Melbourne distracted attention from the fifty-year-old Frenchwoman who is walking from Moscow to Paris in slippers.

"I always get Madrid when it is raining," says a wireless enthusiast. We don't; we simply get wet.

A list is to be published of all the animals—ninety-five thousand species

—found in the Soviet Union. An impression is current that whoever lost them will be severely punished.

Publicity has been given to the bequest of a hoof of the horse that led the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava. This animal is believed to

idea of a short pretty girl who was continually being kissed on the forehead.

A correspondent says that a phrenologist told him quite correctly that he had recently bought a country cottage. But it must be fairly simple to read the bumps caused by old oak beams.

"Strong well-built men make amiable husbands," states a writer. So do strong well-built women.

"The first dance on an ocean trip is often a very stiff affair," says a writer. Rough weather, however, soon sets the ball rolling.

A hunt gate-shutter is to be employed with a famous pack this season. A few followers would have preferred a hunt gate-opener.

Somebody has seen a French shop-assistant wearing a Brigade of Guards' tie. We would urge Guardsmen to take the view that this is one of the ties that strengthen the Entente.

Illegible handwriting, according to an expert, may be a consequence of writing many "lines" at school. This throws a lurid light on the school-days of our medical men.

"World conditions to-day," said the Navy League's Trafalgar Day message, "resemble the weather conditions of Trafalgar. The weather is calm, but there is an ominous swell."

To whom, pray, did they allude?



"AND WHICH ARE THEY SHOWING NOW, YOUNG MAN—THE ONE THAT 'TICKLES YER TO DEATH'?"

"NO, MADAM, THE ONE THAT 'TUGS AT THE 'EART-STRINGS.'"

have differed from other famous steeds in having only four hoofs.

Middlesex secondary schools now have over eighteen thousand pupils. It is rather saddening to think that they will all probably grow up to be taxpayers.

"Who invented high heels?" asks a writer. One theory is that it was the

### A Final Note on Flying Times.

ONE hates to boast. Especially do those who have their business in the neighbourhood of Fleet Street abominate the slightest suspicion of self-praise. Yet now and again the odious task becomes a necessity, and I cannot allow the part played by this paper in the great Australian air race to be forgotten.

In *The Times* of last Wednesday I find the following letter:—

“‘THE TIMES’ AND THE AIR RACE.

To the Editor of ‘*The Times*.’

SIR,—I received my copy of *The Times* on my breakfast table this morning at 8.20. It contained on the middle page the news that Scott and Campbell Black had reached Melbourne at 5.35 A.M. This struck me as a remarkable achievement on the part of *The Times*, as impressive in its own way as the flight itself!

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Quite true, and we congratulate *The Times*. In a leading article it was also stated: “On Saturday night Baghdad might have done what even parts of Scotland cannot do and read *The Times* of that very morning.” Correct again and most wonderful. Yet we have to recount a still more remarkable journalistic achievement.

Thanks to Mr. SCOTT and Mr. CAMPBELL BLACK, to whom, like everybody else—



—thanks to these two brave fliers, and also to the London representative of *The Sydney Morning Herald*, who included us in a little parcel of his own, a copy of last week's *Punch* could be read in Melbourne before it could be obtained on the bookstalls of London, in fact, to put it broadly and simply, we got to Melbourne sooner than we got to Muswell Hill. And not merely a little sooner but ten whole hours sooner, if one uses Greenwich Mean Time, as I personally always do (though I receive not the slightest payment of any kind for advertising the thing.) Naturally a great risk was taken in attempting this feat. Several of our jokes were rather ponderous, and the copy sent had to be specially printed on India-paper in order to lighten the Comet's load. There was the danger that Mr. SCOTT and Mr. CAMPBELL BLACK might pull it out and read it in order to while away the dreary hours over the Timor Sea, and by this rash act upset the stability of their machine, lose distance, or forget to pay proper attention to their piloting.

But we took those risks. The result was a tremendous triumph, for it meant that we flew from Mildenhall to Melbourne in, roughly speaking, minus ten hours (G.M.T.). This is a record and we are rather proud of it.

Again reverting to *The Times* we find:—

“One hundred years hence, will the aeroplane's three days seem as slow as the old sailing-ship's six months seems now, and will *Puck's* forty minutes seem ample time in which to put a girdle round the earth?”

It is indeed hard to prophesy. But with regard to the great Melbourne feat we are willing even now to put *Puck's* flying time against our own, and the following table ought to be of interest to our readers:—

Time taken by <i>Phileas Fogg</i> to go round the earth . . . . .	80 days.
Probable time taken by modern flying-man . . . . .	8 days.
Time taken by <i>Punch</i> to fly from England to Australia . . . . .	—10 hours.
Time taken by <i>Puck</i> to set girdle round earth . . . . .	40 mins.
Probable time taken by <i>Punch</i> to ditto ditto, allowing for engine trouble, heaviness of humour, difficulty of refuelling, etc. (say) . . . . .	—2 hours.

We think this feat will interest Professor EINSTEIN. We believe that it will Sir JAMES JEANS.



But, as I said before, one hates to boast.

EVOR.

### Kultur.

Typical english conversations for nordic Students.

V.—WINTER SEASON.

Lord Smith. This year winter makes itself perceptible.

Lord Robinson. I would winter past.

Viscount Brown. It frostles. Last night it rimed. Let us wrap us warmly up.

Lord Smith. The river is loaded with pieces of ice. Thick enough sufficiently to be bearing.

Lord Robinson. What about a skate? Can I get a pair of skate lent?

Viscount Brown. Nay. One feels well only by the stove or not at all. Let us therefore commence a sporty party at Contraction bridge.

Lord Smith. I prefer the game of Chest. I do not play bridge, Contraction, Whisht nor Action. Where is the Chest Board? I challenge at Chest.

Lord Robinson. I shall strive against you. Shall you direct the white pieces? Very well, then, I choose the balks. You push first. Commence!

Viscount Brown. I shall adjudge the contest. Play fair. Do not act like not a gentleman with lowhand tricks and sly shoves. [Play commences.]

Lord Smith. Finely pushed! You have intricated the game anew!

Lord Robinson. You mock.

Lord Smith. It is chequ-mate. You have gained the party. I am incensed. I do violence to my feelings.

Lord Robinson. Don't violence to your feelings! It is only a game. I gained it. How happy I am! How delightful! Charming!

Viscount Brown. How pleasant are these games in the winter season, when one cannot sport about without!





HONOURABLE RATIO;

OR, NAVAL CONVERSATIONS IN LONDON.

"THIS DESPICABLE CREATURE DOES NOT FIND HIS SEAT SO SATISFACTORY AS YOU TWO ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONS FIND YOURS!"



THE BRITISH CHARACTER.

VENERATION FOR HISTORY.

## Pickles.

"This weather," said the bath-chair man, "is somethink chronic."

I looked at him in surprise. We were on the front; the wind howled with gloomy ferocity over a grey sea. But this bath-chair man I knew had seen service on many fronts, and it was unlike him to be defeated by the first days of real winter. What could be wrong? It did not seem possible that he was irritated by the occupant of his bath-chair, who was fast asleep and practically hidden from view beneath layers of rugs. After a brooding pause, however, the bath-chair man himself revealed the cause of his melancholy. It was indigestion.

"It's my old woman will keep feeding me pickles," he explained. "I can't do with pickles anyway, and that's a fact. Just solidified vinegar cut into shapes. No variety, except now and again you'll get a bit as 'ard as teak when most of them are no 'arder than willow, say. Pickled walnuts is the worst, believe me—leastways when she makes 'em. Funny, seems I can't get away from pickles these days, not even in me intellectual life. See my client there?"

The bath-chair man indicated the sleeping tenant of the bath-chair, which he had parked out of the wind, and I said I did; upon which the bath-chair man said: "There's a tale attached to 'im. If I 'ad the time I'd put it in a book,

I would, believe me. There was these two old blokes—see, old Pa Stoodge the pickle manufacturer, and the Colonel. The Colonel 'ad a daughter and old Pa Stoodge 'ad a son—well, 'e 'ad eleven sons; this was the eighth. The Colonel 'ad a few more children too, I fancy, scattered about. Well, of course, severally and collectively they 'eard the voice of love and wanted to get married."

"What, all at once?" I said.

"All at once, no. The two of 'em—young Stoodge (I forget 'is name) and the Colonel's daughter. When the Colonel 'eard of this 'e took on right an' left. 'I will not,' 'e says very loud—'I will not 'ave my daughter marryin' into pickles, and that's a fact.' 'Why,' says the girl, indignant, 'you know you're that fond of pickles, Pa! If I wasn't 'ere to keep an eye on you,' she says, 'you'd live on 'em right and left and make yourself ill somethink chronic.' So the old Colonel says, 'I have nothink against pickles personally,' 'e says—it was true enough what she told 'im, see, 'ow fond 'e was of pickles—it's the principle of the thing,' 'e says. 'Believe me,' 'e says, 'marry into pickles you shall not.'"

The bath-chair man broke off to clutch at his hat. "Meanwhile," he went on, trying to get into it more firmly, "just the same kind of thing was goin' on in the Stoodge 'ouse'old. 'My boy,' says old Pa Stoodge to the lovesick swain, 'I deprecate this 'asty step, and that's a fact. Marry this girl,' 'e goes on, 'an' the first thing, you know, you'll be runnin' after me for money somethink chronic. I

can't give it you, my boy,' 'e says, 'believe me. There's seven before you in the queue. If you want to marry, marry money,' 'e says. So there you are; it was a kind of deadlock, with people bein' told off right an' left."

"And who prevailed?" I asked.

"Ah!" said the bath-chair man, "believe me, you can't do nothink with the younger generation, somethink chronic they are. What did they do as soon as the old boys put their feet down? Why, orf they went on a bus and got married at a registry-office. South Shields they live at now, an' that's a fact."

Inspecting me narrowly and perceiving, I take it, some sign of incredulity, the bath-chair man gave himself a loop-hole: "Or it may be North Shields. . . . Well, believe me, when they was apprised of this the Colonel and old Pa Stoodge took on somethink chronic. Wouldn't speak to each other for a bit. Before, they did use to pass the time of day; but afterwards, well, the Colonel was a churchwarden, an' 'e took to showin' old Pa Stoodge into the wrong pews. There was nearly blows on Sundays now and again, so they tell me. 'Owever, in due course time the great 'ealer begins to shove in 'is oar. Soon there was a reconciliation on the 'orizon no bigger than a man's 'and, and then 'ome came the young people on a visit from Plaistow—"

I stared, and the bath-chair man added hastily—"or Padstow or wherever it was they was livin' at—'ome they came and cee-mented it. Well, when they'd gone back of

course the old boys couldn't keep on 'ating each other, so the Colonel says to old Pa Stoodge, 'Mr. Stoodge, I been a fool somethink chronic,' an' old Pa Stoodge says, 'Believe me, Colonel, same 'ere, an' that's a fact.' And then to make it all nice they exchanged giffs. The Colonel gave old Pa Stoodge some bottles of port and old Pa Stoodge gave the Colonel about a lorry-load of best pickles; an' things was all right for a bit. But, 'avin' been a plumber in 'is 'ot youth, old Pa Stoodge 'ad a predisposition to gout, an' the port put the lid on it. 'Pains arthritic,' as a pal of mine says, 'that infest the toe of libertine excess.' Coo! an' that's a fact."

I looked across at his charge, who was beginning to stir uneasily. "That being so," I said, "hadn't you better be getting back? When he wakes up and finds you gone—"

"Oo? 'Im?" said the bath-chair man, following my gaze. "Why, that's not the old boy—never was a client of mine. That over there's the Colonel, sufferin' from pickles, same as me."

R. M.

"Plutarch, Four Lines from North's Translation, ed. Carr (Oxford University Press) 4/-."—*Bookseller's Catalogue*.

Lovers of PLUTARCH should not miss this opportunity.

"A TUBERCULAR COW

FINED FOR FAILURE TO REPORT."—*Yorks Paper*.

Perhaps she thought it was only a touch of 'flu.



"IT MUST BE SOMETHIN' SERIOUS, LIZA. THEY WERE LIKE THAT A WEEK AGO, AND THEY STILL AREN'T SPEAKIN' TO EACH OTHER."



## Big Fight.

I'm tired of telling people why I have a wound upon the nose, another underneath the eye, a swollen lip—and so here goes. Yes, here is the story; and to assure myself of your continued attention let me tell you that there is a "record" in it.

Surprise, new experience—these, they tell us, are the essence of life. Little did I think as I sat in the elegant Restaurant—, discussing the Future of the Drama and kindred subjects, that a few minutes later I should be playing a principal part in a street-brawl. Off we went in our taxi, my wife and the wife of another, still discussing Plastic Values or something of that kind. In a narrow street, not many hours' steaming from Piccadilly Circus, the taxi pulled up suddenly and there was an exclamation from one of the ladies, such as one makes in motor-vehicles to signify the conviction that once again one has narrowly escaped death. I did not see the manoeuvres which caused the stoppage and the exclamations, being deep in *PIRANDELLO* or something; but there, close to our starboard bow, lay one of those long, low, wicked-looking private cars; and there was our taxi-man reasonably remonstrating with the driver of same.

The said driver put out his head and replied in terms which I judged to be truculent and unworthy. I had formed no opinion on the merits of the case; but the demeanour of the private driver and the dearth of factual or argumentative material in what he said did suggest to me that his case might not be a strong one. I may add that, later, the taxi-driver said that he was prepared to charge the private driver—let us call him X—with "dangerous driving." But that is what the lawyers call an *ex parte* statement; and it is fair to assume that Mr. X would have something to say to that.

Unfortunately he did not choose to say it then, and, though, I am sure, a mild and delightful man in the home, his manner did contrive to raise a presumption that he was of the rare kind of arrogant motorist one is not so keen on. Anyhow I put my head out too and suggested to Mr. X that it would be wiser to conduct the dispute in a more Parliamentary manner, as there was a lawyer on his starboard bow who was not prepared to let the humble taxi-driver be borne down by effrontery or clamour. Or words to that effect.

Mr. X then addressed me in terms no more genial or courtly than he had

employed upon the taxi-driver; and I am told that I made some suitable rejoinder. At about this point we both got out of our vehicles and stood in the narrow space between. This was probably a mistake; but we were now in a more convenient situation for verbal argument; and there was still no reason to apprehend a breach of the peace.

But just then a little stranger—let us call him Y—rushed up from behind me and, much more excited than Mr. X or I, hotly took the side of the taxi-driver and myself, intimating clearly his opinion that Mr. X was in the wrong. I wish to be perfectly fair, but, calmly piecing together as well as I can these very rapid and tangled events, I do seem to perceive one common thread running through the whole. Whether or not Mr. X had a good defence to the accusations against him (and that, unhappily, he never told us), he does seem that night to have been singularly sensitive to a rebuke of any kind. Well, aren't we all? Most of us, however, are content to repel it with the pure forces of reason, cajolery or simple lying. But Mr. X has a rugged nature; and without a word of pure reason he seized Mr. Y by the body and wrestled with him—myself being jammed against them between the two vehicles.

It was my duty as a citizen to prevent a breach of the peace; moreover, I found the situation of a piece of ham stuck between two struggling pieces of bread uncomfortable. I therefore, with both arms, endeavoured to separate the combatants, and in the course of my efforts I have no doubt that I made use of expressions which I should not repeat here. And no doubt they would be addressed to Mr. X, the aggressor. The ladies have recalled to me what I actually said at this point, but in view of what occurred before and after I am unable to admit that my choice of language was substantially erroneous.

For one reason or another the combatants did disperse, and Mr. Y vanished from the scene, like a minor character who is brought in for a moment or two to keep the play going. I have a faint impression that he was of non-Aryan stock, and, as my lengthy nose sometimes makes people think that I am, I have wondered whether perhaps Mr. X was a Fascist and fancied himself assailed by the massed enemies of HITLER.

Anyhow, concluding that the weapons of logic and persuasion were wasted here, I took the number of Mr. X's car and returned to my seat between the two ladies. We were just about to start when the other door opened and Mr. X leaned largely through the door.

He said, "Come outside!"

The invitation had an old-fashioned ring and I expect I laughed. Certainly I declined it. He said again, "Come outside!" And he added in his old-fashioned way that he proposed to "take me to task" for my "offensive remarks."

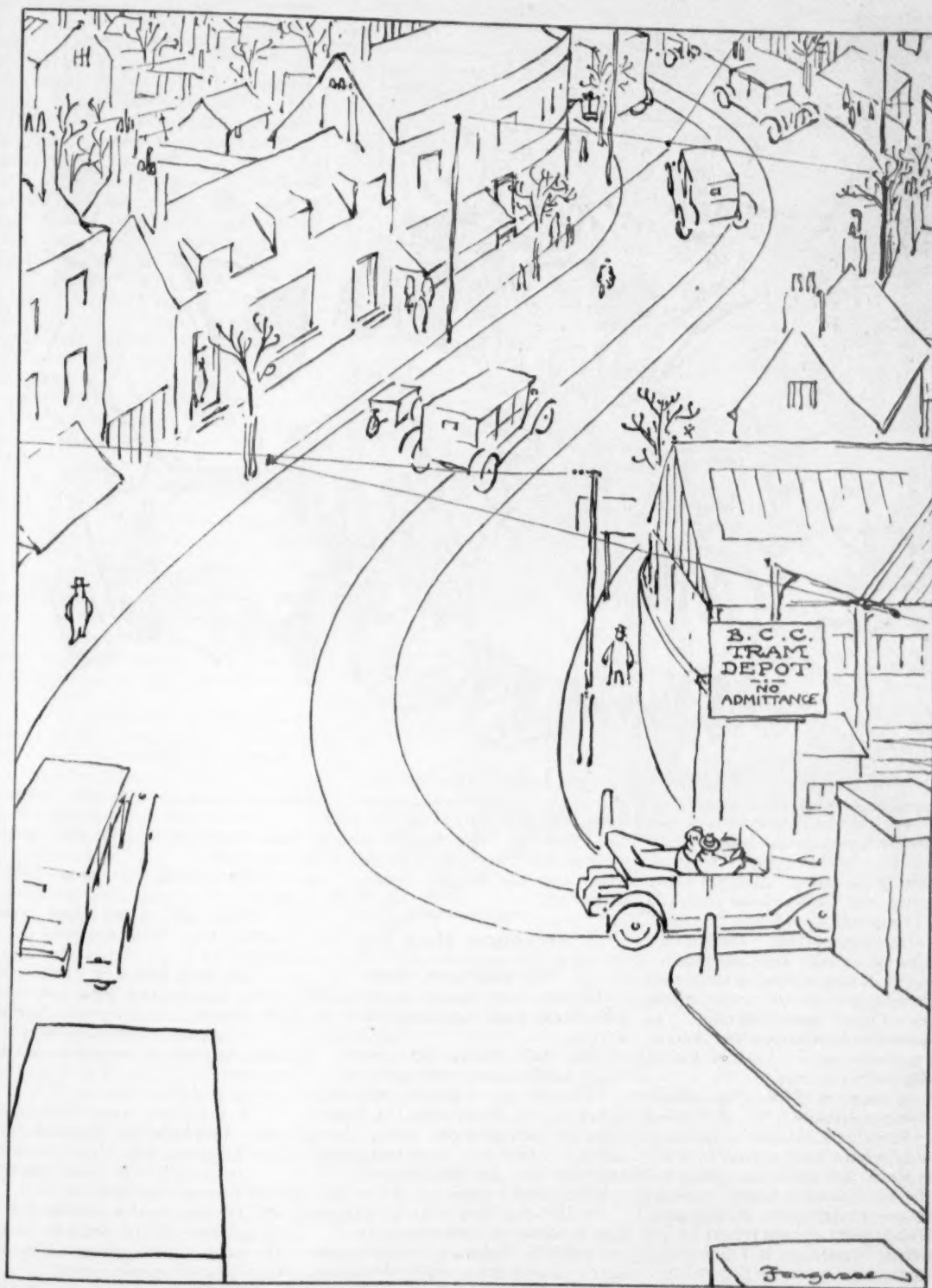
I requested him with emphasis to withdraw from my hired vehicle and, when he did not, inquired his name and address. He gave me only his Christian names (omitting, the naughty fellow! his surname) and an address which was not strictly accurate. At his invitation I gave him my name and address. He then, without warning, gave me, I am sorry to say, an undeniable "biff upon the boko."

I had never been struck on the nose in a taxi between two ladies before. It is a record; and I was much surprised. But what surprised me more was to find myself leaping out of the taxi and endeavouring to do the same for Mr. X. For I had never tried to strike a violent man on the nose before, and I have not the slightest idea how to do it. I have never even boxed, deeming that the shape and structure of the before-mentioned nose made the sport unsuitable—(how right!).

But there we were, on the pavement before a crowd, going what they call "hammer-and-tongs." Or rather, in this case, hammer and no tongs. For I could not swear, alas! that I ever succeeded in striking Mr. X. I, however, received several more blows on the nose, a cut lip and one on the "point." A strange female came to the support of Mr. X, and from time to time dotted me one over his shoulder. I suspect that she may have worn a ring and that this caused the deep cut in the said nose, which bled copiously and must, I am sure, have given satisfaction to Mr. X. No citizen assisted me, though all knew, I presume, that it was their duty to prevent a breach of the peace.

I expected every moment to be battered to the ground, but I wasn't. Maybe Mr. X was exercising caution—or charity. And now came, what is to me, the interesting and comical thing. We passed somehow from the pugilistic to the wrestling attitude and grappled (I fear ridiculously), and suddenly I found that my assailant was lying back across the empty seat of the taxi-driver and I was standing over him with my hand on his throat. In other words, *I seemed to have won.*

I say "seemed." I should like to think that by sheer power and pug-nacity I reduced the belligerent Mr. X to subjection. But I can't. I suspect that Mr. X knew too much about the



"I TELL YOU HE DISTINCTLY SAID, 'FOLLOW THE TRAMLINES!'"



"ANYONE TAKING LUNCH?"

game and thought it best to close the episode by foxing defeat before police appeared. Anyhow, there I stood, apparently the victor. And, not being a fighting man, *I didn't know what to do next*. I suppose I should have "sloshed" him—"taken him to task." But it didn't occur to me. And I don't know how.

Meanwhile (this makes me laugh too) the intelligent crowd were crying "Come off him! Leave him alone!" as if I were the brutal aggressor, knocking a fallen foe about! Anyhow, I came off him and we parted.

Mr. X inquired if I was "satisfied." I replied emphatically, No. But I find I am. It was at least a new experience, and might have been worse. If it will make Mr. X feel any better I may tell him he has left what looks like being a permanent mark on my literary nose, made eating difficult and ruined my suit of clothes. But, darn it, I almost forgive him.

For it was my first fight (not counting the Great War); and there is just a lingering faint hope in my mind some-

times that I really did get him down. No, I fear not. But there, it does me good to think so. Perhaps Mr. X will write and tell me the truth? No, better not.

A. P. H.

### As Others Hear Us.

With the Difficult Guest.

"Won't you change your mind? I'm afraid there's nothing much else coming."

"No, really, thank you so much. I really hardly ever touch eggs."

"I'm so sorry; I know some people never do. I do so wish I'd thought. (The chicken straight away, please, Edith.) I think you know some neighbours of ours, the MacGoverns?"

"No, I don't think so."

"I thought they said they'd met you in Wales or somewhere?"

"I was in Wales a good many years ago. At least it was really Monmouthshire—just motoring through."

"This was a place in Pembrokeshire."

"Oh yes."

"I don't know whether you remember them at all. He has rather a moustache."

"Mackintosh, did you say the name was?"

"Well, no. Their name is really MacGovern. With a capital 'G,' you know."

"Oh, then I'm sure I don't know them. I once knew some people called Mackintosh, but that was in Scotland."

"Yes, I see. I suppose they—well, anyhow, they're coming to lunch tomorrow."

"Oh yes."

"Now do have some chicken, won't you? I do hope you like *fried* chicken. The American way."

"Oh really. It looks wonderful. Just a very, very little."

"Oh, but you've hardly got anything there. (Edith, just take back—) Do have a little more. I'm afraid there's nothing else coming."

"No, thanks, really. I always find I'm better without much *meat* at night."



"Oh, but do let me send— (Edith, find out if there are any sardines.) And what will you drink? A little white wine?"

"Just water, thank you."

"Cider? We've got it here, in the room. Or a whisky-and-soda?"

"No, really; water, thank you."

"There's lemonade if you like that better."

"I always drink water."

"Well, if you really. (Oh, that's right, Edith). Now *do* let her change your plate and try the sardines, if you don't care about chicken."

"Really not, thank you."

"Are you sure? (All right, Edith. The water-jug.) I was wondering if you'd care to drive in to Salisbury to-morrow and take a look at the cathedral."

"Thank you. That sounds delightful. I know Salisbury rather well; in fact I was staying there only last week."

"Oh, then perhaps you've seen the cathedral?"

"Oh, dear, yes. We went over it very thoroughly with the guide. Still, it would be very nice to do it all over again, of course."

"Well, we might anyway just poke about looking at shop-windows and things. I don't know if you're interested in antiques at all? And of course there are one or two nice old book-shops."

"I always think the Americans have ruined all that, don't you? I mean, one knows so well that everything is just faked nowadays. Still, I'm sure it would be delightful just to *look* at all the things."

"Do you ever patronise the cinema?"

"Quite often."

"Oh, good! I believe there's a marvellous film showing this week—*The Murder at South Molton*, it's called."

"Oh, it's excellent. I saw it twice, in London. Not that I should in the very *least* mind seeing it again."

"Still, perhaps— That's chocolate *soufflé*. Or fruit salad?"

"Thank you so much. Just a little fruit salad, if I may."

"Edith, the fruit salad. I wonder if the wireless—"

"I wonder if I might change my mind and say *soufflé* after all?"

"Of course. (Edith.)"

"You were saying something about the wireless. I always think it is such a nuisance, don't you? It interferes with conversation so."

"Well, in a way. Though— But still, you can always turn it off."

"I never like doing that, somehow. I'm very funny in that way."



"HER'S A GOOD COW, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN, AND YET IN A MANNER OF SPEAKIN' HER B'AIN'T!"

"Are you sure you won't have a little more?"

"No, really, thank you. I wonder if I might have *hot* water instead of cold?"

"I'm so sorry. I ought to have thought. (Edith, will you please bring a glass of *hot* water?) Would you rather have it in a jug?"

"I'm afraid I'm giving a great deal of trouble. Perhaps I might have it when I go to bed?"

"Certainly not. Of course you can have it in a moment. No trouble at all."

"No, really, when I go upstairs."

"No, no, certainly not."

"I oughtn't to have said anything."

"Oh, but *please*."

"It would really do quite well at bed-time."

"It'll be here in one minute. And I'm sure you're tired after your journey. You *will* say if you'd like to go upstairs early, won't you?"

"Thanks very much, but I'm one of those people who never go to bed until after twelve. I find I *sleep* better that way."

"Do you really? But I'm sure you *must* be tired. After dinner you must lie on the sofa or read or do whatever rests you most."

"Thank you so much, but I find it does me good to *talk*." E. M. D.

## At the Pictures.

### POETS AND A MUSICIAN.

POETS and dramatists as they were, it is unlikely, I think, that ROBERT BROWNING and ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING ever in their wildest dreams, with their eyes in a fine frenzy rolling, saw themselves as hero and heroine of a stage play. How much less then could they have foreseen their appearance in a talking picture—the only kind of picture of which BROWNING knew nothing, although he was just in time for the phonograph. And whether they really do appear in the talking picture, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, must be a matter of personal opinion; but I for one am nearly persuaded. FREDRIC MARCH may as Robert be a little too tall and slender, NORMA SHEARER as Ba—Mr. BESIER's play in its French form now being performed in Paris is, by the way, called *Miss Ba*—a little too beautiful and decisive; but they convince me: at any rate they convince me that this ardent wooer and this harassed understanding fragile woman did once exist, whatever their names. Why their names had to be BROWNING and BARRETT I never understood, even in the days of the stage drama; an imaginary setting would have been as attractive, while those playgoers who so dislike transcripts



THE GLIDING MAID.

Wilson . . . . . UNA O'CONNOR.

from the private lives of the eminent that they stay away, would have been retained.

Whether or no FREDRIC MARCH is the author of *Sordello* and NORMA SHEARER the author of *A Drama of Exile* matters nothing; the fact remains that as lovers frustrated by a monster called Papa they hold us, and we almost scream with agony at the delays with which, towards the end, the producer tortures us. As for CHARLES LAUGHTON as "Papa," he is terrifying; and we too, in the audience, fresh

from SANDY MACPHERSON—we too, even though it is all nothing but photography, and he is not our father, dwindle and shrink every time he enters the room. With features so implacable, little need be done by that all-conquering actor but learn the words and speak them with a fatal crispness; but in truth he does more, and in the



PAPA'S AURA.

Edward Moulton-Barrett, CHARLES LAUGHTON.

one emotional passage rises to a great height.

But the chief honours are with NORMA SHEARER, who, in my experience, has never done anything better, and with the trainer of the liver-and-white spaniel who takes the part of Flush. The cinema has brought numbers of intelligent dogs to the screen, from Rin-Tin-Tin onwards, but none whose exits and entrances have had so much meaning. MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN as *Henrietta Barrett* and MARION CLAYTON as *Bella* should also be picked out of a cast that has not a weak spot in it; while I should be guilty of treachery to a miraculous feat of skill if I made no reference to the almost supernatural means by which UNA O'CONNOR as *Wilson*, the lady's-maid, advances and retreats.

There must be no comparisons, so odious are they, but I will permit myself to wish that the illusion of reality which *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* conveys could be captured in *The Unfinished Symphony*, where a romantic episode in the life of another nineteenth-century genius, FRANZ SCHUBERT, is offered, but where too little has been done, either by the actors or the producer, to make it even plausible. Indeed I cannot remember ever to have seen such an automaton as his impersonator, HANS JARAY, makes him, whether as an unlikely hypothecator of a guitar, an unbelievable school-master teaching arithmetic, or a very

dubious performer at the pianoforte; whether as a lover, an engaged man or a man who has been jilted. And as the *Countess Esterhazy*, whose burst of laughter leads to the first interruption in the famous B Minor composition and whose broken word completes the injury, MARTA EGGERTH does little to atone for the hero's consistent absence of feeling, for we are too perplexed by her changing personality. At her first appearance, unannounced, at the concert, we take her for a young woman of twenty-five. At her next, she is a schoolgirl, and thereafter to the end she runs up and down the scale of years.

But does this matter? Does it matter even that that most engaging comedian, RONALD SQUIRE, has almost nothing to do? Hardly at all, because SCHUBERT's music is being played most of the time, ending incongruously but not unwelcomely with a fine choral rendering of the "Ave Maria," which he seems to have composed, on the rebound, in a cornfield.

*The Unfinished Symphony* is wholly serious, except for an unfortunate moment when SCHUBERT, in another attempt to rob us of all belief, is seen to have pawn-tickets attached to the clothes in which he attends the



SYMPHONIC SUMS.

Franz Schubert . . . HANS JARAY.

*Princess Kinsky's* concert. If you want a musical film where laughter is long and easy I recommend *Twenty Million Sweethearts*, in which DICK POWELL plays the radio star whose voice brings such multiplicity of admirers, and PAT O'BRIEN is his agent. If you like rubbish adequately crooned you will like DICK POWELL; if you like high-speed American effrontery and bluff you will rejoice, as I did, in PAT O'BRIEN. And you will be behind the scenes in the broadcasting world—a very strange locality—all the time.

E. V. L.



"AND BEING DIFFERENT FROM WHAT HE APPEARS TO BE, HE'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK HE IS, AND SO IT MAKES HIM DIFFICULT TO UNDERSTAND."

### The Excavator.

No one who now follows the narrow beaten track across the two grass fields at Bawnoge to the place, in the centre of a third, from which an overgrown stony mound has recently been removed, and who there talks with the old man who is almost certain to be on the scene of the excavations would be likely to guess that, when a hopeful archaeologist hopefully asked for John Molloy's permission to delve into the past—and incidentally into his land—he met with an unqualified refusal.

In John's opinion, though he did not say so then, indiscriminate digging in the fields of Ireland within recent years brings to the light of day either of two things—guns or bombs. "If so be they kem upon one of them ammunition-dunks on my land," he told his wife, "nothin' 'd ever do them but I was some class of a politician."

What he said to the would-be excavator was this: "For years on the top of years, ay, an' more on the top of that," John Molloy said firmly,

"there was a jungle attached to that hape of stones, but we never said to it or from it—only let it be. Isn't it sthrange behaviour to be diggin' an' rootin' afther things that never done ye anny harm; an' what matther only ye'll take a flight back to Dublin when 'tis all pawed over, but here we may stay an' bear the blunt?"

The fact, duly emphasised by the expert that the Government had advanced money for this very purpose and were thus giving work to numbers of unemployed men all over the country, only increased the old man's certainty that it was arms and ammunition they were looking for. "And," he added uncompromisingly, "they'll do none of their scrawbin' on Bawnoge."

But, goaded by his friends and relations, who saw their chances of comparatively easy money being ruined by the obstinacy of one old man, John Molloy changed his mind. "He's terrible plausy," he said of the tactful antiquarian, and seeing that defeat was inevitable he now takes the attitude of having been responsible for the whole affair and of having with diffi-

culty persuaded some unenthusiastic archæologists to excavate just there.

It has been a thrilling summer and autumn for Mrs. Molloy. The number of strangers whose eager feet have trodden the narrow track beside the cottage still causes her acute astonishment. "Himself could be diggin' for ever," she says petulantly, "an' there wouldn't be as much as one to say God bless the work let alone pay him good money for it; but the very minute them fellas started at the bit of a mountebank beyond weren't they comin' in flocks to see what would they get? I believe the young Kellys' paws was well greased be the Government for proddin' in John's bit of land. An' the gander gone out of his latitude batin' people across the ditch. Sure he never was usened to such comin' an' goin', the creature."

It is from the old man himself, however, that the stranger will get inside information regarding the finds that have put Bawnoge on the map. "It was the Bronzed Age be all accounts," he says importantly. "They didn't mind what they did in them times, only





"MAY I ASK YOU, SIR, TO ACCEPT A FREE SAMPLE OF BANG'S FAMOUS FIREWORKS?"

buryin' stoves an' urns here, there an' everywhere, an' never divulged where they put them. I dunno what in the name of mankind ever med them think of Bawnoge for a hidey-hole. 'Dig it up,' I says to the gentleman, 'but if it's bumbs ye find in it let ye not mintion it to the sergeant below or he'll take no refusal but I was on the run, as ould as I am. Dig away,' I says, 'an' don't be afear'd at all. Whosomever resorted here,' says I, 'it was before CROMWELL's time'; an' I dhruv in the spade meself."

The reactions of the archæologist to the sight of objects found beneath the bit of a "mountebank" have made a lasting impression upon the mind of John Molloy. "We thrun him up an ould coppery yoke," he says, "an' look'd! he stayed fin-eerin' it for up to half-a-day. 'If we were only in a lake,' says he, 'we'd be gettin' crannogs as sure as man if there was anny crannogs in it. Didn't I always know 'twas in the Bronzed Age they med them forts,' he says, 'an' they so positive above in Dublin that it was the Stoned or th' Ironed? Look your nuff at that urn,' he says to me, 'for 'twas in your field for three thousand years, an' them that put it there has gone where the Lord plazes.'"

Very soon the quiet of winter will settle again on the little farm and the

beaten path will fade from the damp grass field, and the old man will look at the place where the overgrown mound stood and will give thanks once again, not for what was found but for what was missed.

"If so be they had excommunicated them bumbs," he will tell his wife, "we were all atchilly destroyed."

D. M. L.

### A New and Rising Artist.

"Let me have men about me that are fat . . .

Yond Cassius hath a lean and hungry look,"

said *Cæsar*. The remark has endeared him to centuries of housewives. It proves conclusively that had *Cæsar* happened to utter his thoughts about the washing his remarks would have been as just and as indicative of good taste as his remarks on men. Like us, then, *Cæsar* would have abominated the vision of lean and hungry clothes hanging shamefacedly and dejectedly on the line on a still day, and, like us, *Cæsar* would have delighted in the round swelling contours of white garments kicking ridiculously on a windy day. Without doubt his taste in these matters must have been without reproach.

It is but one more proof of the man's

greatness. For let no one suppose that it is an easy matter for the masculine sex to acquire good taste so irreproachable as *Cæsar's*. There is a whole branch of aesthetics dealing with washing-lines as technical and as difficult to acquire as any other branch. If it be allied to any art at all it is allied to that of sculpture, for it deals with mass and solid contour rather than with line and colour. Strictly speaking, however, it is allied to none. It stands apart, possessing a small but highly select and highly specialised band of critics and connoisseurs.

One reason for the isolation of the art and its devotees is this: It is essentially, as an art, a new art, not to say a futuristic art. Its beauties are not on the whole in the line of traditional conventional beauty. I say on the whole because in certain aspects and in certain hands it does show a leaning and a harking back to beauty of the too pleasant, too conventional kind. I have seen clothes-lines hung in settings of dewy grassy orchards, pink-and-white fruit-blossoms, childlike China-blue skies and pure Chinese-white clouds, clothes-lines on which the clothes reared and curvetted gracefully, refinedly, like the white gentle steeds of old-fashioned ladies. But such an art savours rather too much of the provincial and the Victorian. The trend

of all truly tasteful clothes-artists is distinctly futuristic. Epstein's contours are exceptionally favoured of late.

I remember seeing some weeks ago an extremely fine example of the art, thoroughly modern and yet at the same time thoroughly individual and characteristic of its creator, Mrs. Smith—an artist, by the way, of the first rank in her particular medium.

Mrs. Smith generally chooses to keep her backgrounds simple, stern, colourless, often indeed extremely grim. She revels in the contrast this affords her for the rich, luscious, swelling, somewhat sensuous character of the clothes themselves. In this particular piece of work her background consisted of a pale pink brick wall, occupying the left-hand side; a group of heliotrope slate roofs huddled in the right middle-distance; a dark-coloured rickety fence on the right, and a lean and hungry-looking zinc dustbin. This latter was a real stroke of genius. The clothes-line with its freight was seen half in perspective, half flankwise, a position which resulted in the most delicious collection of thick rotundities I have ever beheld.

Largest, because nearest to the spectator, hung a pair of pyjama-trousers, creamy white, swollen tightly with the wind; the seat to a beautifully-shaped globe, the two legs into two long pliable cylinders. The liveliness and vigour of the pose was really wonderful.

Directly behind the pyjama-trousers hung the jacket, head-downwards. It is impossible to describe in words the delightful subtlety of its smooth flat backwards curve, terminating abruptly in the thick bulging arms—impossible to translate the beauties of a plastic art into the entirely alien medium of words.

Next hung a pair of ladies' knickers, admirably modelled, the coarse yet genial vulgarity of their curves expressing illimitably the essential vulgarity of their nature. Their colour too, a hard brilliant Prussian-blue, contrasted beautifully with the faint cream of the pyjamas.

Next to the knickers was a child's frock. Its ridiculous size, its daintiness, the tiny girth of the little round pink stiff skirt was a delightful piece of incongruity.

And last of all in the composition came a large and unremarkable sheet, looped up very simply in long restful curves. The whole length of the line, as always in Mrs. Smith's compositions, was punctuated at moderately regular intervals with long narrow black stockings, leg downwards. These



#### THE GREAT HERRING MYSTERY.

*Drifter Skipper (to Mate).* "CHEER UP, BILL. THINK OF THE MONEY WE'RE MAKIN'. YOUR SHARE OF THIS WILL BE ABOUT FOURPENCE—THAT IS IF WE DON'T HAVE TO CHUCK 'EM ALL BACK."

imparted a sense of rhythm and balance to the piece.

Yes, in this her latest work Mrs. Smith has surpassed herself. The rapidity of movement, the vigour and strength of the clothes' attitudes, the wild grotesqueness of them, combined with the very human vulgarity of them and above all the startling newness and originality of her conceptions show indubitable signs of genius. If there is a hint of crudity in the drawing and perhaps more than a hint in the colouring, these are but the faults of youth. (Mrs. Smith is still in her thirty-ninth year, and has been for some time.) In spite

of this minor blemish I would not hesitate to predict this—

MRS. SMITH WILL GO FAR.

"AIR RACE.

LAST MINUTE SENSATION."

*Newspaper Poster.*

Not cold feet, we hope.

"It is no exaggeration to say that Larnie supplies these *desiderata*. Railway and steamship connection with the other world is not only ample but luxurious in its modernity."—*From a Guide.*

But can they guarantee arrival at the right destination?



LATEST BALLROOM REACTIONS.

### Inside Information;

or, Which House Shall It Be?

So, sister, the appointed time has come nigh  
For putting Edward down  
For that great seat of learning whose alumni  
Are Albion's crown.

And since in those proud halls I was a student,  
You ask me to advise  
Which of the House-dons it would be most prudent  
To patronise.

In aught that touches on my nephew Ted (agog  
To counsel and assist)  
I haste to give the low-down on each pedagogue;  
Read out the list.

"School House—the Reverend Josiah Prentice"—  
My dearest sister, *no!*  
Whoever figures in *loco parentis*,  
Not Holy Joe.

Nor "Stingy" Stirk of "A," a well-known robber  
Whose house are fed on air.  
"C"—Robertson"—avoid "the Beery Bobber"  
With equal care.

Why Jones to run the Hivites' is permitted  
I cannot even guess;

Old "Artless Alf" of "D" is quarter-witted,  
Or rather less.

I thrashed for too exuberant verbosity  
The present head of "E,"  
While Johnson—"F"—committed the atrocity  
Of thrashing me.

"G' house" (the Perizzites') "Cornelius Ashwell"—  
That oily little seug!  
"H"—Major Albert Keating"—you can dash well  
Wash out "the Bug."

In fact, my child, for no consideration  
To any of the nine  
Would I commit young Edward's education  
If he were mine.

What are those strange wild words I hear you mutter  
About "some other place"?  
Sister, I never thought that you would utter  
Treason so base!

Refrain, I pray, from imbecile suggestion  
And burbling like a fool;  
Edward attends—of that there is no question—  
The world's best school.





*Ronald Partridge.*

### THE BRAIN-WAVE.

DESPONDENT CITIZEN. "THIS IS THE END OF EVERYTHING!"

RESOURCEFUL CITIZEN. "WAIT A BIT; I HAVE AN IDEA! I BELIEVE WE CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT."

D. C. "WHAT?"

R. C. "WHY—LET'S GO AND VOTE!"

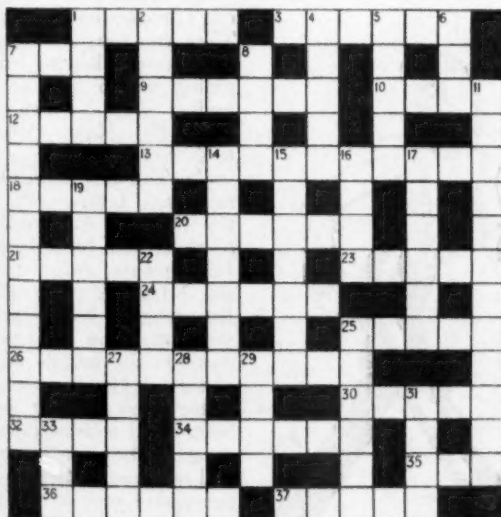




Hercules. "I THOUGHT PERHAPS THIS MIGHT INTEREST YOU. CERBERUS, YOU KNOW."

Dog-dealer. "I'M SORRY IT'S NOT IN MY LINE—JUST A FREAK. I SHOULD ADVISE YOU TO TRY A CIRCUS."

### Mr. Punch's Crossword.



#### Across.

1. Pet name for a bridge?
3. Tastes.
7. Cold institute.
9. Sporting number.
10. Food for prodigals.
12. Religious extremes and means a belated acknowledgment.

13. Jack's plea for better roads.
18. Arrays.
20. Circle above shoe.
21. Kind of rubber.
23. Black magic.
24. This this with 21 if you get it wrong.
25. Wide?
26. Signifying nothing.
30. Meaning.
32. Calls for a basin.
34. Much the same as 4.
35. Makes a friend turn pale.
36. Hustle, here's a cop.
37. Stick to it.

#### Down.

1. Uplift club.
2. Trunks or drawers.
4. Roman villa.
5. Flight.
6. High but not dry.
7. Cheek.
8. Face to face with the might of Rome.
11. Gay.
14. Almost without position.
15. Wise.
16. A prefix by itself.
17. Sink.
19. Sandwiched.
22. Confusion worse confounded.
25. Our betters.
27. Dish-up verse.
28. A thing which conceals a thing.
29. Spirit disturbed in the East.
31. A this will take you to the altar.
33. What is will be.



## At the Play.

"THEATRE ROYAL" (LYRIC).

*Theatre Royal* is the re-christened seven-year-old *The Royal Family*, by those accomplished collaborators, EDNA FERBER and GEORGE KAUFMAN, said to be founded, however superficially and discreetly, on the history of a famous American theatrical dynasty. As I sat under the direct fire of it it seemed to me that I had never seen anything quite as good of its kind as its first two Acts. When however, in the second interval, I tried to analyse the effect it seemed to me that I had been spoofed by a *tour de force* of slick and uncannily resourceful production founded, I gladly admit, on very skilful playing and adroit selection of theatrical material. The people and the situations were ridiculous and I had been taking them seriously. This seemed to me rather ignominious. One ought, I thought, at my age to be up to tricks like that. And yet isn't the measure of my personal discomfiture something like the measure of the skill of the combined team of authors, producer and players? For if they can work this effect upon a seasoned hand what could they not do with the simple votary of pleasure? Just what they pleased, clearly—as the event proved. And obviously it is the verdict of the votary that should count—and that will count.

The *Cavendishes* live in a duplex apartment in New York; reigning sovereign, *Julie* (Miss MADGE TITHERADGE); Dowager Queen, *Fanny* (Miss MARIE TEMPEST), who has never quite abdicated and never will; Crown Princess, *Gwen* (Miss MARGARET VINES). Madcap *Anthony* (Mr. LAURENCE OLIVIER), unorthodox amphibian exploiting both the worlds of screen and stage is for that reason considered something of an outsider. *Fanny* hates and despises the films; entrepreneur *Oscar Wolfe* (Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE), with non-Nordic sleekness and generosity and fidelity, and incidental profit, keeps them from financial and mental shipwreck. Dull *Herbert Dean* (GEORGE ZUCCO), *Fanny's* brother, and mining *Kitty*, his consort, in-

competents both, who have hitherto been carried along clinging to the royal raft, drift in and out cadging

meals, loans or parts. The two former are freely given; even *Cavendish* loyalties hesitate about the last. The noise and bustle of the *Cavendish* traffic is appalling.

*Anthony*—Mr. OLIVIER makes him a brilliant, absurd epitome of all the handsome athletic over-paid, over-interviewed, over-welcomed darlings of the Hollywood tradition—spends much of his time pushing in film-directors' faces, breaking contracts and being sued and pursued by fair and furious ladies on account of alleged breaches of other contracts. A line comes back to me: "And what did you ever promise this movie actress that was worth 200,000 dollars?" spoken by Miss MARIE TEMPEST with such quietly contemptuous semi-affectionate emphasis that it put the house in an uproar of appreciation. That was the sort of hit the players made again and again—not the thing said so much as the way of saying it and the superb timing—which business of perfect timing was so consistent throughout the piece that it can only have been the result of the most diligent rehearsal under inspired autocratic direction. The fact that a line of no very obvious brilliance can make a brilliant effect need not mean that it is a fluke or that the author didn't know his business when writing it. Producers

can't produce out of nothing. They can prevent inherent weaknesses showing up by giving us no time to examine them—which was what Mr. NOEL COWARD took care to do.

The Third Act didn't hold me even temporarily like the first two. For one thing a spell had been broken. For another, *Julie's* Emerald King (Mr. TRISTAN RAWSON), a solid upright monomaniac sat heavily down in the middle of the picture. He was an old suitor who twenty years before had self-sacrificingly deserted her for emeralds and now comes to give her peace and rest in the perpetual boredom of his company after the stresses of work and of life in a duplex apartment. And, thirdly, I couldn't quite accept that last exit of *Fanny Cavendish*. She struggles to her feet to toast *Aubrey Cavendish*, founder of the dynasty, in



FANNY CAVENDISH, QUEEN OF THE AMERICAN STAGE, PLAYED APPROPRIATELY ENOUGH BY MARIE TEMPEST, QUEEN OF THE ENGLISH STAGE.



### HOW TO DODGE FILM-FANS.

BELL-BOY DISGUISED AS TONY CAVENDISH LEAVES THE CAVENDISH APARTMENT, FOLLOWED BY TONY CAVENDISH AS BELL-BOY.  
Tony Cavendish . . . . . MR. LAURENCE OLIVIER.

a cocktail—and falls back dead on the settee.

But I will prophesy a long run, a deserved long run, for this play. Admirers of Miss MARIE TEMPEST will have a sight of her at her very best, young students of the theatre may well wonder what precisely it is that gives her playing that air of inevitability and authority. Miss MADGE TITHERADGE seems also to wear a new and brighter halo.

A brilliant mischievous affair. T.

"RICHARD II."  
(OLD VIC).

It always seems to me to be one of the greatest tributes to SHAKESPEARE that it is not until one gets outside the theatre that one begins to wonder why *Richard* behaved in such a consistently idiotic fashion; why he invariably threw his chances overboard when a few sparks of the commonest kind of sense would probably have saved him. He can hardly be called a sympathetic character, for when you come to consider him coldly you have to admit that the quality of the man himself is in vivid contrast to the quality of the philosophy which is put into his mouth. Yet for three hours this weak and self-dramatising *poseur* fascinates us; it is a very remarkable feat of poetry.

This production, by Mr. HENRY CASS, is exceedingly good. Its keynote is simplicity, both of setting and arrangement, and from this it gains a naturalness and an ease of emphasis which throw *Richard* into strong relief and keep the story moving credibly round him. In the more mechanical parts of the plot any tendency to drag is avoided by maintaining a sound pace, and indeed, without the slightest undue hurry, the whole production has a satisfactory momentum. The lighting is used most intelligently, and the sets are delightful.

Children are uncannily quick to detect the unintentionally comic, and the well-behaved little girls who sat round me at the matinee I attended were not slow in spotting the fact that the stewards in the lists, shouting the titles of the combatants, sounded exactly like stationmasters as they bawled out *Hereford*, *Lancaster*, etc. No one will blame either SHAKESPEARE or Mr. CASS for this, nor the latter for the unavoidable humour of the two

scenes in which *York's* discovery of his son's complicity in the latest plot leads to the absurd horse-race in which father, mother and son gallop hell-for-leather to *Bolingbroke*, and to the old man's inhuman insistence on his son's punishment, to *Bolingbroke's* bland forgiveness and to the would-be mur-

derer's cheerful acceptance of it. But might not these two scenes, which are really rather silly and do nothing to increase our knowledge of either *Richard* or *Bolingbroke*, whom we already know to be merciful, be decently omitted—and with more reason perhaps than contemplated the prospect of the duel between the bellicose hearties, *Bolingbroke* and *Mowbray*. Mr. ABRAHAM SOFAER made a sound job of *Bolingbroke*, whose strength of purpose and soldierly self-control were impressive, especially in contrast to *Richard's* abandon; but it struck me that with a little less restraint he might have made clearer *Bolingbroke's* surprise (at *Richard's* sudden abdication) and swift decision to seize the throne instead merely of regaining the lands of Lancaster. *Bolingbroke's* calm acceptance of *Richard's* fantastic feebleness led one to believe that everything was happening according to plan, which was not, I take it, what SHAKESPEARE intended.

From the rest of an excellent cast I can only mention briefly Mr. ALFRED SANGSTER's splendid *John of Gaunt*, whose dying speech he delivered with a noble eloquence; Mr. FRANK NAPIER's telling portrait of incompetent but obstinate senility—the *Duke of York*; and Miss NANCY HORNSBY's *Queen*, a lovely and pathetic figure.

I never see or read this play without resenting SHAKESPEARE's appallingly shabby treatment of the *Gardener*, and without hoping that the *Queen's* curses proved only so much manure to larger and more perfumed blossoms.

ERIC.

"Lady — has promised to open the bazaar, while the skirt is generously full, giving a parachute silhouette."—*Daily Paper*. How awfully sporting of her.



DUKE OF YORK'S STAKES (OFF).

THE DUCHESS GETS A PLACE.

First—*Rutland* . . . . . MR. ALAN WEBB.  
Second—*Duke of York* . . . . . MR. FRANK NAPIER.  
Third—*Duchess of York* . . . . . MISS MARY NEWCOMBE.



THE KING'S DEATHBED-SIDE MANNER.

*Richard II.* . . . MR. MAURICE EVANS.  
*John of Gaunt* . . . MR. ALFRED SANGSTER.

the brief scene at the beginning between *John of Gaunt* and the *Duchess of Gloucester*, which Mr. CASS has decided to leave out?

These are details, and not very important. It is the King himself who matters, and Mr. MAURICE EVANS's *Richard* is something to remember.



Harrier Huntsman (arriving in haste). "WHERE HAVE THEY GONE?"

Tramp. "THE DOGS 'AS GONE THAT SIDE AND THE RUDDY RABBIT 'OOKED IT OVER 'ERE."

### Letters to an Exile.

DEAR ROONA,—You have perhaps seen paragraphs about *David Copperfield* and its screening at Hollywood, with Mr. HUGH WALPOLE, the adapter of the text, appearing in it as *Traddles'* clerical father-in-law. Whether or not the film version is an irreverence cannot yet be said; but I have no doubts at all about a new serial that has been made from the immortal and, to my mind, sacred work for a Transatlantic paper. This is part of the editorial announcement:—

"Some people who have never read this most popular, if not the greatest, of Dickens's novels have complained they could not find time to wade through the hundreds of thousands of words in which the story was originally told by Dickens. To these and others who prefer a swiftly-moving novel, the abridged version of the story which *The Globe* will print will have a particular appeal. The work of condensation into a modern-sized novel has been beautifully done.

Both the action and the conversation have been set to a quicker tempo, without in the least destroying the original flavour of the author."

What do you think of that? But the odd thing is that *The Globe* is not an American but a Canadian paper. Can Canada be creeping down?

I heard the other day of a small boy who seems to be as capricious with his tears as any woman could be.

A fairy story was being read to him in which a fox, on having his tail cut off, turns instantly into a handsome and eligible prince. When this incident was reached the listener burst into sobs. He could not, he said, bear to think of the fox losing his tail in that way.

A few days later he asked for this story again, and his mother, taking the book, resolved so to edit it that all cruelty to animals should disappear. When therefore, coming to the passage about the fox, she said that on being merely touched by a wand it turned into a prince, she was astonished again to hear sounds of uncontrollable grief. "But what are you crying

for now?" she asked. "You d-d-didn't read about chopping off his t-t-tail," said her son.

Another new story which may please you is from an artist. Touring Scotland with a brother-brush and his wife, a lady of unusual beauty, they had a slight breakdown and were forced to stop at a roadside garage for repairs. As it would take about an hour, the two men went off to make a sketch, while the other member of the party sat down to watch the work being done.

When it was finished she asked how much the mechanic wanted.

He suddenly became self-conscious, ran his hands through his hair, squared his shoulders and, approaching, said nervously that he would rather be paid by a kiss than by money.

"Oh, no," she said—not perhaps with what in these easy-going days would be called logic, but at any rate she said it—"I couldn't do that. I'm married. My husband's over there."

"Ah weel," he replied, "Ah didna ken ye were married. Then it will be threepence."

From another artist I had this ex-



cellent example of the compliment-that is-not-a-compliment, the censure-that is-not-censure, take it whichever way you will. The portrait of the squire being at last finished and sent home (I say "at last" because you know what artists are), the old family retainer was asked to give an opinion. After gazing at it in silence for perhaps a minute he delivered judgment. "It's wonderful," he said; "I never saw anything like it in all my life."

For your collection of new words I have two contributions, one good and one terrible. The good one is "Sunbeams," a below-stairs term for such knives and forks and spoons as have not been used and therefore do not need cleaning. The other is "Kiddicraft," which I saw the other day over a perambulator- and cradle-shop and shuddered at. And what do you think of a road-house sign which I found near Hastings—"Brunch, Lunch or Munch"?

Speaking of words, I wonder if you share my aversion to certain new ones, or old ones put to a new use? The chief

offender at the moment is "pool" which once conveyed instantly to the mind placid shining water, retired and mysterious, either in a wood or at a river's bend, but is now employed to describe every rigid rectangular cement-lined bathing-place that has been constructed as an additional reason for motorists to pause at a road-house, and during its season is restless and noisy with bathers, male and female. Pool indeed! They are not pools, or if they are we must find another word for the real thing, where notices regarding mixed bathing are absent and diving-boards and electric-lighting are missing too, and shade and silence reign.

Do you have hikers over there? Someone having objected to their bizarre and scanty costume, the Bishop of EXETER hastened to their rescue in *The Times* and claimed that their habiliments were the reward of lives spent for the rest of the year in factories and offices under unhealthy conditions. They should be grateful. More, they should now exonerate his apron.

Yours,

E. V. L.

#### Solution of Last Week's Crossword Puzzle.

P	I	C	K	L	E	H	S	T	I	F	L	E
A	O	E	R	O	D	O	O	R				
S	T	A	I	D	R	L	U	C	R	E		
T	C	A	I	R	R	A	I	D	U	B		
R	U	H	R	M	O	N	E	S	A	U		
Y	A	S	P	I	R	A	T	E	D	S		
M	M	R	S	R	I	L						
R	U	M	P	L	E	S	F	O	R	B	E	A
M	A	C	B	D	L	D						
A	G	R	A	T	I	T	U	D	E			
L	I	F	E	T	G	C	S	A	K	E		
A	U	D	E	V	O	T	E	E	P	A		
R	U	M	M	Y	T	X	E	R	E	S		
U	E	E	L	E	T	I	O	E				
M	I	S	E	R	Y	D	S	T	O	N	E	D

#### Our Sporting Woodmen.

"Dangerous Trees Lopped, Topped or Thrown; all risks taken; distance no object." Advt. in Surrey Paper.

"SWISS WATCH ON RHINE."

Daily Paper Heading.

Hardly to be compared with Big Ben on Thames.



"I SUPPOSE THERE IS VERY LITTLE HOPE OF PROCURING ONE OF YOUR OLD HELMETS? THE THOUGHT HAS PASSED THROUGH MY MIND THAT BY REVERSING ONE AND FITTING THREE LEGS ONE COULD MAKE A VERY ACCEPTABLE COAL-SCUTTLE FOR A SMALL FLAT."



Film Star. "I LOVE YOU, DARLING—IN MY OWN INIMITABLE WAY."

### An Autumn Night.

(October 21.)

THOUGH lying less than thirty miles apart  
From London's mighty and tempestuous heart,  
Here is a home of rest, divinely freed  
From the harsh tyranny of din and speed,  
Where mellow Autumn swiftly has unrolled  
Her tricolour of scarlet, green and gold.

Beneath us a broad champaign lies outspread  
From Cliveden's woods across to Maidenhead,  
While on the left behind a leafy screen  
The silver-winding Thames glides on, unseen;  
And, though the short October day grows dim,  
Majestically on the horizon's rim  
The towers of Windsor silhouetted rise  
Against the opal of the sunset skies.  
There is no sound or motion to intrude  
Upon the stillness of our solitude  
Save for the droning of a passing plane  
Or the dull rumble of a distant train.

Dusk falls; we quit the lawn and listen-in  
To messages from Baghdad or Berlin,  
To Farmers' Bulletins on beef and pork  
Or a financial expert from New York;

To news of German clerics in revolt,  
Or *Euryanthe* (thanks to ADRIAN BOULT),  
And thrill to hear how with undaunted soul  
Heroic airmen press towards their goal.

Yet, though from Science's enchanted cup  
Of mysteries and miracles we sup,  
Unchallenged by great deeds and noble strains  
The eternal magic of the night remains,  
Who solemnly and silently lets fall  
The glory of her star-bespangled pall  
O'er the high meadow, placid and serene,  
That crowns the eastward slope of Cookham Dean.

C. L. G.

#### Our Pessimistic Peace-makers.

"Periodicals. Settlement of the Dispute between Colombia and Peru. Price 1s. Annual subscription 8s."  
From a list of League of Nations' Publications.

#### Items on Which We Hesitate to Comment.

"Sunday, 7.30 P.M.—Special Scottish Service.  
Anthem: 'Ho, Everyone That Thirsteth.'"  
Church Announcement.

"The film opens with a kidnapped Cleopatra being tied up to a stake in the dessert. The tying may strike you as pointless."  
Newcastle Paper.

Possibly, but not fruitless.



### Tuesday Evening.

WHEN Mrs. Timmins brings the washing home  
She creaks, be-basketed, along the lane,  
Unwicks the wicket,  
Brushes past the lilac-bush,  
Busies up the brick path and raps on the window-pane.

She wears a round straw hat all set about  
With purple pansies, gorgeous in their prime.  
A silver hatpin  
Guards its equilibrium,  
Leaving it a-nod, like a blown rose in summertime.

"Good evenin', Ma'am; that's five-and-sixpence, please . . .

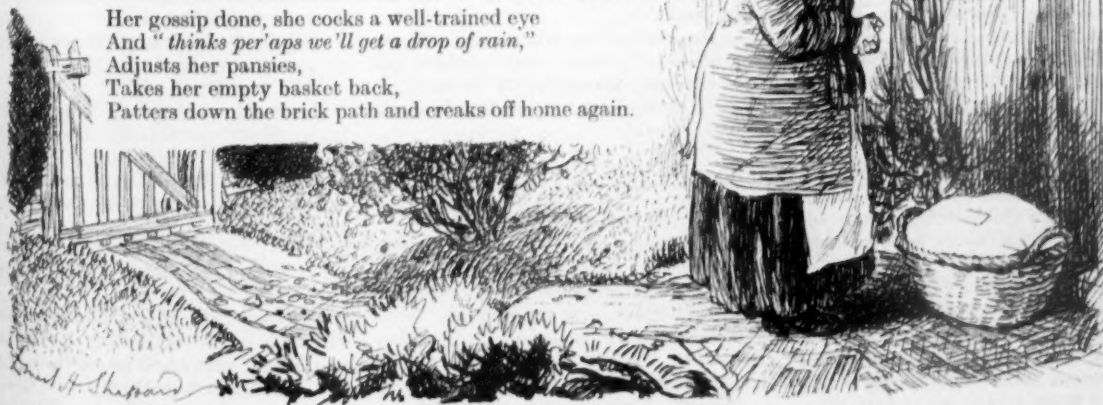
I'm doing nicely, thank you: yours all well?—

I'm glad to 'ear it.

What a lovely day it's been . . .

Timmins sent these Williams's e's saved for Miss Isabel . . ."

Her gossip done, she cocks a well-trained eye  
And "thinks per'aps we'll get a drop of rain,"  
Adjusts her pansies,  
Takes her empty basket back,  
Patters down the brick path and creaks off home again.





### Lump Sugar.

STAYING often in a country cottage in a small village, you (or one) cannot fail to get to know the village and its dwellers. I do know the village; I have just grown a beard, not doing its best, perhaps, and red moreover; and I was despatched to buy one or two pounds of lump sugar at the village store (because there wasn't any and the new retired Colonel and his lady and King Kong, a Pekinese, were coming to tea).

Right. I went down the garden-path humming, but not forgetting to shudder at a toad or kiss my hand to the dahlias—not what they were, poor things. I opened the gate and was in the road; so was Smith, my hostess's mongrel. He is called Smith because he is rather a common little dog. (Please, Mr. Smith, take no offence.) I picked him up and dropped him back over the gate. I know my limitations. Last time I took Smith I spent four days, so to speak, with the District Nurse. And she unmarried, too, and under thirty.

I stepped back from the gate and on to something softish. It was the Curate's foot. He gave a yelp of pain and then, recovering, said, "Good-morning."

It was "Good-afternoon" by rights, but I let it pass and gallantly said "Good-morning" too.

"Did you see the church," he said, "decorated for the Harvest Festival?"

"No."

"Pity; it looked very nice."

"Not a pity at all, then," I said. "My mother was a kleptomaniac."

"Really!" he said, as if the Kleptomaniacs were a Gloucestershire family. "I have just come to return a book," he went on—"a most interesting book—Gurompotki, *The Reply to a Dnyublov Opening*. Chess, you know. I expect you've read it."

I said, "Yes, I have," which was true—some years before, recovering from influenza.

"Ah!" he said, and his eyes lit, "then you will remember this." He opened the book, took me to the twenty-second move, castled and dropped the book. When he had picked it up again I castled in reply. At the sixty-fifth move he took my pawn and the village clock struck a quarter-to-four. I offered him a draw and rushed off down the lane.

I had perhaps a quarter-of-a-mile to go out and a quarter in. I covered a hundred yards or so briskly, then—"My dear, your beard!"

"Some other time," I said—"some other time."

"Don't be rude. I'll walk with you

if you are in a hurry. What made you grow it? You have nice features and your chin isn't really weak."

"Thanks; but I see Lady Sprickling, and I don't think you two agree much."

"Not at all," she said, and faded away.

It was the retired Captain's wife, considerably younger than he—a contemporary of my own, in fact.

Lady Sprickling stopped me. "My dear boy, what have you done to yourself?"

"I've grown a beard," I said wearily.

"Don't be a fool! Why?"

"To make myself more interesting. You'd be surprised what a difference it makes. As a matter of fact I'm on my way to buy some lump sugar, and it's getting on."

"You don't tell me Ethel has run out of lump sugar? I told Hubert when he married 'er that she couldn't tell a grocer's from a plumber's."

"Plumbers don't always have shops," I said.

"Don't be a fool!"

The clock chimed; it was preparing to be four.

"I really must——"

"Of course. Run along. Give my love to Ethel and come and play bridge one evening. William thinks you are all right. Come on Thursday."

I went swiftly now. Time was drawing short. By breaking into a trot I foiled the village carpenter who was closing up for one of our political wrangles. A very long-winded man. I trotted out of the lane and into the village street. Mr. Harper's store was a realisable Elysium. Then I saw the Squire. I slowed down and said, "I'm in a hurry."

He waved that aside. That anyone should, in his own village, opposite the "Festingbrace Arms," refuse to stop and hear him fulminate against the Potato, Pig or Milk Board was unthinkable.

He started his conversational pre-amble. "I saw your mother last Wednesday when I was in town."

"Yes, she was in town last Wednesday," I said.

"She told me your brother has got his step. I'm very pleased. Good news to hear *someone* has got anything out of this Government."

The connection was a bit remote, but he had found the keyhole, so to speak. I composed myself for the current lecture—never, however, to be delivered. I gathered from other sources that it would have been directed against Water and not Agricultural Boards, the exact subject being "The absurdity of having to

deepen the cotters' wells in a country like England, where, if there was nothing else, dammit, there was water."

I was saved, however, by the postmaster, who popped his head out of the P.O. and said, "There's a telegram for you, Sir."

Mr. Festingbrace said, "Forgive me a moment."

I forgave him and shot into Mr. Harper's. He was an unconscionable time poking about, muttering that there must be some somewhere. There was a pile on the counter, nestling behind the billowing weekly advertisement of the nearest cinema. I pointed this out to him. As he was wrapping up the box, which was quite unnecessary, I tried to think of some apt quip about sugar and film-stars, but nothing came; and anyhow it would have meant nothing to Mr. Harper, who would only have believed me pottier than he already did.

I came out cautiously. The Squire was nowhere to be seen. The clock announced a quarter-past—they would be there probably. I ran off, foiling the carpenter again. The Curate I met a moment later. (Was he asked to tea and refused, or wasn't he asked?)

I yelled, "Must have a game with you sometime."

I passed on at a good pace. Passing the carpenter and the Curate I did a hundred not far outside evens (not more than five seconds). But the pace was telling, and I was forced to slow right down, otherwise I would not have shown that deference to Lady Sprickling, who emerged just in front of me from Appleblossom Cottage (Mrs. Clifford).

She bawled: "She says she likes your beard. I think it's scandalous."

"See you Thursday," I said, speaking thus from lack of breath and not inclination. I passed on hastily.

The Captain's wife had been backing their car out and had just hit the gate-post, jamming the car.

"Michael, do you think you could do something about this?"

I did something.

Feverishly I tore up the garden-path. There was Bumble, the deaf old manservant, simply clamouring for lump sugar. His deafness makes him speak rather louder than normal, and he was informing several counties of his need: "I searched everywhere and I can't find no lump sugar no'ow, nowhere."

I passed him the magic box and withdrew to the bathroom, where I sat on the cane-chair and smoked a cigarette and wondered why so many realistic novels are written and so few include the purchasing of sugar (lump).



"OH, FRED, I'VE HAD SUCH A HEART-RENDERING TIME. I SPLINTERED UP THE PLATFORM AT WATERLOO AN' ONLY JUST CAUGHT THE TRAIN BY THE SKIN OF ME TEETH."

### Plus Two.

BROTHER in golf, majestic Bill,  
Who have by wedding toil with skill  
Climbed to a point attained by few,  
The handicap Plus Two,

You have grown great, but all the same

How brittle is the tiger's fame;  
Do you, I wonder, count the cost,  
And think of all you've lost?

Of days when you were such as I,  
A rabbit of the deeper dye,  
Content to snatch, good easy men,  
A bogey now and then?

Now that you're ever hunting par  
Those simple joys are very far;  
You must be stern, and long, and straight,  
Infallible as fate.

To you the fairway, but for me  
The wide and rolling rough is free;  
This day I bade a furze-bush go  
To blazes with one blow.

When do you taste a joy like that?  
Your round, compared with mine, is flat;

When have you ever seen me play  
The same hole, twice, one way?

Such is unknown to mortal eyes;  
While, if you come to exercise,

Where you do four miles I do eight,  
And that's too moderate.

But these are details. After all,  
The man who goes and hits the ball  
Most often is the man to score;  
That's what it's put there for.

How great a relish then is mine  
Who make no bones at eight or nine  
Where you bewail your ill-success  
If you take four or less.

And when we reach that final goal  
Which has been termed the eighteenth hole,

There, where the best is like the worst,  
Which has the nobler thirst?

DUM-DUM.



## THE HUMAN TOUCH.

"Hi! COME DOWN ORF THERE! ARF A MO'-WHO SCORED?"

## Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

## Malbrouk s'en va-t-en Guerre.

ALL that (as compared with its predecessor) the second volume of *Marlborough, His Life and Times* (HARRAP, 25/-) lacks in diversity of entertainment it gains in unity and majesty of theme. For here, at length, the hero comes to his own. WILLIAM is dead and great ANNA crowned, and the faithful "Mr. FREEMAN" is Captain-General of her Forces, soon to be acknowledged the greatest soldier in all war-harried Europe. It is true that there is a sorry tale to tell of party intrigue at home and abroad, and of heart-breaking delays and disappointments imposed by Batavian caution; but all is preliminary or setting to the splendid climax—the brilliant march into the heart of the Continent and the crowning glory of Blenheim. It is a story after Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL's own heart and, like his ancestor, he rises to the occasion. He makes it so plain and keeps it so human that one needs no special predilection for military history to be enthralled by it. His prose is lucid, lively and cogent, and at times finely eloquent. Nor is it only for the soldier that he compels our respect. MARLBOROUGH's is a character which will always baffle a final analysis; it was patently not unblemished; but Mr. CHURCHILL, with the hitherto unpublished evidence at his command, establishes its essential nobility. As for the Duke's ability, not only in all the ways of warfare but in the intricate paths of diplomacy, one can only marvel at it.

## The Drake Touch.

The tug is a Cinderella of the shipping world. Her work, generally speaking, is not spectacular. But for all that the

remarkable exploits of tugs which are to be found in the annals of the sea would fill a large and sufficiently exciting volume. Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD's tale of *The Taking of the Gry* (HEINEMANN, 6/-) describes a daring feat of towing which, though it was never actually accomplished, very well might have been, and he tells it with a zest and vigour which make his narrative seem at times one of fact rather than fiction. The story is put into the mouth of one of those young seamen of the POET LAUREATE's whose faculty for description is perhaps more that of a typical poet than a typical ship's officer, and it concerns his intervention in the affairs of a South American republic on the side of a lieutenant in the navy of one of the contesting parties who has won his enthusiastic admiration by his charm and daring. The real heroine of the piece, however, is the Liverpool tug *Tipton Slasher*, by whose agency a seized munition-ship is cut out bloodlessly from the inner harbour of Santa Barbara by way of a channel once used by Sir FRANCIS DRAKE—a feat conceived and executed in the true spirit of the great Elizabethan.

## From Day-Dreams to the Dock.

Miss F. TENNYSON JESSE is to be congratulated on her brilliant and honest attempt to get behind the history of a notorious murder trial with a fictitious reconstruction of the life of its heroine. As the considered indictment of a society which must dissipate itself in dreams (or in fact) to escape from the spiritual impoverishment of its surroundings, *A Pin to See the Peepshow* (HEINEMANN, 8/6) is far more than the life-story of *Julia Almond*, though *Julia* remains a vivid and (for all her follies) lovable personality. The world she is reared in has "lost its sense of sin"—the imputation is Mr. GLADSTONE's imputation of 1870 or so, but it comes in very pat to the novelist's purpose—and *Julia* herself



is an average little piece of prettiness of the shopgirl class, denied by surface respectability and lack of means the facilities for licence of classes above and below her, eager for domestic emancipation but commanding small price in the market apart from her looks. Her circumstances are in every detail the circumstances of a hundred thousand other Julias; and her creator, with sound instinct, outstanding talent and notable justice, has succeeded in depicting them as intolerable.

#### With Nightingale Quill.

Here's a book that is bringer  
Of song and of wit,  
It's the views of the singer  
Who's author of it;  
It's his Art in each canon,  
It's his Muse and her mien;  
From *Blue Danube* to *Shannon*  
Is by H. PLUNKET GREENE.

Here's SCHUBERT who lingers  
Immortal as Spring;  
Here's BORWICK whose fingers  
Make ivory sing;  
Here's PARRY the Master  
Whose mention inspires;  
Here's how Canada classed her  
First Festival Choirs.

These papers are fitted  
With jewel and gem,  
Nor is fiction omitted  
In fashioning them.  
Look at *Schmidt*, virtuoso,  
And laugh as you look;  
PHILIP ALLAN AND Co. (so  
I see) sell this book.

#### A Suburban Barchester.

For a reader unconvertant with the internal politics of Radstowe—with which, I infer, Miss E. H. YOUNG's public is already acquainted—it is a little awkward to be pitchforked in *medias res* with only the slenderest chances of discovering the niceties and nastinesses of the principal character's past. I gathered, however, that *The Curate's Wife* (CAPE, 7/6) had a well-born father and an improper mother, and that it argued the blindness of passion in the *Reverend Cecil Sproat* to have taken on *Dahlia*, with her anti-clerical prejudices, for better or worse. The main problem, their creator suggests, was the triviality and profundity of their differences. But as a matter of fact a dissimilar taste in cookery and creeds is apt to vitiate interests in between; and, confronted by the antagonism of the Vicar's wife and the proximity of his partner's relations, you cannot wonder that the *Reverend Cecil* found the predicament galling. Having little interest in analysis for analysis' sake, I found the accomplished portrayal of this situation (with appended diagrams of its interior workings) a trifle depressing. There resides, however, undeniable charm in such stray pictures of *genre* painting as the picture of *Dahlia's* mother's farm.



"THAT WIRELESS FORECAST 'AS LET ME DOWN AGAIN. IT SAID WIND SET DUE SOUTH, AND NOW I'VE LOST ME BUCKET."

#### Where there is Smoke . . .

*Full Flavour* (LANE, 8/6) is a title of double import. For if it refers primarily to the cigars which were sold at Hanson's shop in Paragon Street (and more particularly no doubt to those Flor de Maduras which brought it such prosperity) it is just as appropriate to the life of *Catherine Ducroix*, some seventy years of which, with their joys and sorrows, tragedies and comedies, Miss DORIS LESLIE has chronicled at length but without *longueurs*. It was a bold and surprising venture in eighteen-sixty-odd for a girl of eighteen, on the sudden death of an attractive but rather feckless father, to decide to carry on his business—and such an unladylike one—herself and single-handed. But Miss

LESLIE has made both *Catherine's* decision and her success entirely plausible. *Catherine* is, in fact, a very real figure, both in her commercial dealings and in the passions and mistakes of her more personal life; and though as the years go by her place in the centre of the scene is rather usurped by a grandson, she remains very much alive and very charming to the end. Without too great an insistence on "period" (though she takes an obvious delight in describing frocks) Miss LESLIE has skilfully indicated the changes in manners and habits—from cigars to cigarettes, for example—which her heroine witnesses. She can picture the recurrent clash of the generations without bitterness or bias; and of all her many characters there is hardly one, though some have disastrous failings, who is not likeable.

### Wappenshawing.

A young warrior's tale of his experiences is, I think, always better reading than that of the retired General. Captain F. H. MELLOR, F.R.G.S., in *Sword and Spear* (SELWYN AND BLOUNT, 15/-), is racy, witty and interesting. He left the Western Front just prior to the Armistice, saw service in India and Turkey, was "axed" and became a Mounted Policeman in Rhodesia, and then an officer in the Northern Nigerian Police. I like best the chapters on the amazing events in Anatolia arising from the incompetence of Allied politicians. How KEMAL must have despised the Greeks and their friends! Needless to say Captain MELLOR preferred the Turk to the Constantinians, and our Navy and Army will agree with him. He shows both literary and historical knowledge and is perhaps (I don't know) a sword collector. He was certainly pleased to find a bandit using a long Nigerian blade which, on examination of marks, turned out to be of seventeenth-century European manufacture: if I knew where he kept it I would take house-breaking lessons. A good book—especially the first half.

### Thy Servant a Man.

Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING respects dogs—as important a thing as loving them. He understands the "strained half-soul" of "these verminous vagrants, self-scratchers, foul feeders and unclean . . ." as well as he understands their "godless innocence of heart that never heard of sin." Of all the characters in *Collected Dog Stories* (MACMILLAN, 7/6) the greatest is *Garm* the hostage bull-terrier. Yet with two of his kind squinting up as I write I must growl at the statement about "one of the finest bull-terriers of the old-fashioned breed two parts bull and one terrier." Bull-terrier sires were English hunting-dogs "when Cæsar sailed from Gaul." Next to *Garm* in my favouritism comes *Able-*

*Dog Malachi*, but *Slippers and Boots* (for all their baby-talk), *Toby*, *Ravagar* and the supplicating Aberdeen have so long had a place in tearable hearts that it is a joy (added to by Mr. G. L. STAMPA's waggish art) to meet them all together. And I am glad to have read again (for about the twentieth time) about *Dinah* waiting in heaven for her master, until—

"Swifter than her own squeals she flew  
Across the Glassy Sea,  
Flushing the cherubs everywhere  
And skidding as she ran,  
She refuged under Peter's chair  
And waited for her man . . ."

### On and Off the Fairway.

Readers of *W. G. Grace* could not fail to recognise Mr.

BERNARD DARWIN's ability as a biographer, and in the collection that he has called *Playing the Like* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 7/6) I award the gold medal to "Heroes of Old." In these sketches he deals with seven Goliaths of golf, and in none of them is there a word too many or a word too few. Both for their fairness of judgment and lucidity of expression they are little masterpieces. The rest of the book is for the most part filled with papers that have previously appeared in *The Times* and *Country Life*, but even those of them that are familiar pass with flying colours the test of a second reading. I am far from wanting Mr. DARWIN entirely to forsake the nibbick for the nib, but the more he writes the better am I pleased.

### A Hefty Blow.

My failure fully to appreciate *Death Cruises South* (NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 7/6) was not by any means due to Mr. ROGER DENBIE's amateur detective, *Quentin Pace*. Indeed I have seldom met a sleuth who was more sound in deduction and more alert in action. But to get real enjoyment from a tale of this genre I do like to take sides. I want eagerly to hope that the nice people will be proved innocent and the criminal be found among those who have aroused my hatred. And in this yarn the eight or nine men and women suspected of the crime are so drab and unattractive that I could not follow the hunt for the murderer with real zest. The scene is laid in Bermuda, where an American theatrical company had no sooner landed than an important member of the party was brutally slain. It is an intricate problem Mr. DENBIE has given *Pace* to solve, but, while admiring the hunter, I think that the hunted are an unnecessarily puny troupe of pawns.

"CLEANER 'PHONES BRIGADE."

Headline in Scots Paper.

Is this another of Sir KINGSLEY WOOD's reforms?



Friend. "LUMME, CLARENCE, YOU DONE A LOT O' PORTRAITS THIS MORNING!"

Painstaking Artist. "YUS—CAN'T GET RAMSAY'S BLINKIN' NOSE RIGHT."

## Charivaria.

A GIGANTIC cheese weighing a hundred-weight which mysteriously disappeared from a shop in Nice has not yet been traced. It is believed to be suffering from loss of memory.

\*\*

FIRDAUSI's epic, we are informed, is about six times as long as *Paradise Lost*. Still, with all respect to the Persian poet, we doubt whether MILTON was out for more than the British record.

\*\*

In view of the ruling that a Post Office van is entitled to obstruct the traffic it would be interesting to know whether the Post Office is also immune from prosecution for speeding.

\*\*

Variations and embellishments of the National Anthem at a B.B.C. concert have caused comment. It is believed to have been the Regional Anthem.

\*\*

The next musical film, we understand, will tell how BEETHOVEN composed a difference with his cook.

\*\*

"New Creations in Prams," announces a trading firm. But that's where they generally put them.

\*\*

Rumania is stated to have seventeen-and-a-half million odd inhabitants. But this is not considered odd in Rumania.

\*\*

The claim that cat-burglary has been stamped out is substantiated by the increasing use of ladders for this purpose.

A dress-parade is to be held especially for film-producers. It is necessary of course that they should know what is not going to be worn in the near future.

\*\*

A new theatre is to have free programmes, no cloak-room fees and admission will be one shilling. A Scots visitor says he thought there would be a catch in it somewhere.



Voice from the Barge. "NAR THEN, SHOWIN' 'IM THEM PITCHERS! DO YOU WANT TO PUT IDEAS INTO 'IS 'EAD?'"

Warnings against accidents caused by fireworks on November 5th were issued last week. Everybody ought to have remembered that fingers were made before FAWKES.

\*\*

A house which slowly revolves has been built in Germany. In this country many a man has waited patiently outside his house late at night for the keyhole to come round again.

The L.C.C. is taking steps to correct the Cockney accent in schools, for the reason that it impedes a boy's career. A suggested substitute calculated to have the opposite effect is the Scottish accent.

\*\*

At the only Soviet school in Britain we read, little children lisp the name of LENIN. We should have expected them to have more difficulty with the name of "Thtalin."

\*\*

"Each dawn brings renewed optimism and hope," declares a writer. And then the postman arrives and spoils everything.

\*\*

At a meeting of the Chinese parliament inkpots were thrown about. Then, as things looked rather black, the House adjourned.

\*\*

In a scientific test of clairvoyants they are to be asked to describe diagrams drawn on cards laid face-downwards. A suggested further test is a game of poker.

\*\*

A film-actress has had her wedding-ring stolen. It was her favourite wedding-ring too.

\*\*

A lift has been installed in the House of Lords, but not, it is

understood, with the object of facilitating elevations to the Peerage.

\*\*

"Heat travels much faster than cold," a scientist tells us. No wonder we have so little difficulty in catching cold.

\*\*

A man has informed the B.B.C. that he can play the piano with his feet. This leaves his hands free for self-defence.



### Passchendaele.

(A thought after reading a certain political memoir.)

AND so the Grand Objective has been won;  
The marching type unwearied by the War  
Has gained the treeless ridge; the book is done,  
And all the shell-holes swim with ink once more.

The barrage in the libraries is strong,  
The newsmen whine above the stricken field:  
I told them from the first their plans were wrong;  
I said the front was firm and would not yield.

Oh, if the point the General failed to prove,  
Oh, if the secret answer now made plain  
From their eternal apathy could move  
The million men who must not read again!

A little learning and a little light  
Would lift them from the darkness where they roam  
To undertake a shadowy plebiscite  
And praise the victors of the wars at home.

That is a crown that none may hope to win,  
Though all the forests of the world supply  
The paper for the angels rushing in  
Where fools have dared to tread and dared to die.

EVOR.

### On Giving Up Smoking.

OF course it is perfectly easy to give up smoking. One would not like to think that one has become such a slave to tobacco that one cannot do without it—a drug which weakens the heart, damages the nerves, gives you cancer and catarrh and so on. Personally I have given up smoking repeatedly. I have just gone out without any cigarettes and when people have offered them to me I have just said quietly and firmly, "No thank you," and lit my pipe.

The difficulty to my mind is not so much giving up smoking as going on giving it up. After all, life isn't so long that one can afford to go on not doing a thing all the time. It is quite all right to devote a day to not smoking, but the prospect of a negative policy like that for the next thirty years or so is appalling.

In consequence I have tried from time to time the various remedies which people say are helpful. Simple remedies, I mean, not those things which people put in your tea when you aren't looking. Perhaps that was the trouble. I have never gone complicated enough to do any good. But anyhow I have found snags in all the usual methods:—

(1) *Chewing-gum.* The snag about this method is simply the chewing-gum. After all, the only thing that matters about smoking is that it shortens one's life. And if the alternative is eternally masticating a sort of sticky brown rubber the sooner one's life is shortened the better.

(2) *Eating sweets.* This is a pleasant method, but not very effective. As a matter of fact sweets seem to have improved a lot since my younger days, and some of the sweets I have tried have been extraordinarily pleasant. Unfortunately they leave a sweet taste in the mouth, and directly I finish one I find myself lighting a cigarette to take the taste away.

(3) *Gradually cutting down one's ration.* This seems to be an admirable method as far as it goes. You simply put ten cigarettes in your case and resolve to make them last

the day. Nothing could be easier than that. In my own case it worked admirably. I found that my expenditure on cigarettes had dropped fifty per cent. almost at once. But my friends complained so bitterly that I was forced to abandon the scheme.

(4) *Sheer will-power.* Fatal. It cuts both ways. If I am stopping smoking by sheer will-power this is the sort of thing that happens: I take out my cigarette-case. Then I remember that I am exerting will-power. "No," I say to myself, "surely you, a rational being, are not going to admit yourself a slave to this—this drug? Remember what that article in the paper said, 'Smoking takes five years off your life.' " So far so good. But then the trouble begins. Because clearly a rational being wouldn't let himself be scared by an article in a newspaper. And anyhow it will be a good test of real will-power to see if one can smoke this cigarette and then stop—just like that. After which, naturally, events take their usual course.

(5) *Fining oneself a penny for each cigarette.* I have only tried this method once. The idea was that for every cigarette I smoked I should contribute a penny to an agreed good cause. By a typical piece of bad luck, however, the good cause started a particularly irresistible appeal directly I began and plastered London with posters showing just what it could do with a pound. What could one do in the face of that? I nearly gave myself smoker's heart trying to send an East-End child to the country for a week.

(6) *Do I want it?* This method consists of cultivating the habit of asking oneself very seriously before one lights a cigarette whether one really *wants* a cigarette. *Snags:* (a) The answer is nearly always Yes. (b) If not, you forget to ask.

(7) *Having definite smoking times.* This method has worked admirably for me many times. I simply resolve to restrict myself to a cigarette after each meal and one after morning coffee. *Snag:* The thing deteriorates into two cigarettes after each meal and one before it. And after that one really feels that the whole thing is such a wangle that one might as well return frankly to the *status quo*.

(8) *My present method.* Operating at the moment and definitely with success. Amounts to a solemn promise to myself that I will touch neither cigarettes nor pipe for a week at least. At the end of that time the craving has departed and one is happier, healthier, has a clearer eye, a keener brain, more breath and fewer headaches. . . . *Sole snag:* The price of cigars.

### Science Hits the Nail on the Head Again.

"Professor Julian Huxley told his audience some very interesting things about 'Ants and Men.' . . . One of the big differences between ants and men was that the former were so much smaller."

*Times Paper.*

### Organisers of Political Meetings Please Note.

" . . . several red and black roughs for Sale."

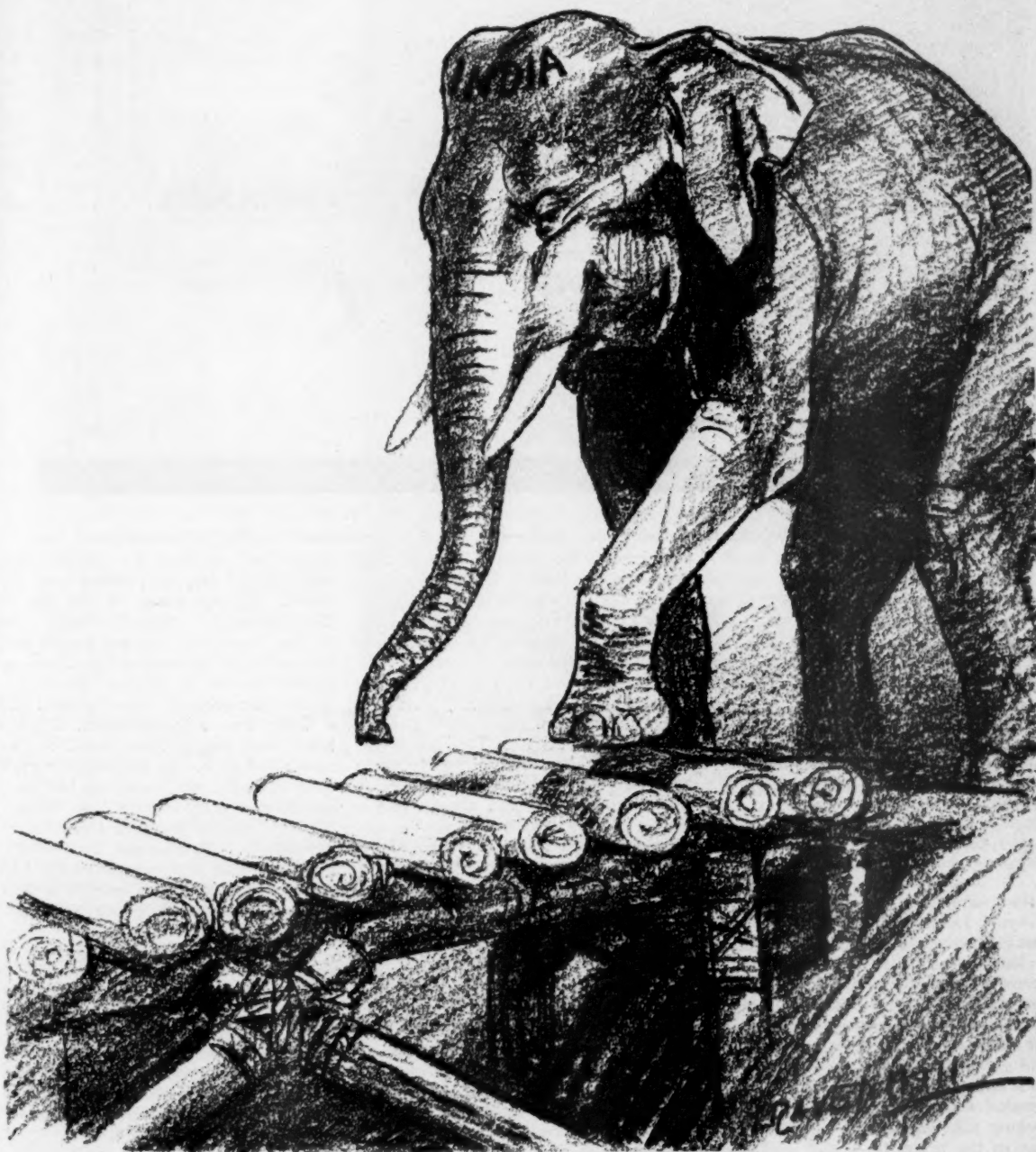
*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

"Instead of swatting the insects in bedrooms and living-rooms, thus spotting the walls with blood, the householder is advised to place over the mosquito the open end of a test-tube containing a wad of cotton wool soaked in chloroform or benzene."

*Daily Paper.*

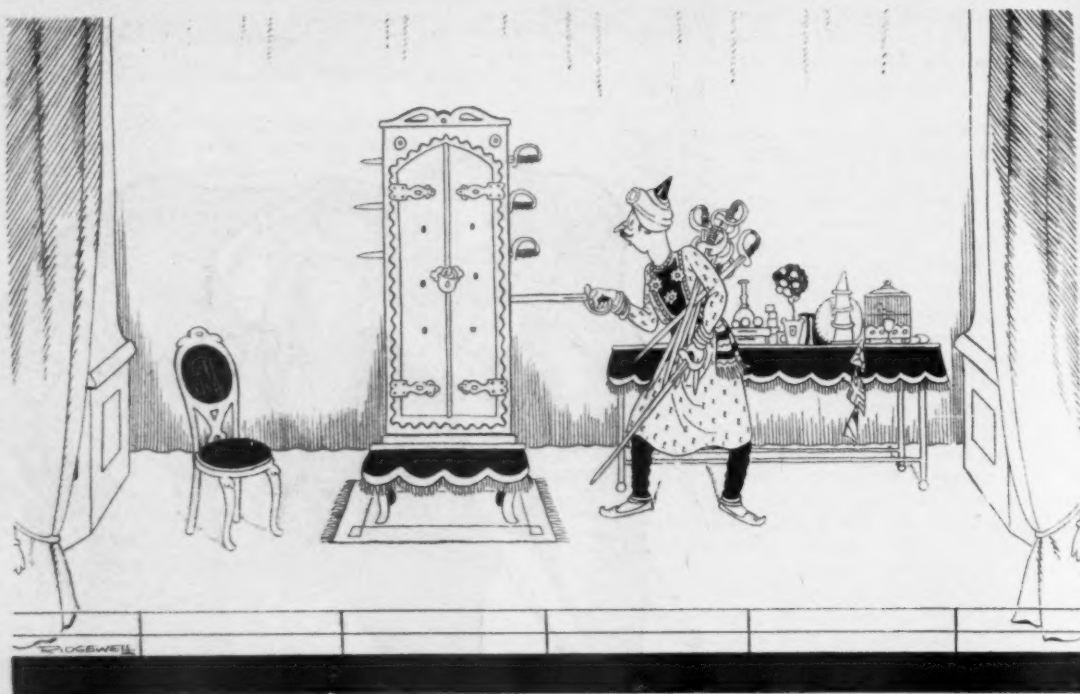
Another method is to take the little fellow by the scruff of the neck and drop him out of the window.

"Sir Alan Cobham stated to-day that Scott and Black's remarkable performance is a marvellous achievement."—*Aeronautical Paper.*  
Which only goes to show the value of expert opinion.



WHITE PAPER BRIDGE.

"THE ELEPHANT IS THE MOST SAGACIOUS OF ANIMALS."



"WAIT A SECOND, SYDNEY. I'M NOT OUT YET."

### 2034 Literature.

LITERATURE was one of the last industries to be rationalised under the Bureaucrat Government of 2034, and their successful handling of a problem that had baffled all previous bureaucracies earned the admiration and respect of the world. The Cabinet discussion when the matter was first broached is reported fully in the newly-published *Memoirs of Egbert Verdigris*, the first Bureaucrat Prime Minister (Hook and Snook, 21/-, 2 vols.).

"It was essential," he explains, "that before we started putting the Literary Industry on a sound bureaucratic basis we should have in our minds a clear idea of the sort of literary creature we wished to produce. It was not the slightest use spending millions of pounds on special schools and colleges for writers or subjecting every boy and girl in the land to a psychological and phrenological test until we had decided what sort of talent we were looking for, and in which direction it was in the interests of the nation to assist it to develop. So a special meeting of the Cabinet was summoned to discuss the whole problem.

"Butterby, the Home Secretary, a man of extreme views, suggested that the writing industry should be scrapped

altogether. He boasted that he had read only one book in his life, and that was *Bradshaw*. So far as he could see he said it would be much better for the health of the nation if reading were forbidden. Even newspapers, now that the football and cricket results were announced by the B.B.C., were entirely superfluous.

"Snadgold, Minister for Peace, was the next speaker. He refused to agree with Butterby. Without being a great reader himself, he had always had a feeling that literature should be encouraged. But so far as he could see it was a mistake to aim at producing literary men who could merely write. He doubted whether writing came within the province of the modern literary man at all. It was a long time since he had seen anything in a newspaper written by a literary man. Professional footballers wrote about football, professional cricketers wrote about cricket and professional politicians wrote about politics. Even murder trials were now usually reported by the murderers themselves, and it would not be long, he ventured to prophesy, before corpses pierced the Veil and wrote their own obituary notices. As to books, hardly anything was published nowadays except autobiographies. The intelligent citizen of a Bureaucrat State had no time for any other form of fiction.

"Although, however, there was no

longer any demand for literary men who could write, the literary man still had a definite place in the life of the community. Since the early years of the twentieth century people had gathered in increasing numbers at orgies known as literary luncheons, where, in return for a hearty meal and a little free advertisement, literary lions were engaged to speak to the assembled mob. As the century grew older these literary luncheons had been supplemented by literary teas, literary dinners, literary suppers and literary breakfasts. Restaurant proprietors, quick to seize their opportunity, had engaged literary men to gabble in their restaurants from morning to night, working of course in shifts.

"Although no very high standard of oratory was demanded, there was at the present moment a great shortage of literary men of the right type for this all-important national service. What was the use of lengthening sausages and rationalising mashed potatoes when they had to be eaten in many restaurants to the accompaniment of inferior literary voices?"

Snadgold's speech determined the Cabinet to proceed with their plans for producing a new strong-larynxed grade of literary men who have now raised English literature to its highest pinnacle since SHAKESPEARE.



## As Others Hear Us.

## Asking for a Job.

"Mr. Thompson tells me that you're looking for a job."

"Yes, I am. In a way, you know."

"What exactly had you in mind?"

"I thought—but I don't really mind—well, for one thing, you see, I want money."

"Ah!"

"So I mean, I thought, one had better do something about it. So I thought, why not a job?"

"Perhaps I had better have your qualifications."

"Oh, yes, rather. Well, I do honestly think I'm frightfully adaptable. I mean, I don't mind what I do."

"Shorthand and typing?"

"Oh, I've never learnt shorthand, I'm afraid. But I can write *frightfully* fast in ordinary writing."

"Typing?"

"Oh, well, I've played about a bit on a friend's machine with two fingers. I should probably be able to pick it up."

"What are your subjects, actually?"

"Well, I got a prize at school once for Scripture, but I think actually that was rather a mistake. In a way I think I've got a certain amount of General Information."

"You've never thought of teaching?"

"Oh, yes, often, but I don't *really* like children. I mean, I think they're frightfully tiring."

"By the way, are you strong?"

"I am and I'm not, if you know what I mean. I can go on for simply days and days, and then all of a sudden I just flop and have to go to bed for weeks and weeks."

"I see."

"Mummy always says I live on my nerves, you know. F'instance, I can go on dancing night after night, simply, and never feel it."

"Dancing? Have you ever thought of taking it up professionally?"

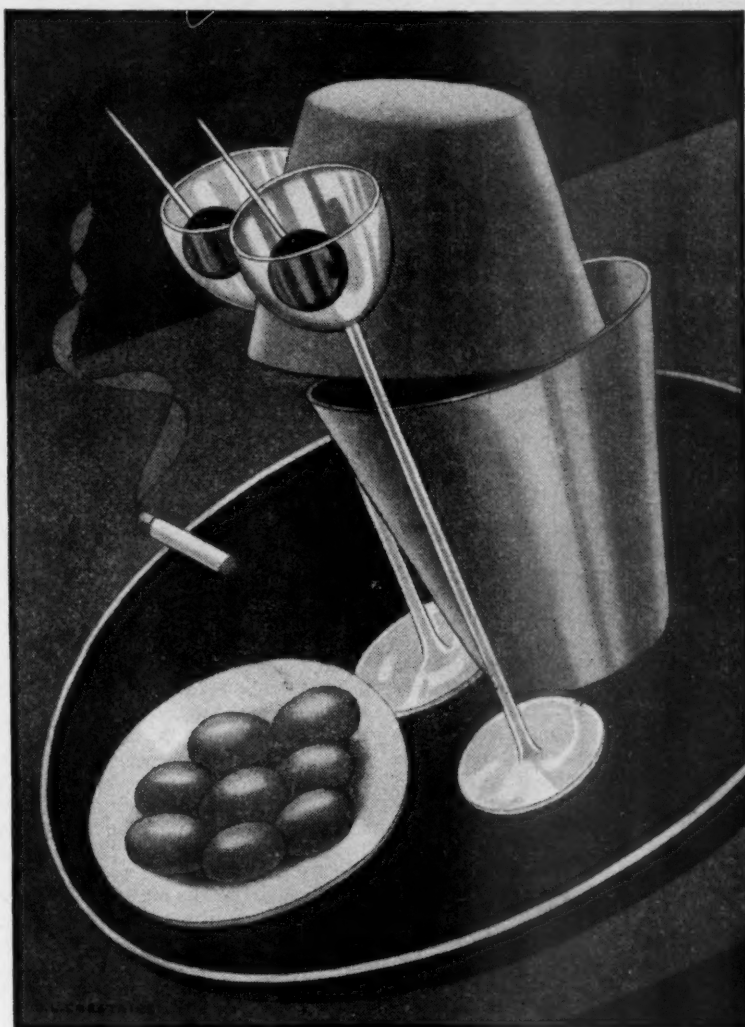
"Well, I wouldn't mind being a star in a revue, like JESSIE MATTHEWS or someone, but my people wouldn't care for me to go in with just anybody, you know."

"What about something outdoors? There's sometimes an opening—"

"*Not* poultry. And certainly not horses. In fact not animals at all. I don't want to go anywhere in the country, really."

"You want to stay in London?"

"Well, the truth is, all my friends are in London, so naturally—*Though*, as a matter of fact, he *may* be getting transferred to the West of England, and if he was I'd want to find something there."



STILL LIFE. ARRANGED BY LESLIE HENSON.

"Perhaps you'd better tell me exactly what you have in mind?"

"Absolutely anything. What I'd really like would be some frightfully kind-of-interesting work, with my evenings and week-ends absolutely free and a *proper* holiday in the summer. I wouldn't mind going abroad—Paris or somewhere."

"Languages?"

"I daresay I should pick them up quite quickly."

"Are you a needlewoman?"

"Oh, dear, no. I hate sewing. I used to be quite keen on *acting* at one time. But everybody says it's terribly difficult to get on the films."

"You've never thought of nursing?"

"I have in a way, of course. But I do so hate people who are ill; and

I couldn't possibly wear a uniform, ever."

"Perhaps you had better leave me your address in case—"

"I shall be moving about rather, but I can give you an address that'll find me sooner or later. And I forgot to say, I couldn't do anything or go anywhere until *after* Christmas. But otherwise I'll take anything and go anywhere."

"Splendid!"

"Don't ring me up before eleven or after six, if you don't mind. And week-ends I'm usually away."

"I see."

"I shall be dying to hear, of course."

"It's not very—"

"Oh, I'm *sure* you'll hear of something. You know exactly the kind of thing I mean. Something that *really* needs Organising Ability." E. M. D.

### Giving Away.

As the day of his daughter's wedding approaches a father gradually rises to a position of comparative importance in the home. The process is very gradual. At first he is taught to do elementary duties in connection with the affair—to sit at home while the ladies go shopping, answer the telephone and take simple messages about the colour of curtains, the number of choirboys, size of shoes, voltage, linoleum, choice of hymns, dimensions of bridesmaids, and would the young lady prefer coral ear-rings, a bicycle or fish-knives?

Next he is allowed to sign a few documents and go through easy interviews with relatives and lawyers, provided that he gives no trouble. All this is done in the home, and there is not much danger of the man doing serious damage.

But later it is realised with a sudden shock that eventually he will have to be allowed out in public, and even, owing to an old-fashioned liturgy, play a small part in the ceremony. In other words, he too *will have to have some clothes*. The two old suits have served well enough for seven years, but now his appearance has begun to matter. It is discovered, for example, that the man does not possess a top-hat; and it is even regretted that many years ago the top-hat was taken out and used in charades for the Battle of Trafalgar scene. And he will have to have some new shoes.

Further, he will have to do things; and being, like most fathers, weak in the head, he is almost certain to do the wrong ones. Bridesmaids, being female, may be trusted to carry out their duties with intelligence and aplomb. But the haggard sire is a worry.

No honest father, we think, will wish to quarrel with these assumptions. We would only protest, mildly, that things ought to be made a little easier for the poor fellow. The more backward and obtuse the pupil the greater care should be taken, surely, to see that instruction is definite and plain. There should, in short, be a *Wedding Handbook for Fathers or Those About to Give Daughters Away*. But there is not. All is nebulous and difficult.

If you glance at the Marriage Service you will see at once the sort of thing we mean. A number of searching questions are put to the bride and bridegroom, but in each case they are provided with precise and easy answers. They have only to mutter "I will" from time to time, and all is well.

Moreover they have the parson handy if they should put a foot wrong.

But when they have said their "I wills" the parson says sternly to the world in general: "Who giveth this Woman to this Man?"

The Father (if he be "giving away") is then expected to make some accurate and sensible reply.

*But no words are given to him.* There is just a blank. Alone of all that varied company of actors the father has not only to perform but to write his own part. For even the parson (unless he chooses to throw in a homily) has not got to make anything up. Only the father, *ex hypothesi* the feeblest intelligence present, has to do this thing. And, mind you, he is standing all alone, conspicuous in an open space, with no one to prompt him.

Well, being involved recently in an affair of this kind, we gave our minds to the matter. We inquired what one did of all the expert females we knew. And none of them knew. At least—and here is the point—nobody knew *for certain*.

Some said that we should answer "I do."

That looks easy; but you try it. Evidently there must be an accent on the "I," for that is the important word. But if you over-accentuate the "I" the assertion tends to have an arrogant note which repels one. (You try it, as we did, in the bath and Tube.) On the other hand, the response is sadly inadequate and bare. It suggests, evidently, the retort: "Who are you?" For the parson, who has taken great pains to find out who the bride and bridegroom are, has, in theory, not the slightest idea who *we* are. So at one stage we proposed to say:—

"I, her father, do,"

or,

"I do," adding in brackets ("her father").

And then we thought, "Well, after all, why the Father only? What about Mamma?" It is a defect, we think, in the Marriage Service that the Mother, who does all the work and has all the worry, has no official place in the proceedings at all (though she is generally allowed into the vestry at the end, and may kiss the groom's father).

So we told the ladies: "Apparently we have a free hand. We shall say:—

"I, her Father, give this Woman (as you call the bride) to this Man. But in this transaction I *should* like, if I may, to be associated with this Woman's Mother (my Wife), who is, after all, the One who Matters. And I have her authority to say that, reluctantly, because she likes her,

she is giving this Woman too. And while I am about it——"

"Stop! Stop!" they all cried. "You can't make a *speech*!"

Well, we don't know why not. It may even be that that was the original idea of this queer hiatus in the ritual; it was a gap in which the Parents were intended to utter any thoughts or announcements they had in their minds. Announcements especially; for there are all sorts of things the Mother wants to say and has no chance to say, as, for instance—

"And while I am about it, if anyone cares to pop in at home and see the presents on the way to the reception, do. Drive round by Standish Road because Gale's Gardens is a one-way street. . . ." And so on.

But they wouldn't have that.

We offered to strike a nobler note, to compose and deliver a poem in rhymed couplets, celebrating the glorious institution of Marriage and expressing in a moving fashion the sensations of parents as they give their young away. If ever a father did seize this opportunity to deliver himself at length we don't see how anyone could stop him. He might, for example, give a poetical account of his family tree, which would be strictly relevant to the question put to him:—

"Your Reverence, I am the latest Haddock. Full twice three hundred years have swung through space

Since Padraic, that first Haddock . . ."

But they wouldn't have that either.

Very well, then. Now the next thing was the march up the nave. As you know, all the mothers, aunts, sisters, bridesmaids and other expert females, having worked for weeks to get the bride into a fit state to present herself at the altar, go off to the church first and leave the bride alone in the house, sick with nerves, on the verge of hysterics. Well, when I say "alone," they leave the poor creature with the only half-wit of the party, the father; and they trust to him to cope with any hysterics that may crop up and bring her safely to the church at a given hour. But everybody knows that that is just the moment when the bride feels like calling the whole thing off. In other words, the experts withdraw their services at the critical moment. A most extraordinary arrangement.

Well, we had inquired about stations, and the experts said that we marched on the bride's *port* hand; and we rehearsed it thus. But at the last moment the bride and another female insisted firmly that our place was on her *star-board* hand. "Well," we said, "you women ought to know," and we rehearsed it thus.





"NEVER MIND, M'LADY, I SHOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF ONE DAY WHEN I WASN'T LOOKING FOR IT IF I DIDN'T FIND IT."

Arrived at the church, we dutifully placed ourselves on the starboard hand. We were just approaching the nave when a strange but kind lady ran up and hissed, "The other side! The other side! I ought to know—I've done this four times."

Without having time to ponder this odd information, we slipped round and took station on the port hand. The lady, of course, was right, and we passed up the nave in good order, without, as we were expected to do, walking too fast, casting the twin bridesmaids to the ground and dragging them through the dust.

We handed over the Woman to the Man, tore her bouquet from her, and thought that we were nearly through. All we had to do now was to say "I do."

But the verger whispered: "When your time comes take her right hand and hand it over."

We trembled. Not one expert had mentioned this. It had never been rehearsed.

And, surveying the country, we

wondered how it was to be done. The Priest, the Woman and the Man stood in a little archway with a dense jungle of flowers and vegetation on either side. We were on her left hand, in *échelon*; how were we to get at her right? We decided not to try.

But the verger whispered again: "Take her right hand and pass it over."

The man seemed to attach importance to the thing. He ought to know what was right; and we do not like to disappoint those who are trying to get things done in the best way; so, when the time came, we said "I do" and thrust ourselves between the jungle and the Woman; and we whispered, "Your right hand."

But the Woman's right hand was already firmly clasped in the Man's. Wondering, no doubt (if she noticed the Father), what the Father was butting in for, she paid not the smallest attention to the Father's last request; and we backed away as gracefully as possible, not quite trampling on the twins.

If the Woman is not lawfully married

it is not our fault. But we give this warning to all fathers whom it may concern: "Make them write down plainly *exactly* what you have to do, before you sign on." A. P. H.

### The Passing of Vesta.

THERE was a time when golden flame  
On every hearth was burning,  
With cheerful radiance to proclaim  
The joys of home-returning.

But now the vestal flame is dead,  
And we are left, poor asses,  
With stacks of iron pipes instead  
Or frames for burning gases.

The ancient goddess flies away,  
For we are found defaulters,  
Unable our just debts to pay  
Because we have no altars,

And warns us still, as she retires  
By our neglect defeated,  
That Heaven is full of open fires  
While Hell is central-heated. H.C.B.





*Gentleman from London.* "I'M VERY MUCH 'BLIGED T' YOU."

*Local Worthy.* "YOUR SERVANT, SIR. YOU MINDS ME 'O THE TIMES WHEN I BE 'EDGING AND DITCHING, YOU DG."

### The Path of a Projectile.

It was inevitable that the Fifth of November should remind Mr. Shagreen of something, but I confess I was surprised to hear that it reminded him of a young woman who hit him on the head with an empty jam-jar in the year 1902.

I suppose my expression told him I thought this chapter from his life was in rather loud taste, for he went on to explain.

"The girl," he said, "was the daughter of a heavily-bearded fire-work manufacturer. She happened at that moment to be in the grip of a generous wrath."

"She was angry with you?"

"I suppose she was. She hit me. Not until now had it entered my head to wonder whether she may have been aiming at someone else, but I think she hit me deliberately. Yes, indeed, now I remember, she accompanied her action with words that could not

possibly have been addressed to anyone but me. 'That'—this is what she said at the moment of impact—'that'll teach you ballistics!'

"Ballistics?"

"Ballistics. It was her impression that the smattering of the science of ballistics to which I had modestly owned had been instrumental in puncturing her romance. And who was I, with a bump on my head as big as an egg," inquired Mr. Shagreen, "to say her nay?"

"You may well ask," I said. "But how was it that ballistics—"

Mr. Shagreen said that personally he would not have placed the blame on ballistics at all. "I do not think anyone could have found fault with my application of such fragments of the science as my brain in the first flush of enthusiasm retained. I should have placed the blame—if blame there was, for the girl was not suited to my friend, and before long he was exceedingly relieved at having so good an excuse not to marry her—on the

susceptibility of her father, the fire-work manufacturer, to colds."

This sudden thickening of the plot caught me unawares. "So there was a friend, was there," I inquired, rallying, "who wished to marry the girl?"

"Originally, yes. He was not a young man of muscular intellect," Mr. Shagreen told me, "and as November 5th approached he confided to me that he thought it would be a good idea on that night to tie a message of love to a jumping cracker and throw it in through the window of the drawing-room, where his beloved was likely to be sitting deep in some good book. I spent many hours trying to wean him from this bizarre intention, but he clung to it with the enthusiasm always shown by persons of few ideas for any notion that may by ill-fortune happen to strike them. All I could do was to make him use a rocket as the bearer of his message instead of a jumping cracker. A rocket, as I impressed upon him and he at length, though with

reluctance, admitted, could be aimed better by anyone with a knowledge of ballistics. Experiment beforehand would make it easy to discharge the projectile with absolute accuracy through the required window without any danger of such awkwardness as might result from a too-excited throwing by hand. Objecting to the last, he inquired where we were to find anyone with a knowledge of ballistics."

"And you thought you might say without boasting," I interjected, "that you were that person?"

"Not without boasting," said Mr. Shagreen. "But indeed my knowledge of ballistics, such as it was, proved adequate in conjunction with plenty of practical experiment. Day after day we shot rocket after rocket—fortunately we were able to get them at half-price with the help of the young lady herself, though of course she was not told what they were for—at target after target; and I made calculation after calculation. By the early days of November we were tolerably proficient at getting a given rocket through a given suspended hoop at a given distance, and

we were convinced that only a high wind or some other climatic interruption could prevent us from getting the crucial rocket through the crucial window on the crucial night."

"But weren't you afraid that the firework manufacturer would take a grave view of the intrusion of a rocket—even one of his own rockets—into his drawing-room?"

"He was to be out," said Mr. Shagreen, "with his wife. The night being that of November 5, they were to preside, beneath the vault of heaven, at a display of pyrotechnics. Their daughter was also going, but she was to go with my friend, who was to call for her after the others had gone. It was his idea to announce his arrival, you see, by means of the message on the rocket. He did this."

"All went well, then?" I said in surprise.

"I would not go so far as to say that," Mr. Shagreen demurred. "Nothing was wrong with my application of the science of ballistics, but there were one or two other things for which we had not allowed. The susceptibility of

the firework manufacturer to colds was one. He had a cold on that evening; it caused him to stay at home in the drawing-room beside his daughter, with the window shut. We did not notice him there and we did not notice the shut window. Our rocket took its calculated path, but it broke the window to effect an entrance and it set fire to the old gentleman's whiskers when it got in. Bear in mind also the fact that when the conflagration was put out he found on the floor a signed note to the effect that roses were red, violets blue, sugar sweet and so was he, and you will readily realise that after this he did not look with favour on the prospect of having my friend as a son-in-law. You now see how it was that when she came out to investigate the misguided girl jumped to the conclusion that the science of ballistics, as applied by me, had shattered her romance."

I nodded.

"But what I don't see," I said, "is where the jam-jar came from."

"It was the one we stood the rocket in," said Mr. Shagreen. R. M.



"I suppose I can't stop your sarcastic remarks about my not liking work, but I do think that you might have refrained from teaching the parrot to sing 'Little Man, you've had a busy day!'"

### Catteri.

HAVING written, in another place, an article in praise of Cox's Orange Pippins, not so mellifluous as "DUM-DUM's" verses a fortnight ago but as ecstatic as I could make it, I had the pleasant experience of receiving from kind readers several consignments of that supreme fruit. Such a response prompts me to the following remarks on another attractive theme.

Let us look carefully at the two scraps of paper which now take the place of those comforting and distinguished discs of gold, the sovereign and the half-sovereign, or, if you will, the "thick one" and "half a thick one," the "quid" and "half-a-quid." Except for a friendly rustle these flimsy slips have nothing to commend them. They are pretty to listen to, and that is all. As the means of acquiring desirable articles they serve; but as works of art they strike me as deplorable both in design, which is fussy, and in colour, which, whether green or brown, is dull. Apart from differences in size and hue the notes are different also in details. If you take a magnifying-glass you will see that on the pound note there is a band on which the words "Bank of England" are repeated in a scroll a myriad times, a circumstance which must be very annoying to the forger, who, however, armed with a camera, manages to make the best of it. This scroll and the wording do not appear in the ten-shilling note; neither does the imposing façade of the Bank, at the back, nor St. George, twice over, stabbing at the dragon with a sword that could never reach him. The pound note also has in the middle of its scroll a blank circular space which, if held to the light, reveals a classical profile with an odd bun-shaped helmet capable or not of being lowered over the Grecian nose. This head, appertaining to I know not whom—the goddess Pecunia perhaps—appears secretly also on the ten-shilling note, but not in any circular space. Both notes share on the left side the seated figure beneath a crown, whom I take to be Britannia, but a younger and milder Britannia than she who dominates the penny. Instead of the trident she has a spear, and instead of the shield a branch, presumably of laurel. The shield, however, is there, on her left, and on her right a curious cone which I cannot place at all. Is it a beehive, and if so, why? Behind her is a sea so calm that we are assured that she knows how to rule the waves.

Both notes are alike too in the

signature: B. G. CATTERUS—or is it "S"?—a name which for all its potency has not yet, as BRADBURY did, found its way into the language. No one ever says, "I say, old fellow, could you lend me a Catterus?" whereas in the old days . . . Even in those days I cannot remember ever seeing a portrait of Mr. BRADBURY, whose initials I have completely forgotten. "Reading from left to right: Mr. Bradbury and friend"—did anyone ever see that? I cannot recall it. Nor have I seen a portrait of Mr. CATTERUS; but surely he is as well worth the attention of the camera as some of the people who infest the pages of the illustrated weeklies and never "promise to pay the Bearer on Demand" anything at all?

It is extraordinary how oddly publicity is awarded. Here are people who week after week get their faces into the papers merely because they chance to be sitting in cabarets, whereas a real national hero like B. G. CATTERUS (or is it "S"?), who promises to pay us a pound or ten shillings on Demand, is unknown. Absolutely unknown. He may be tall, he may be short. He may be clean-shaven, moustached or bearded. He may be spectacled, monocled, or with optics unadorned. None of us can tell. A very curious and anomalous circumstance reflecting little credit on a nation of photographers.

Useful and welcome as these Catteri are, they can lead to trouble. The possession of one got me into serious difficulties with a cabman only last week; or rather the possession of one and nothing else, for he also had no change. I wonder what the law says on this matter of change. According to my view, the cabman ought to provide it; according to the cabman, it is the duty of the passenger. There we stood at a deadlock at about half-past twelve, utterly lacking silver. None of the fighting occurred that our friend "A. P. H." has been describing: there were no broken noses; but I have met men more amiable than this cabman, who took the line that by having no change I was keeping him out of a job. So, I suppose, I was; but also, as I told him with the utmost pleasantness, by having no change he was keeping me out of bed. In the end he handed me his brass number-plate as a hostage; I gave him the Catterus and he drove off promising to complete the transaction the next day.

Now, kind readers . . . E. V. L.

### Distinctions We Deprecate.

"The Bish of London and the Bishop of Blackburn officiated."—*Midland Paper.*

### Scottish Summer.

(The returned Nabob speaks.)

I HAVE endured the summer  
Of 1934,

No gloomier or glummer

Perhaps than some of yore,  
But still the same procession—

Trough hastening on trough,  
Shallow on deep depression;  
Enough of it, enough!

And I have known the glory  
Of suns that did not cloud

In Hind, that land of story  
Where mortals were allowed

To plan their little outings

Unfearful of remorse

And say without misdoings:  
"Will it be fine? Of course!"

O Scotland soaked and smitten  
Beneath the sleet-squall's shock;

O wayward winds of Britain  
Careering round the clock;

O weary weather, changing  
To match the changing wind;

O wistful memory ranging  
Back to the suns of Hind!

And yet, as Autumn mellow,  
The day I now recall

Out of a thousand fellows

Dawned not in Hind at all;

Much has that bright and hot land,

But this had something more—

And lo! it was in Scotland

And 1934.

Sandwiched between a blizzard

And half-a-week of wet,

Wrought by some friendly wizard,

It rose and shone and set;

Where Spey ran at her fairest

And beauty moved to tears—

Just one day, but the rarest,

The rarest day in years.

Of suns the prince and primate

Is that which shines in Hind;

It has the British climate

Most absolutely skinned;

But if and when these islands

Produce the best they can—

A fine day in the Highlands—

India's an also-ran! H. B.

### Doughty Work Under the Crossbar.

"With the wind behind them Darlington did most of the attacking, and Gray punched off Best's head."—*Sunday Paper.*

### Ministerial Fireworks.

"MR. HORE-BELISHA BUST."

Heading in *Daily Paper.*

Noiselessly, of course?

"Strong kicking and vigorous tackling marked both sides."—*Local Paper.*

But not, we hope, for life.





NON-CO-OPERATIVE WHOOPEE.



"DASHED PRETTY GIRL IN THAT CAR, OLD MAN."

"DO YOU MEAN THE BLONDE IN THE FELT HAT AND TAILORED JACKET, OR THE RED-HAIRED ONE IN THE BERET AND BLOUSE WITH SCARF-COLLAR?"

### The Ungrateful Caliph.

MY next brother (said the barber) was Hafiz, called the Moderately Intelligent, at the mention of whose name all the citizens of Bagdad, before the decree of the Caliph prohibiting spitting, spat. Their prejudice was excited by a remarkable circumstance. Bagdad was experiencing a shortage of porters, all porters having been executed by special decree in consequence of a porter having stumbled against the Caliph at a street-corner. In this emergency Hafiz sought an audience of Haroun.

"In the name of the Compassionate," he began, "I have a plan for preventing mischances at street-corners."

"There will be no more mischances," answered Haroun with satisfaction. "The last porter was executed yesterday."

"Commander of the Faithful," replied Hafiz, "consider the camel-drivers, the horsemen and the pedestrians." With that he recited some extempore verses in which he compared camel-drivers to asses, horsemen to mules and pedestrians to pigs. "Therefore," he urged, "true believers may not discount the possibility of further mischances."

"What is your plan?" asked the Caliph.

"First," said Hafiz firmly, "we must take a census of the traffic."

"Is that necessary?" asked Haroun.

"Commander of the Faithful," replied Hafiz, "it is indispensable. We must approach this problem in a scientific manner."

Accordingly Hafiz, assisted by most of the Caliph's bodyguard, spent several days counting the camel-drivers, horsemen and pedestrians. This done, he presented himself before the Caliph.

"What is the next step?" asked Haroun.

"Commander of the Faithful," replied Hafiz, "we must now instal sand-glasses at street-corners. While the sand runs, traffic may proceed in one direction. When the glass is reversed, traffic may proceed in the other direction."

"In the name of the Prophet," exclaimed the Caliph. "how do you know that the traffic will obey the sand-glasses?"

"Commander of the Faithful," replied Hafiz with dignity, "I have given careful attention to this point. I have decided that a strong force of guards must be ambushed round each corner

whose duty it will be to seize and bastinado all transgressors."

"But could not one of the guards regulate the traffic?" asked Haroun.

"Commander of the Faithful," answered Hafiz impressively, "we must aim at making the traffic self-regulating. To this end we must avoid an ostentatious display of force. With your permission I shall now put this regulation into force."

Sand-glasses were immediately erected at all the street-corners and most of the Caliph's bodyguard were detailed to watch them. During the next few days many houses were robbed, and the burglars of Bagdad combined to give Hafiz a tray of chased silver inscribed with complimentary verses.

"What is the next step?" asked Haroun uneasily when Hafiz presented himself at the palace.

"Having secured an easy flow of traffic," replied Hafiz, "we must now ensure that pedestrians cross the streets at certain points only."

"How will you do that?" asked the Caliph.

"Commander of the Faithful," replied Hafiz, "we must be on our guard against haphazard methods. I shall mark those points in an unmistakable manner. For those who can read I

shall erect notices. For those who cannot read I shall maintain beacons in close proximity to the notices. I shall have strong detachments of guards in the streets to seize and bastinado any pedestrian who crosses at the wrong place and any camel-driver or horseman who fails to stop at the right place."

This was done, most of the remaining guards being detailed for this duty. (The bandits of Bagdad now presented Hafiz with a milk-white ass of immense value.) The streets resounded with the oaths directed at the camel-drivers by the pedestrians, the execrations levelled at the pedestrians by the camel-drivers, the abuse showered on both by the horsemen, the shouts of the guards and the screams of the citizens who were receiving the bastinado.

"The next step," said Hafiz importantly, "is to reduce the noise of the traffic. I shall immediately give orders to that effect."

It was then proclaimed that pedestrians must walk on tiptoe and that horses must refrain from neighing and camels from bubbling. All the remaining guards were turned out to enforce this regulation. They patrolled every street and the air was filled with the cries of those who had offended and were being bastinadoed. The burglars and the bandits of Bagdad combined to present Hafiz with a testimonial of respect, consisting of a thistle of pure gold ornamented with amethysts.

The next day the Caliph issued from the palace to pay his morning visit to the mosque. To his amazement he found the streets full of dense crowds.

"In the name of the Merciful," he said, "what is the meaning of this?"

"Commander of the Faithful!" replied Hafiz cheerfully, "the meaning is that the traffic problem is solved."

"Indeed!" said the Caliph suspiciously. "Why are all these people standing still?"

"That, Commander of the Faithful," replied Hafiz still more cheerfully, "is the solution I referred to. As long as the people stand still there can be no mischances at street corners."

"But *why* do they stand still?" asked Haroun.

"Because they cannot go forward," replied Hafiz with enthusiasm. "The sand-glasses and the special crossings have between them succeeded in arresting movement. I shall now proceed to frame additional measures, to enforce which many more guards will be needed. I have thought of making all pedestrians wear a distinctive uniform so that no one can mistake them for camels or horses—"

At this point the Caliph, observing



"YOU KNOW, MRS. BAINS, NURSE SAYS I MUSTN'T EAT BETWEEN MEALS; BUT IF YOU GAVE ME SOME TARTS ON A TRAY WITH A KNIFE AND FORK IT WOULD BE ANOTHER MEAL, WOULDN'T IT?"

brutally that he wanted to go to the mosque, ordered the *status quo* to be restored. My brother began to recite some verses from the Koran relative to the danger of meddling with established precedents, but, being immediately bastinadoed on a charge of making too much noise in the streets, he remarked bitterly that in future he would leave Bagdad to solve its own problems. W. G.

#### Trying Situations.

"Nurses required.—First baby, Bucks; boy, 2 years, Herts."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

Well, it might be Wores!

"HOW TO MAKE HIP JAM."

*Daily Paper.*

Try the Tube rush hours.

#### A correspondent sends us this:

Extract from a Hong-Kong merchant's account-book:—

"Advt. for female typist . . .	2/6
Chocs. wife . . .	£1
Flowers typist . . .	1/-
Flowers wife . . .	£1
Chocs. wife . . .	10/-
Cinema Lucy . . .	5/-
Chocs. Lucy . . .	2/6
Chocs. wife . . .	5/-
Cinema wife . . .	4/-
Chocs. wife . . .	2/6
Chocs. Lucy . . .	10/-
Flowers wife . . .	5/-
Flowers Lucy . . .	15/-
Chocs. wife . . .	6d.
Chocs. Lucy . . .	15/-
Orchids Lucy . . .	£2 2 0
Daisies wife . . .	1/-
Fur Coat wife . . .	£80
Advt. male typist . . .	2/6"

Dreadful place, Hong-Kong.





The Publicity Man. "AND IF YOU AND SHE COULD GET ENGAGED FOR A FEW DAYS . . ."  
The Producer. "SURE THING—'FILM STAR'S ROMANCE'—GO AHEAD!"

### Ad Uxorem.

MADAM, the trees are bare (at least the beeches;  
The oaks persist in keeping something on,  
So do the elms), and melancholy screeches,  
Repinings after Autumn past and gone,  
Are uttered by the wind  
(The "i" is long); the thrush's simple mind  
Prompts him to rhetoric purloined from SHELLEY,  
And from the copse, paved with decay and smelly,  
Hark, he inquires, "Can Spring be far behind?"

Madam, it can. Why must the bird be silly?  
Down from St. Martin's to the Ides of March  
Creep four thin-blooded months, dark, dank and chilly,  
Ere we shall find fresh foliage on the larch  
That grows by the front-door.  
(If WORDSWORTH spoke about his larch before,  
It was in Spring when he was feeling jolly;  
And if you still object, our tree's a holly.)  
"Pooh!" to the thrush and "Pooh!" again once more.

Though I can hear a fieldfare (if I wish to)  
When he arrives reiterating "Chack!"  
A fieldfare is not worth observing "Pish!" to;  
I heed him only when he hurries back,  
His painful visit done,  
Leaving a new and energetic sun  
To rise at decent times in decent weather,  
When even days and nights appear together,  
And Winter's over and the Spring begun.

Well, we must try a recipe from OMAR:  
Verse and a Loaf, a Flask of Wine and Thou  
In Wildernesses, and no doubt at Home, are  
Material for Paradise enow,  
And we have all the Stuff.  
It will be cold to-night, I think, and rough;  
Then stir the Fire and draw the Curtains closer;  
Bring out a Vintage (Empire from the Grocer);  
Mine be the Verse, and You'll do well enough.

VERGES.

*Macbeth* is being produced by the inhabitants of a  
Derbyshire village, all of whom, including the shepherds,  
have parts. These latter of course would be more at  
ease in a crook play.

★ ★ ★

A novel translated from the Erse has just been published.  
It should now be readable in Ireland.

★ ★ ★

A witness in court stated that he travelled in perambulators. In point of fact most of us did at one time.

★ ★ ★

A blazer with distinctive colouring is placed at the  
disposal of visiting referees by a London football club.  
Spectators will now have no excuse for hitting the  
wrong man.

"The bride's gift to the groom was a dressing down and slippers."  
He seems to have had fair warning.

Local Paper.



*Graham R. Knight*

### INJURED INNOCENCE.

LITTLE BILL. "BOO-HOO! THAT OLD BLOKE WIV WHISKERS SAID I WERE A UNWARRANTABLE INTERFERENCE WIV VE LIBERTY OF VE SUBJECK!"

BENEVOLENT STATESMAN. "NEVER MIND, MY LAD; I SAY YOU'RE A NEW BULWARK OF THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION."





## Impressions of Parliament.

*Tuesday, October 30th.*—Last grouse decapitated, last salmon foul-hooked, last chips surrendered to the croupier's relentless rake, last sand-castle demolished and last rubber horse deflated, hub of Empire is itself again and fairly humming with dammed-up legislative energy. Members look satisfactorily restored in wind and limb, and they will need to be, for before them lies period of gruelling Government. Gruelling but interesting; far more so than last Session, which suffered from overwhelming shadow of Unemployment Bill, giant but unexciting measure which very few people really understood. During next fortnight three Bills must be polished off, each likely to arouse fury of elocution: Betting and Lotteries Bill (a not too popular little fellow), Electricity Supply Bill, and Incitement to Disaffection Bill, which is being taken to-day.

New Session, which will begin on November 20th, promises prolonged debates on grand scale, for it will contain four Bills of vital importance and wide appeal, relating to India, Housing, Shipping and Cattle.

At Question-time this afternoon everyone welcomed two Front-Bench invalids, P.M. and Mr. LANSBURY, both happily recovered; fresh from their bye-elections came Dr. ADDISON and Mr. STRAUSS; and an important announcement was made by P.M. that reports of four Commissioners who have been investigating distressed areas will, after all, be published, their authors being first given opportunity to edit them, seeing that they were confidentially prepared. This concession well received by House.

Mr. ELLIOT was unable to promise any more definite form of salvage to herring industry than that current negotiations with Germany might prove fruitful. It was inevitable that Mr. HORE-BELISHA should come in for some ragging, but he is well able to hold his own, and was unperturbed by Sir WILLIAM DAVISON's complaint that orange-groves were sprouting in the public streets. Mr. P.'s R. hoped that somebody would ask at what the Ministry put the period of a beacon's survival in a university town, but no one obliged.

Incitement to Disaffection Bill, which sets out to counter attempts at seducing armed forces from their duty, is arousing unexpected intensity of

opposition. Obviously any Government, however liberal, must protect itself against corruption in forces, and position of decent pacifist who appeals straight to Government is unaltered under this Bill. Its crux is power of



A GOAL FOR SWINDON.  
Dr. ADDISON.

search given to police on scent of seditious propaganda, but, as this power is nothing new in English law, fuss seems rather unnecessary. This was neatly demonstrated by ATTORNEY-GENERAL when, Mr. ISAAC FOOT strenuously contending that hatred of search is in bones of English



BEFORE THE BATTLE.  
A HEREDITARY SALUTE.

people, he pointed out crushingly that identical search-warrant clause in Betting Bill had failed to arouse Mr. FOOT's indignation during the Second Reading. Can it be that to some minds such low form of life as sweepstake-

participator cannot expect clemency which must be accorded to a Communist revolutionary?

*Wednesday, October 31st.*—Lords, a few of whom assembled yesterday for gentle conversation about milk, to-day listened to interesting speech by Lord MELCHETT, who asked what Government's plans were for rationalising system of industrial control in Great Britain. Unbroken progress in industry, he said, had resulted from abolition of Gold Standard and introduction of tariffs, while Government intervention had produced internal reorganisation in shipping, electricity, agriculture and London transport; what was wanted now was a general Enabling Act which would permit an industry to apply to appropriate Minister for scheme and for power to compel minorities to enter it. Early next Session, he announced, he would bring in Bill of this sort; and for Government Lord HAILSHAM welcomed his intention as likely to lead to profitable discussion.

Net of Question-time is as deliciously embracing as ever, and to-day it enmeshed fauna and flora of Africa, about protection of which Mr. LEWIS was exercised, Sir PHILIP CUNLIFFELISTER comforting him with news that we are about to ratify some sort of Convention. Mr. P.'s R. quite agrees it is high time that fat men in helicopters were restrained from snooping about jungle mowing down Hum-bottle's Snortbeestes and such-like phenomena, already far too rare and in any case incapable of retaliation.

Further debate on Incitement to Disaffection Bill was enlivened by friendly passage between Admiral TAYLOR and Mr. WILMOT, in which Mr. WILMOT referred to "the rollicking bravo of the old salt from Paddington," an expression which he insisted was a marine compliment. Several Amendments were finally accepted and Report Stage concluded. Preliminary skirmish on the frontier of the Indian debate is likely to take place to-morrow, when, it is understood, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL will oppose Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN's resolution that Joint Select Committee's Report shall be published simultaneously in this country and in India. This move was unexpected.

Herr HITLER is reported to be suffering from a toothache. Can this possibly be due to the late cutting of a wisdom-tooth?



"ADOLPHUS! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! *Must* YOU STRIDE UP AND DOWN LIKE A LION?"

### Whelk's Ball Control (B).

So much has been written nowadays about Ball Control and the game of golf that little more, it might seem, could be added to the subject; and yet I cannot recollect a single reference to that rather abstruse but very widely-practised method of control which Patrick Whelk, the Secretary of Roughover Golf Club, prefers to describe as Ball Control (B)—this to distinguish it from Ball Control (A), where he has grouped the pivot, the stance, the swing, hitting from the inside out, and so on.

Now Ball Control (B) is a rather complicated business, but in a nutshell it covers every aspect of the art of piloting the ball by body movement *after it has left the club-face*. At first sight this might appear as an impossible undertaking, but in order to give you a slight idea of its possibilities Whelk has agreed to collaborate with me in this article and write out a bare résumé of a few of the more important methods which have been in vogue at Roughover for the last decade.

Here they are:—

No. 1, known as B34, is very widely used by the golfer who, having pulled his ball over the out-of-bounds line, wishes to bring it back to the fairway before it descends to earth.

This particular control is not difficult to master, and a general working idea of the method is best provided by studying the following rough sketch—



FIG. I.

*Note.*—Great care should be taken not to bend the trunk too far back or to allow the right elbow to fall below the level of the left knee.

No. 2, B49 (for slice-control), is practised in a similar manner to B34, only all movements are reversed and the club held in the right hand.

In No. 3 we have a rather different type of control, for here the player, having hit his iron shot straight to the hole, wishes to make certain that the ball will continue so until it completes its flight.

And this is where B70 (Arm Control) will prove itself invaluable.



FIG. II.

*Method.*—Adopt the position of FIG. 2, keeping the cross-pull on both

arms equal, the right will thus nullify any tendency to slice, the left will prevent a pull. Keep like this until the ball comes to rest.

*Note.*—It is essential that the first finger of the right hand should point to the ground and the left thumb upwards. If this is not done the ball may take a bad kick on alighting.

No. 4. Brake Control (B53) is used for stopping a shot that appears to be making for a bunker or running too far past the hole.

The general scheme by which the ball may be brought to a halt is for the player to force the ears well back and at the same time *away* from the face. Although the movement may at first seem a little difficult, it is surprising what can be achieved by practising with a golf-ball on the dining-room carpet for half-an-hour after breakfast each morning. When you have attained proficiency with both ears, try controlling with one ear at a time, so that the other may be held in readiness against a major emergency.

And then there is No. 5 (B19), which in normal circumstances can regulate

nearly any type of putt by means of tongue-control, this appendage being the accepted master-key to all green work.

The movements are simplicity personified, for should the ball be required to veer left, then the tongue is also moved to the left, and so on.



FIG. III.

The gentleman illustrated here is, however, something of a novice, for the tongue is best kept inside the mouth or at most with only the tip showing, thus minimising the danger of a self-inflicted incisor wound from the re-

sultant excitement or surprise in the event of the ball entering the hole.

Well, that is the gist of Whelk's Ball Control (B). Of course there are a great many more movements, such as B7 (knees) for bunker work, B63 (Nose) for control in a high wind, B92 (Uvula) for playing a shot off sloping ground, B161 (Adam's Apple) for getting out of ditches; but the ones already mentioned are generally accepted as the most useful and have the further recommendation of being well tested by time and by that very discriminating body of men the members of Roughover Golf Club, amongst whom can be numbered General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., Mr. Lionel Nutmeg (Malayan Civil Service, Retired), Commander Harrington Nettle, C.M.G., D.S.O., Admiral Charles Sneyring-Stymie, C.B., and others.

#### Overcrowding in the XVIth Century.

"They surprised Stirling, where the Regent was in residence, and captured him in bed together with Morton, Argyll, Glencairn, Eglinton, Cassilis, Sempill, Cathcart and Ochiltree."—*From a Biography.*



*Deep-Sea Diver.* "DO YOU THINK YOU COULD GET ME A JOB IN THE STRATOSPHERE? MY DOCTOR HAS ORDERED A COMPLETE CHANGE."



## At the Play.

## "LOVERS' LEAP" (VAUDEVILLE).

THIS is an excellent straightforward and extremely amusing farcical comedy of just the right texture to favour the first excursion of Mr. OWEN NARES into management. If Mr. PHILIP JOHNSON in his work does not attain (perhaps he does not even aim at) that conscious sparkle and cut-and-thrust of the best MAUGHAM, COWARD and LONSDALE models he has a brand of humour and happy nonsense and an individuality of approach which very properly are his own, not imitative. He shows invention and considerable theatrical resource in the shaping of his comedy and provides a fine unhappy ending which is cause for laughter rather than for tears.

For *Lovers' Leap* is the story of a plot by the comely *Helen* (Miss NORA SWINBURNE), whose *Roger* (Mr. OWEN NARES) had deserted her seven years ago for Egypt

and Egyptology, but not before she had bitten his index-finger to the bone and done him other violent disservices. She is now bent on tying her sister *Sarah* in the bonds of matrimony to *Cedric* (Mr. WALTER HUDD), an abnormally shy and guileless romantic.

Not that *Cedric* is unwilling to be tied. Quite the contrary. But *Sarah*, an honest modern, bethinking her of the cat-and-dog life of *Roger* and *Helen*, who in their day were as passionately devoted as she and her *Cedric*, is inclined to insist on a preliminary companionate test. This horrifies *Cedric*, who however is nothing if not reasonable; and, less excusably, it outrages the sisterly heart of *Helen*. Eligibles should be promptly caught and trussed. Let the future take care of itself. *Roger* happens to turn up, bent, as *Helen* supposes, on reconciliation, but actually anxious to negotiate a divorce on easy collusive terms so that he may marry a titled female Egyptologist, possessor (we gather) of what the beauty proletarian of an older day used to describe as a clock-stopper of a face. *Helen* suggests as the price of her consent to the divorce that he should help her to present to the eyes of the young lovers the vision of sweet conjugal love restored, too strong to be denied after such sad estrangement. After all they can still do their quarrelling when alone.

True, when *Roger* sees his *Helen* prinked and polished in her Paris cloth-of-silver dinner-gown, with her deadly dividers sheathed in smiling lips he has a moment of regret and indecision—as she meant him to have. The vision of an angular Egyptologist

to the boot-cupboard in a thunder-storm, the weak mood passes.

How *Sarah* finally made up her mind to marry *Cedric* just as *Cedric* had decided not to marry *Sarah* or even make companionate experiments, but, seduced by *Roger's* friendly exposition of the undying delights of Egyptology, to devote himself to it and to *Roger* for the rest of his life, I leave you to discover in detail. There are two thwarted women left lamenting in Sussex, and a third in Egypt will receive a deadly blow in due course—or so the vain males assume. *Roger* and *Cedric* make good their escape—not before *Helen* gets her teeth into both of *Roger's* index fingers.

The quartet of players gives us a beautifully balanced and contrasted performance; Miss SWINBURNE, very fine and proud in her moment of success, deplorably deflated after that night in the boot-cupboard with the sherry; Miss JEANS, very fresh and pert and sweet and unreasonable; Mr. WALTER

HUDD extremely skilful in his suggestion of the detailed agonies of shyness competing with lover's ardour; and Mr. OWEN NARES in alternating moods of easy debonair grace and scarce-controlled grimacing fury. Mr. JOHNSON is to be congratulated. T.

## "LINE ENGAGED" (DUKE OF YORK'S).

Already crime dramatists are being subtly affected by the existence of the new Police College, and it seems inevitable that we shall soon be confronted with the situation of a keen young sleuth who has unwittingly pinned the guilt on to the gingerbread of the rugger-captain of the old school. Messrs. JACK DE LEON and JACK CELESTIN do not go so far as this, but they set up their *Detective-Inspector Morley* (Mr. SAM LIVESLEY) in a style which, if it were general to detective-inspectors, would be certain to attract a fresh surge of our boys to the Force; and who could blame them for being dazzled by the prospect of a manservant operating a hospitable flow of port and brandy.

These, I admit, are well earned as the evening develops. The *Inspector's* son, *David* (Mr. WILLIAM FOX), is a crime novelist, and, more than that, a stuck crime novelist who cannot get on with his new story; and the cause of this literary jam is a *Mrs. Eva Whiston* (Miss JESSICA TANDY), a young woman



A PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

*Cedric Norreys* . . . . . Mr. WALTER HUDD.  
*Sarah Traill* . . . . . Miss URSULA JEANS.

as last seen on the hump of a sneering camel is a little dismaying. But as he just escapes being brained by his *Helen* with a chromium-plated horse, and as she still has that completely infuriating habit of flying



A PROPOSAL OF DIVORCE.

*Helen Storer* . . . . . Miss NORA SWINBURNE.  
*Roger Storer* . . . . . Mr. OWEN NARES.

tied not only by marriage but by some more sinister bond, at which for the time being we can only guess, to a drunken and unscrupulous husband (Mr. WALLACE GEOFFREY). *David* loves her with a passion which is prepared to face the slings and arrows of outraged society, and she loves him, but the opening scene shows her, after *David* and her husband have enjoyed a good manly row, refusing to stay with *David* and going meekly home. In her bag—mark this—she happens to retain an automatic pistol with which *David* had intended to argue with her husband but which she had seized.

In the next scene, after dinner the same evening, *Inspector Morley* is trying to cheer up his son by suggesting a new plot for the novel—a plot which embraces a fool-proof murder, and suddenly we notice that *David* is listening very intently. The one essential to the murder is a policeman accomplice who must be amongst the first to be called in; and the idea is that the murderer, before being searched, shall swap his pistol for one of a different calibre carried by the policeman. No sooner has his father left the room than *David* loads a big .45 revolver, leaves a note on the desk, and slips out. A moment later *Eva* is shown in, distraught, urgently looking for *David*, and she and *Inspector Morley* are soon joined by her mother (Miss LOUISE HAMPTON), who has come in answer to a letter from *David* telling her of *Eva's* unhappy plight. The discovery of *David's* note reveals his intentions to his horror-stricken father, and when the telephone rings it is a police message summoning him to *Whiston's* flat, where a murder has been committed.

This takes us to the curtain of Act I., and leaves us in the Interval debating such questions as Should a Father Tell? and Can the Murder Work? And here I am going to leave you, for it would be very unfair to the authors to give their show away. But I can tell you that when the scene shifts in the next Act to the dead man's flat, the plot is given several entirely unexpected twists which should keep you guessing until somewhere near the end, and make you want to guess, which is the job of a detective-play. This one is not great stuff, but it is competently written and soundly acted, and Mr. SINCLAIR HILL has produced it with good judgment.

The comic relief provided by

Miss KATHLEEN HARRISON as the little maid blundering upon the corpse was, I think, the best piece of raw Cockney I remember on the stage. And her hand-



†. "A POLICEMAN'S LOT IS NOT A HAPPY ONE."

Sam Morley . . . MR. SAM LIVESEY.

ling of the junior policeman showed a technique which would carry the day at any kitchen door in the land. ERIC.

### At the Ballet.

(MERCURY.)

It is not very gratifying to have missed a good thing through inatten-

tion or to be making belated discoveries. If any serious student of dance and mime has missed Miss AGNES DE MILLE's previous performances in London let him now speedily make amends—at the pleasant little Mercury Theatre, with its highly sophisticated audience of dance-fans, students and perceptive visitors. Miss DE MILLE has, besides her technical accomplishment—she is soundly trained in both the free and classical modes—a busy inventive imagination, designing her own dances, costumes and settings. She is evidently, too, a careful student of the folk-dance in various lands and of the general collateral matter of her art, pictures, music, history.

There were sixteen dances—in itself an athletic feat of moment, for many were wild swift-moving affairs divided by the briefest musical interludes. I would especially commend the two studies after DEGAS: *Stage Fright*—a dancer nervously trying over her steps just before her entrance; and *Ballet Class*—study of a tyro and the contrast between swift dreams and the long road to accomplishment. The dancer has admirably caught the atmosphere—realistic, not romantic—of the painter in these two interpretations.

*Nocturne*—a really beautiful formalised study of passionate courtship restrained by reverence with its finely patterned rhythmic flow of interpretative gesture—seemed to me singularly moving.

In this Miss DE MILLE was assisted by Mr. HUGH LAING, a young dancer, with already a good control of his body. Miss DE MILLE shows herself to have a true sympathy with simple peasant mentality, oftener showing it in grotesque contexts, here in a deeper poetical mood—a fine piece of decorative embroidery of a PALMGREN theme.

*Burgomaster's Branle* (with Mr. OLIVER REYNOLDS, an admirable mimic, in partnership), after a VAN EYCK, has grace and humour. There is a singularly impressive simple dance to a well-known BACH hymn, suggesting no definite interpretation but setting the imagination to work; a most convincing representation of the contortionist invitations of an Arabian dancing-girl, and the angry scorn lashing her indifferent audience showed uncanny perception and power of assuming an alien personality. There was much else to admire. Miss DE MILLE indeed is something of a portent.

T.



PISTOLS FOR TWO.

David Morley . . . MR. WILLIAM FOX.

Eva Whiston . . . MISS JESSICA TANDY.



## Romance in Carthage.

"En avant!" shouted the guard and blew—*Haugh! haugh!*—on his horn. *Peep-peep!* answered the whistle, and the wheels of the electric-train from Tunis-Casino station began to revolve as Mlle. Chose sprang through the door. With the help of the guard she hoisted her father, his green-lined umbrella and his oilcloth shopping-bag in after her.

The train was crowded. A young Italian, hot but elegant in oatmeal tweeds, gallantly rose and offered his seat to pretty Mlle. Chose. There was room for two, she insisted, nudging an old Jew towards the window. Oatmeal Tweeds squeezed in delightedly beside her.

Opposite, an Arab vendor of melons lifted his basket down from the seat and placed it between his knees. M. Chose lowered himself into the vacant place with a growl of disapproval for his daughter's companion, the strain of catching the train, and the melons. His vast dove-coloured trousers strained over his thighs and mounted the summit of his abdomen. Sweat streamed from under his boater down to his collarless shirt.

"Look you," he said, balancing his shopping-bag on his knees so that the two long loaves which stuck out through the handles formed a barricade in front of his widest girth—"look you, it is forbidden to carry baggage in this train. Descend your melons at the next station and wait for the fourgon."

The Arab, a merry copper-coloured rascal with a wide-spreading straw hat trimmed with orange-and-black pompoms, answered that the train was already on its way and no one had objected when he brought the melons on board.

"I object!" M. Chose declared, taking the stud from his collar and pocketing it after a struggle. "Be assured, I object with vehemence. Is it that you can declare that load of merchandise to be hand-luggage? Can it, for example, be disposed upon the rack or beneath the bench in a space not exceeding the dimensions of the place occupied by the voyageur?"

"But assuredly," the conductor said in a conciliatory tone, pausing on his

way down the train, "the melons are not incommoding anyone?"

"It is not a question of that!" M. Chose thundered. "Is it necessary to obey the rules as printed in the *Marche des Trains*, or not?"

"After all, Papa," Mlle. Chose shrugged naughtily, "the Arab and his basket do not take more room than you and the bag of provisions."

At this unfilial remark M. Chose glared.

"And why," he choked—"why

He spread his fingers significantly. "Sweet, like sugar."

From neighbouring benches heads craned. Those who could not see leaned over the conductor's shoulder. An inspector poked the melons with an appraising finger. Even M. Chose eyed them regretfully as for a bargain missed. In Arabic, Italian and French everyone argued the respective merits of the pastèque, the gala and the canteloup.

Under cover of this Oatmeal Tweeds

chatted with Mlle. Chose. Was she not from the villa with the tangerine sun-blinds between Carthage station and the latest Punic excavations? He was sure of it! He himself was staying for the summer with his aunt in a villa quite at the top of the hill by the side of the cathedral. Mam'selle went perhaps to the plage every day? Yes, she took her bain de mer, always with Papa or an aunt, at mid-day. And he? Alas! business called him to Tunis every morning, and it was only on Saturdays, such as to-day, that he could sometimes take an early train back to Carthage. But in the evening he promenaded sur la plage. She assured him that she always went for a walk before sunset to exercise the dog. What fortune for the dog!

The train halted. La Goulette already! He had never known the distance across the Lac de Tunis to be so short. Usually, mon Dieu! how it was interminable!

Meanwhile the Arab, eloquent in defence of his wares, had cut up a melon and distributed it amongst the company. He now proposed that Monsieur should allow him to cut a plug from the melon in the shopping-bag. The conductor, as an impartial judge, would

sample the plug and a piece of the Arab's melon and give judgment. If Monsieur's pastèque was the sweeter, he, the Arab, would give Monsieur a melon for nothing. If, on the other hand, the melon of the vendor was better in quality, then Monsieur would buy two of them at two francs each.

Clapping, comment and advice in three languages from the company. Hands were thrust forward for pieces. Noses were flattened against the other melons to savour the bouquet. Seeds exploded out of the windows. Money passed. Up roar. Then sudden quiet as



Mistress (interviewing new maid from the country). "... AND WHEN YOU ADDRESS ME I WISH YOU TO SAY 'YES, MUM,' OR 'NO, MUM.'"

Girl. "I COULDN'T 'ARDLY DO THAT—MOTHER MIGHTN'T LIKE IT—BUT I'LL CALL YOU 'AUNTIE' IF YOU LIKE."

must one encumber oneself thus with bags? Because of the expense! At Tunis one buys sugar, for example, at two francs the kilo. What must one pay at Carthage? Two francs twenty-five centimes! In the crise what can one do?"

"How much have you paid for the melon?" the vendor asked, pointing to a pastèque bulging from the top of the bag.

"Two francs fifty."

"Quant à moi," the Arab told him with a grin, "I ask for them forty sous only, and mine are the best in North Africa. Absolutely guaranteed! Extra!"



the plug was cut from the pastèque of M. Chose and eaten critically by the conductor, who gave verdict in favour of the Arab.

Monsieur Chose agreed with tolerable grace. But what, he demanded, was he to do with two more melons? The bag was full to the top already. Oatmeal Tweeds sprang to his aid. He prayed to be allowed to carry them to the villa of Monsieur. With a sour grunt M. Chose informed the young interloper that there was no need to trouble himself. He, Monsieur Chose himself, could transport the melons home in a calèche such as was always waiting at Carthage station in the hope of tourists. Mlle. Chose pouted.

At Salambo the Arab descended with his empty basket and a broad grin. M. Chose commanded his daughter to move over beside him. At Carthage he drove her on first to the door of the train, Oatmeal Tweeds, following forlornly, intercepted a provocative backward glance. To his daughter on the platform M. Chose handed out his shopping-bag and got down himself with difficulty with the melons. Oatmeal Tweeds reluctantly took off his hat and took a step towards the exit. *Haugh! haugh!* went the guard's horn and *Peep-peep!* answered the whistle.

"My umbrella!" bellowed M. Chose and, dropping the melons, he risked his life for a second time that day by boarding a moving train. The guard again hauled him through, but inexorably refused to allow him to jump off.

Mlle. Chose and Oatmeal Tweeds, in incredulous delight, beheld the train diminishing up the hill to St. Monique. Fate is kind sometimes.

### Shakespearean "Might Have Beens."

(A writer in the Press has recently remarked what a difference it would have made to Hamlet if he had owned a bicycle.)

HAD *Hamlet* not been phthisical  
(As modernists have found),  
But on a "well-boiled icicle"

Gone gallivanting round,  
Where'er it gaily carried him  
No spectres would have harried  
him;

*Ophelia* might have married him  
Instead of getting drowned.

If *Jaques*, while in Arden,

On self-expression bent,  
Letting his arteries harden

In chronic discontent,  
Had learned the art of crooning,  
Or taken to bassooning,



"ARK AT OLD BILL 'AVING A' MUMENT WIV 'IS MISSUS."

His melancholy mooning  
Had found a happier vent.

If in plus-fours *Malvolio*  
Had boldly dared to pose,  
And not, as in the Folio,  
Assumed cross-gartered hose,  
All bashfulness eschewing  
And dauntlessly pursuing  
*Olivia* in his wooing,  
He might have foiled his foes.

If *Romeo* of Verona,  
So ardent and so keen,  
Had had the luck to own a  
Swift "Alfa" limousine,  
Or from a "Giro" lighted  
On *Juliet's* roof, unblighted  
And blissfully united  
These lovers might have been.

Or what if great *Othello*,  
So noble and so strong,  
Had reaped, with accents  
mellow,  
The profits that belong  
To darkies, whose vocation  
Brings constant "occupation"  
And high remuneration  
In spiritual song?

And if *Macbeth's* grim lady—  
So handy with her knife  
And all the methods shady  
Of the usurper's life—  
Could have procured a H\*\*V\*\*R—  
A "damned spot"-remover—  
It might have helped to prove  
her  
An exemplary wife. C. L. G.



"WELL, MAKE UP YOUR MIND, WE'VE GOT TO BE AT THE SHOW IN TEN MINUTES."

### Elia for London.

Mr. Punch has more than one reason for wishing well to the appeal that the Elian Society, with Sir JAMES BARRIE, Mr. E. V. LUCAS and Mr. EDMUND BLUNDEN as the three signatories, has put forth asking for funds wherewith to establish in London in honour of CHARLES LAMB a permanent memorial which may become a point of pilgrimage for all—and who does not love that writer?

The plan, inspired by the circumstance that LAMB died in 1834 and this therefore is a centenary year, is to set up in the little burial-ground of Christ's Church in Newgate Street, now turfed over as a city garden, a shelter for some dozen people, with a bust of LAMB on the wall in their midst. It is an appropriate selection of site, because for seven years as a Blue-coat boy at the adjoining school of Christ's Hospital (now removed to green Sussex), LAMB attended services here.

Well, that is the scheme, and it could not be much more modest, and Mr.

Punch hopes that the necessary sum will be raised so that the sculptor and masons may quickly get to work. Of the two reasons that cause him to hope this, one is that the peculiar humane genius of CHARLES LAMB, coming to its fullest flower in the essays of Elia, is a national possession worthy of all cherishing, and the other that CHARLES LAMB was among his own forbears, having begun his career as a satirical commentator by contributing punning paragraphs to *The Morning Post* in 1802 and 1803 and, although he gave up journalism and grew into a classic, he remained a jester to the end, and, in spite of the tragic streak in his life, an indomitable one. Since Mr. Punch was born only six-and-a-half years after LAMB died, he is so near as almost to be a contemporary.

Humour has no age, but it has its fashions, and LAMB shares with DICKENS the distinction of creating its modern form. There are passages of pure high-spirited nonsense in LAMB's letters that might have been written yesterday; while the more carefully ordered nonsense in his published writings, of

which "The Dissertation on Roast Pig" is perhaps the best known and the richest example, is still a solace and a joy. Less known is the false gravity that he affected, such as in his Memoir of Liston, justifying the author as the "Matter-of-lie Man" that he called himself, and in the apparently serious inquiry into the "Religion of Actors," of which this is an example: "Mr. Grimaldi, after being long a jumper, has lately fallen into some whimsical theories respecting the Fall of Man, which he understands, not of an allegorical but a *real tumble*, by which the whole body of humanity became, as it were, lame to the performance of good works . . . a fanciful mode of illustration derived from the accidents and habits of his past calling *spiritualized*, rather than from any accurate acquaintance with the Hebrew text, in which report speaks of him but a raw scholar."

By way of contrast take this passage about spelling from a letter to a little girl: "Why don't you mind your spelling better? In your last letter you spell finish, finnish, with two n's."

When you a'n't quite sure of a word write it at full length on three sorts of paper, or as many ways as you think it may be spelt, then throw them up the chimney, the smoke will carry them up, and watch on the outside till they come down, and that that's most smoked is the right way of spelling it. They always do so in Wales. But their chimneys are lower. . . . Who would think that that was written as long ago as 1809?

But to segregate the humorous passages in LAMB'S writings is foolish; all his mature work and all his mature life were shot through with it, and why he is so much loved is that his humour was so near to tenderness and fraught with understanding, as any reader recalling "Dream Children" and "Old China" and "Mackery End" and "My Relations"—to name only these—will at once agree. Surely such a writer, born in London and living most of his

life in London and so often extolling London—his earliest essay in the Elian manner was even called "The Londoner"—should have a London shrine.

It is necessary only to add that cheques or postal orders made payable to the "Lamb Centenary Memorial Fund" should be sent to the Midland Bank, Ltd., 337, King's Road, Chelsea.

#### This Week's Prize Impossibility.

"NUDIST SUIT PRESSED."

*New Zealand Paper.*

"These new socks are most interesting. . . . Some men will now wear nothing else. Others disapprove strongly."

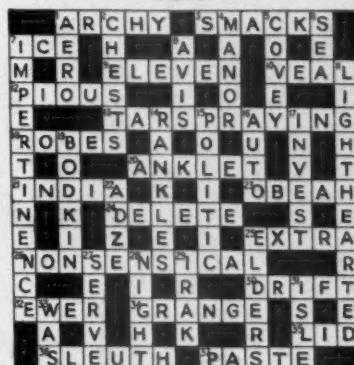
*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

And, we submit, rightly.

"At Sandown the lascar crews spread their prayer rugs, turned towards Mecca, and thanked Allah."—*Evening Paper.*

They must have had a stroke of luck in the 2.30.

#### Solution of Last Week's Crossword Puzzle.



#### Dullish Game.

"King (own goal) scored for Newport County shortly after the interval."

*Welsh Paper.*



Woman (to Vicar). "WELL, NO, SIR. I DON'T SEEM TO GET NO TIME TO GO TO CHURCH LATELY. IT'S DIFFERENT FOR YOU, SIR—YOU SEE, IT'S YOUR 'OBBY."





THE BRITISH CHARACTER.  
LOVE OF GAMES.

### Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

#### L. G., Peacemaker and Warrior.

PEACE and War jostle one another through the many pages of the fourth volume of the increasingly interesting *War Memoirs* (IVOR NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 21/-), in which Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is quick to point to the folly and obstinacy of men in high places.

Illusive gleams of Peace irradiate the gloomy narrative of War in L. G.'s story of the forlorn attempts made by KUHLMANN, POPE BENEDICT XVI. and the luckless Emperor CHARLES to stay the unending slaughter. It is surprising to find L. G. displaying lively sympathy with CHARLES's tragic fate. He is less merciful towards his own countrymen whom he deems to have blundered. Did L. G. himself never blunder? His account of the awful "campaign of the mud" that was the Battle of Passchendaele is both moving and terrible.

Of the formation of the Imperial War Cabinet, Air Ministry and Inter-Allied Council Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has much to say that is both new and interesting. Nor does he forget in the cares of war such domestic issues as Electoral Reform and Labour unrest.

#### An Ideal Germany.

After Hitler's Fall (FABER AND FABER, 7/6)—what? It is a question which many have asked themselves, and Prince HUBERTUS LOEWENSTEIN, author of that striking book, *The Tragedy of a Nation*, who regards the event as inevitable if not imminent, is ready with an answer. He

has elaborated the constitution of a new and better German Reich, which, as the legitimate successor of the Roman Empire and of the Empire called Holy Roman, shall stand as the bulwark of Western culture.

This ideal commonwealth, in which order shall be combined with liberty in perfect measure (and the Prince has worked out his system of checks and balances to the last detail), is to be not only untainted by nationalism but unarmed; yet by right historic and divine is to exercise a spiritual hegemony. It is to fulfil the German mission. One cannot but feel that the Prince has taken too little account of potential antagonists both within and without the gates—absorbing Austria into his scheme, for instance, without apparent misgivings—and that he counts too confidently on that perfectibility of human nature which would make politics so much easier a business than it has hitherto proved to be. But the loftiness and passionate sincerity of his intention demand our respect.

#### Sorcery in Sussex.

Gallybird (CASSELL, 7/6) is, I take it, Sussex for the woodpecker, whose partiality for hollow oak-trees was so eloquently commemorated in sing-songs of the DICKENS period. He fulfils a twofold purpose in Miss SHEILA KAYE-SMITH's latest chronicle of the House of Alard. His natural activities herald the end of the fuel that kept the Sussex iron trade going; and he also, I gather, symbolises *Gervase Alard*, parson and squire, whose garrulous muddle-headed career as a non-juror under WILLIAM and MARY betrays the rotten state of the bodies, ecclesiastical and political, to which he belongs. With an overplus of un-

kindness which rather diminishes his representational value, *Gervase* is depicted as being given to Black Magic. In his esoteric dabbings he is aided by a designing charlatan, and to set against their lure has nothing but a wayward but innocent passion for the bastard daughter of a Puritan neighbour and the quiet but remote influence of his Papist sister-in-law, *Louise*. The verisimilitude of the whole suffers, I feel, from having to support the eccentricities of *Gervase*; but the relationship of the two women is touching, graceful and artistically memorable—Miss KAYE-SMITH at her best.

#### Swiss Routes and Branches.

With F. S. SMYTHE in Switzerland

We do not live *de luzé*;  
No swell hotel, Splendide or Grand,  
Enrols him on its books;  
No comfortable sleeping-car  
Conveys him to the spot,  
Yet though he's not particular  
He clearly knows what's what.

He doesn't love the multitude  
That crowds the Alpine tops;  
He doesn't always like the food  
In places where he stops;  
He's up and down and in and out  
With skis upon his feet  
And kit that people smile about  
Along the village street.

An *Alpine Journey* (sixteen bob,  
GOLLANCZ) records his line;  
And on the mountaineering job  
He's seldom less than fine.  
He knows the hows, the whens the  
wheres—  
All that there is to know,  
And though he's frank about the snares  
He makes you want to go.

#### Princess on Horseback.

The second volume of *The Story of My Life* (CASSELL, 18/-) by the Dowager Queen of RUMANIA takes us through the years when she was Crown Princess—from 1893 to the third month of the Great War. Quickly made to feel that she was of little significance except as a possible provider of a healthy heir, having no choice in the selection of her servants, her ladies-in-waiting or the tutors of her children, she found in her old American dentist and in her bullfinch the only mitigations of her intolerable boredom. The Crown Prince was tender but unhelpful, an obedient puppet of "*der Onkel*," the King. There were quarrels, slights, intrigues. And then suddenly the spirit of "Grandmama Queen" came to her rescue. She put her foot down—on the Prime Minister, STURDZA; threatened desperately to resign her job and so won her freedom; leapt into the saddle, became Hon. Colonel of Hussars, was adored by officers and men, turned the regiment into a sort of drag, raced up crag and down ravine—"My Rumania came to me on horseback"—won homage everywhere from susceptible Latin hearts, being, as photographs testify, a beauty in the



THE TRADE BOOM.

"Yo' CAIN'T SEE DE BOSS. WE'RE VERY BUSY. HE'S STILL ANSWERIN' DE POSTCARD WE GOT LAST WEDNESDAY."

true Court style; proved her fine courage further by running a cholera camp during the war with Bulgaria, and in general gave her adopted country no manner of reason to regret its bargain. Accepting royal status without misgivings but without arrogance, the author yet gives no sign of understanding the dominant ideas of the world outside her world.

#### Revivalists All.

Topicality and reverence are both served by Mr. J. B. MORTON's cautious choice of a religion without any god whatsoever as the inspiration of his new extravaganza. *Skylighters* (HEINEMANN, 7/6) has obviously borrowed the greater part of its paraphernalia from a certain religious movement of to-day. There is the same breezy stress on good-fellowship amongst the converted; there are the same allies and opponents, from the Press to the Rugger hearties

of Oxford. But "Skylight" is from first to last a fake—the invention of two ex-jailbirds, of whom the astute and indigent *Mr. Ephraim Clutch* is in want of money and the conventional and opulent *Sir George Barlow* in search of an investment. How these two combine to float the new faith and the effect of its flotation on the British public, the floaters themselves, *Sir George's* beautiful daughter, *Laura*, and the parson, soldier and business-man who are *Laura's* suitors-in-chief is the theme of a Chestertonian farce which is, I feel, the more contemptuous for its geniality and for the ease with which other interests—similar in technique if not in avowed aim to "Skylight"—are introduced to share a well-merited drubbing.

#### Ulster in Arms.

The second volume of *The Life of Lord Carson* (GOLLANCZ, 15/-) lacks much of the quality that made the first instalment so triumphant an achievement. Here are none of those tense legal duels so inimitably revived by the late *Mr. MARJORIBANKS*, but instead there is developed from chapter to chapter, through deepening mazes of political intrigue and national sorrow, that slow drift of the Irish problem towards tragedy that was only checked, not finished, by the sudden impact of the Great War. *Mr. IAN COLVIN* succeeds very well in declaring the dignity—even the moral grandeur—of his hero's resistance to Home Rule, but he has not avoided the blunder of unduly decrying his opponents. The writer's blind partisanship is not only unjust to the Ulster leader himself, but it seriously detracts from the thrill of Ulster's leap to arms at his bidding and from the glamour of the signing of the Covenant.

#### Portrait of An Old Master.

*Mr. JAMES HILTON's* versatility as a writer is abundantly proved by a comparison of his last two books. *Lost Horizon* was a highly imaginative, rather eerie story of Tibet, whose charm lay partly in its mystery, partly in the philosophy of beauty that it enshrined; *Good-bye, Mr. Chips!* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 5/-) is a simple and pleasantly sentimental study of an old schoolmaster spending his last years in retirement close to the school in whose service he has spent his life. *Mr. Chipping*—or "*Chips*"—is a character we all of us know; he has his counterpart in nearly every public school; and perhaps for that reason this book makes an extraordinary and instantaneous appeal to the affections. One looks back with the old man over the sheltered, not always placid, life that he has led; one sees him grow more kindly, more truly "*Chipsian*" with the advancing years, and one lays down the book with the satisfaction that comes from contemplation of a piece of work supremely well done. This is too good a book to be borrowed—it should be bought.

#### Second Thoughts on Divorce.

While in *Luxury Liner* Miss *GINA KAUS* cut a section through the teeming society of a great ship, in *To-Morrow We Part* (CASSELL, 6/-) the *dramatis personae* are reduced to a minimum, and only two people engage her microscopic attention, a married couple on the eve of an amicable divorce. It is all settled; at nine the next morning their case, a safe one, will go through the Court; they say good-bye. The remorseful course of a brief night brings to each of them discoveries about the other which in five years together they had not suspected, but such discoveries as should only, you would think, strengthen their resolve to part; yet, human nature being a notoriously tricky element, further knowledge of past infidelities brings ironically a fuller understanding, and the *Lehnarts* are reconciled with only a little time to spare. This is a clever study in the psychology of divorce, and Miss *KAUS* not only maintains the interest but leaves us with a certain optimism for the *Lehnarts'* joint future.

#### Love of the Game.

*Mr. NEVILLE CARDUS* has kept his admirers waiting a long time for *Good Days* (CAPE, 7/6), but now that we have got them we can thank the gods that neither his enthusiasm for cricket nor his charm in writing about it show any signs of waning. To me the least attractive part of the book is the account of the Test Matches, for, although *Mr. CARDUS* says that he "revelled" in them, some of us may for one reason or another be unable wholeheartedly to join in his revelry. But in Part I, "*The Style is the Man*," he is at his best, and his best is supremely good. This collection will be literally a pick-me-up for cricket-lovers while they wait for the winter to pass.

#### Pieces of Eight.

*Mr. ANTHONY MAWES* has conducted his treasure-hunt, in *Cornishman's Gold* (NELSON, 7/6), skilfully and at a pace which does not leave those of us who follow him breathless and palpitating. Moreover he has chosen a small seaside town in Cornwall for his scene, and, unlike some of the novelists who ruthlessly invade the Duchy, he has succeeded in producing real Cornish atmosphere. The love-story that marches side by side with adventure may be a little commonplace, but it does not seriously impair the enjoyment of following a hunt, in which the wits of honest folk are matched against the cunning of specious rogues.

*Mr. Punch* extends a warm welcome to *Mr. PATRICK BARRINGTON's* *Songs of a Sub-Man* (METHUEN, 5/-), which first saw the light in his pages; also to *Green Fields and Fantasy* (METHUEN, 8/6), by *Mr. PATRICK R. CHALMERS*, an illustrated collection of pastoral verses and stories, several of which are reprinted from *Punch*.



"IT WAS SOMEWHERE HERE I LOST MY WALLET, AND, BELIEVE ME, I'M GOING TO LEAVE NO STONE UNTURNED TILL I FIND IT."



## Charivaria.

FAIRY tales are now being re-written in Germany with Herr HITLER as *Prince Charming*. We are trying to visualise General GOERING as the *Fairy Queen*.

The military authorities are reported to be considering whether senior officers in sedentary employment should wear spurs. The word "sedentary" being of course understood not to apply to infantry colonels on horseback.

A Frenchwoman who shot her husband dead because he was late for dinner has been released as a "first offender." She is said to have readily given an undertaking never again to marry an unpunctual man.

Speaking at Oxford, Miss SUSAN ERTZ expressed the opinion that an inferiority complex is one of the most valuable assets a writer can possess. All the more credit to those writers who have managed to struggle along without it.

"Eating between meals is responsible for a good part of the ills to which human flesh is heir," says a doctor. Drinking between drinks is also considered rather unwise.

A lighthouse is for sale. A highly-desirable residence for a tall thin man who is fond of sea-air.

"The more illiterate the artist,"

according to Sir EDWIN LUTYENS, "the greater and more sincere his work." This is because he is in the happy position of never being tempted even to try to understand the critics.

A novelist tells us that he wrote his latest book on the roof of his house. Well, it saved an awful lot of paper.

would of course be abbreviated to initials.

A Shropshire farmer has trained a cow to draw his cart to market every Saturday. It would be interesting to know how many miles she does to a gallon of milk.

Sir JAMES JEANS predicts that the history of the Earth will be repeated on Venus. In our opinion no helpful purpose is served by these gloomy prophecies.

For striking a referee at a football-match a man was ordered to pay £25 2s. 6d. Presumably the two-and-sixpence was Amusement Tax.

There is a fire-station in a Hampshire village which is not on the telephone. Letters from people desiring the services of the brigade, however, will receive prompt attention.

A porter at Waterloo makes a hobby of collecting the butterflies and moths that come up by train, mostly from the New Forest. Red Admirals would be more likely to have started from Portsmouth.

There are still foxes, it appears, in the London

postal district. But the income-tax people are suing them one by one.

"I refused to recognise Christmas Day last year," declares a correspondent. But they held it just the same.

"The Englishman," said Senator McADOO of Sir CHARLES KINGSFORD SMITH, "deserves the title of the greatest of all annihilators of space since time began." On the visiting-card this

A gentleman bearing the peculiar name of ARTEMI LAGIASHVILLI claims to be a hundred-and-fifty years old. Some publisher should commission his memoirs, to be entitled *Fifty Years a Centenarian*.

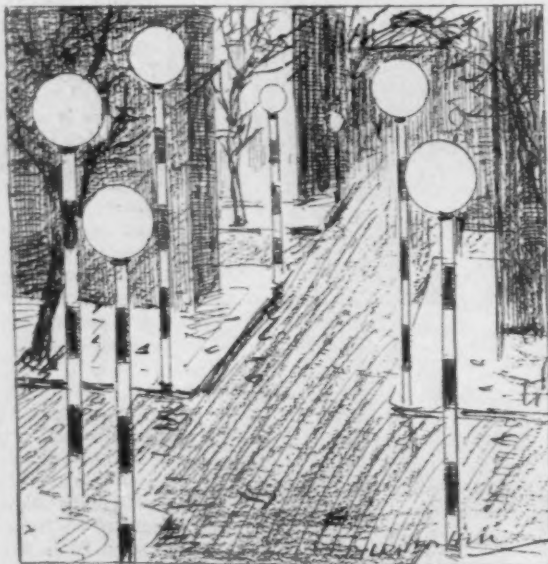


Elder Sister. "I HAVE BUT ONE COMMENT—'ACTRESSY!'"

## Lines to the Minister of Transport.

*(Written in a moment of ecstasy.)*

MASTER of England, by whose fruitful love  
This town is turned into an orange-grove,\*  
Or haunted (shall I rather say?) by hosts  
Of gradual melons put on piebald posts,  
With what contentment now I thread the maze  
And mark your beacons ripening round my ways!  
Street after street the endless sequence runs,  
Whole avenues of unilluminated suns,  
Meaning I know not what—but where's the odds?  
Wild labyrinths of old surveying-rods,  
Vistas await me still of more balloons,  
More sticks, more rods, more spheres, more harvest-  
moons,  
Till almost I am fain to swarm, to clamber  
Up the pied stems and touch the globes of amber  
And stroke them softly as it were your head,  
And paint dark eyes on them and lips of red,  
And leave upon their tops tall hats of silk,  
And then steal softly homewards—with the milk.



A CORNER IN BLOOMSBURY.

Maker of orchards, whose delightful clumps  
More please me than the lamps and petrol-pumps,  
By all the powers that pull the public strings  
We cannot have too many of these things!  
Build further beacons yet till all the mute  
Metropolis is made one mass of fruit,  
Purple and pear-shaped, dangling to the hand,  
With mock bananas clustering down the Strand;  
Peaches and apricots and JONAH's gourd,  
Make every crossing ripen at your word.  
The labour may be long, the work involved  
(But what if Unemployment so be solved?);  
A thousand men with signs of every hue  
Where one ball stood last evening now build two.  
Afforest Piccadilly! Make a dell  
Of pumpkins and tomatoes round Pall Mall!

\* Cf. Sir WILLIAM DAVIDSON in the House of Commons.

Only when all is done and every lane  
Looks bright as Italy, seems fair as Spain,  
Turn to the traffic problems which remain,  
Lest it be said that one poor clown resents  
This overdose of embellishments.

EVOE.

## Kultur.

Typical english conversations for nordic Students.

## VI.—ARTY CHAT.

Lord Smith. Today I have been to places of an artistic sort. The British Museum, the National Gallery, the Victoria and Albert, the Tate and Lyle.

Lord Robinson. Indeed? My female cousin paints in watering colour and in pastel. That seascape is due to her.

Viscount Brown. My sister is able to model. She is skilful in plastic.

Lord Smith. It has been heard told that your artistique aunt has been observed portraying on pavements for pence.

Viscount Brown. I must confess it has been brought to my ears. But only on the best pavements.

Lord Robinson. Nevertheless to my mind I think she is a not lady to paint so.

Viscount Brown. Alas no! But no matter. My father has been hanged in the Academy.

Lord Smith. It is so pleasant to talk of matters of art. Let us practise with the pensles. Here is an easle.

Lord Robinson. How I love the sporty english art!

## VII.—AT MEAT.

Lord Smith (the host). The gong has banged. Let us set to.

Viscount Brown. First let us grace. *[They grace.]*

Lord Smith. Do not sup the broth so. It is not-done. It is putrid bad form.

Lord Robinson. It is putrid bad broth.

Lord Smith. What? Eh, I say! But no, I see what! You are pulling me by the legs.\* eh? Well, I am not one of those fellows who grumple when they are pulled by the legs. I can laugh it off at myself ever so merrily.

*[Laughs at himself.\*]*

Viscount Brown. What a fish! Scrumptious! I smack my lip\* with love for this tasty dish of fresh, fried fish. I beg, pass please the salt-box.

Lord Smith. There is now chops and juggled hare.

*[All lick their chops.\*]*

Lord Smith. Pray, the chops I hope are not overdone!

Lord Robinson. Nay. This one is quite undone, I assure you.

Viscount Brown. Shall I dine wisely or twice as well?

Lord Robinson. It is the same thing. Aha! How I am a funny choker! Ho! ho! It is good to make chokes, while at meat, as a digestive. *[All choke together.]*

Lord Smith. What fun!

Viscount Brown. Quite first-hole!

Lord Smith. May I help you with the gravy?

Lord Robinson. Thanks, no. There is already a sufficiency in my spoon.

Lord Smith. Pray chew some slices of this sweetie. It is Rolly-Polo.

Viscount Brown. Nay. I always pass the pudding by. It distresses my within.

Lord Smith. Then sample this desert fruit or pastry cake.

Viscount Brown. Thanks. I shall take the cake.\*

Lord Smith. Here is porto and cigars. Let us drink ourselves under the table.\* *[They so do.]*

\* English custom.





THE NEW DEAL;  
OR, ROOSEVELT GETS ANOTHER GLAD HAND.





First virile Person. "HULLO, TOMKINS! WHAT'S THE WATER LIKE THIS MORNING?"

Second virile Person. "OH, WONDERFUL! OF COURSE THE SUN-BATHING IS PRACTICALLY OVER."

### Bon Voyage!

A FEW week-ends ago, while we were celebrating the progress of all those bold flying-fellows to Australia, a small sailing-ship left Harwich harbour. Or so I understand. I could find nothing about her departure in any of the papers; and I looked carefully for news, for I had had the honour to spend a night in her "on the Thursday" and was interested. But the papers were full (rightly, no doubt) of aeroplanes and cylinders and retractable under-carriages; and I had to telephone to Harwich to make sure that the ship *Joseph Conrad* had sailed. Yet she is going much farther than the aeroplanes; not to Australia—which, after all, is only half round the world—but all round the world. She is to follow, generally, the track of Captain Cook, and, if all goes well, will spend two years—or three—in doing it.

She left Harwich in October, and should reach New York in time for Christmas. She carries no cargo, does not propose to lay the trail for any mail-route, is not financed by any big business-man or corporation, is not chartered by a film-company or advertising anything, and indeed may be

said to have no "practical" purpose whatsoever, unless it be to keep alive the spirit and the craft of sail and gain some knowledge of little-known islands and tribes and things.

A strange voyage, you will say. True. But not, when you come to think of it, more strange than to fly to Australia at great risk and inconvenience, and, having reached one of the principal towns, fly back to England the next day without having seen so much of Australia as is seen by an active bird which dies young.

However, we won't quarrel about strangeness. The Owner and Captain (mark the rare combination) of the *Joseph Conrad* is certainly a strange and as certainly, in my judgment, a fine fellow. His name is A. J. VILLIERS. He is in his thirties still, I forget which half. When I first met him he was a penniless Australian journalist who had gone to sea as a boy and travelled round the Horn two or three times before he was twenty. He and another journalist in similar circumstances (Tasmanian, I think) bought with their last pennies a couple of small movie-cameras and all the film there was in Australia, and shipped before the mast in an old Swedish vessel called the *Grace Harwar*, bound for England with

wheat. No film-contracts, no prospects and no "passenger" stuff. The captain did not know about the cameras till the ship had sailed; they were smuggled aboard. The ship was undermanned and had a terrible passage round the Horn; the two lads did their jobs and, in their spare time, which is not, I gather, extensive in those regions, took some lovely pictures of storm and sail—the first, I believe, to show the amazing business of the square-rig life, the men hanging like flies on the yards, fighting with turbulent canvas far aloft over a raging sea. One of the cameras was lost overboard. The friend was crushed by a yard and killed. But Mr. VILLIERS brought back some very beautiful and stirring pictures; and out of them a very modest film was made by a small firm with small resources. It was called *Windjammer* and was not a sensational success (partly perhaps because the undersigned had something to do with it), though it is still to be seen in odd corners, I believe. What Mr. VILLIERS made out of it I will not mention here, but I can say that it was not much.

He was disappointed but not discouraged. He wrote a fine book (not his only one) called *By Way of Cape Horn*, and got a good journalistic job

in London. But instead of settling down like a sensible fellow in a comfortable town he went back to Australia and made two (at least) more passages round the Horn in a ship called the —, one of the wheat fleet, of which, I gather, he had become part-owner. He (or they—I am a little vague) made a profit on the voyages. The — was sold, Mr. VILLIERS did a lecture-tour in America, and had, I gather, every excuse and satisfactory facilities for buying a nice house and sitting safe in the Old Countree.

But what does the fellow do? He goes off and buys a little Danish ship, engages a crew, and fits her out for a voyage round the world (budgeting for two or three years). When I sat in the Owner's cabin in Harwich harbour and realised the responsibilities he had taken upon himself, I put impertinent questions about money, supposing that there must be some big money behind him. But no—Mr. VILLIERS is the finest example I know of a man putting back into industry what he gets out of it; and since the industry in this case is square-rigged sailing-vessels (not exactly a gold-mine) I take the

hat off with alacrity and wonder. As he said quaintly, he does not know where he will be when he has got round the world. For he receives, I gather, little encouragement in the Old Countree, which owes so much to odd people keen upon sailing and the craft of sailing. And the big sailing-ship film, which ought to be made before the sailing-ship goes, is not "in the can" or even under contract yet.

However, there he is, or was, in this beautiful little vessel, which he has named the *Joseph Conrad*. She is very small—only two-hundred-and-something tons (Captain COOK's ship was, I believe, three-hundred-and-something). A frigate, but full-rigged, and one of the last of her breed. A "museum-piece," he called her. She has been carefully and stoutly fitted according to law and seamanship; she has teak decks and green sides and a something-or-other abaft the what-is-it. She has a cheerful crew of Britons, Danes, Finns and Swedes, all very young and very keen, including two very small boys from Ipswich, called, for the voyage, "STORMALONG" and "HARDCASE." "STORMALONG's" new

sou'-wester was being fitted on the day I was there, and the Owner's cabin was full of charts and trousers and pilot-books and medical stores just arrived.

What a responsibility to take on, I thought, as my friend showed me the regulation set of dental instruments. It is difficult and dangerous enough in these days to employ twenty-five men successfully and lawfully on land; but to put them in a small sailing-ship and take them round the world really does need a little care and courage. Mr. VILLIERS has plenty of both; and I wish him and his crew fair winds and good fortune. I wish that I could write with more learning about his ship, but it is safer not to try. I know that she looked lovely lying at anchor in the harbour; but in spite of the grandeur of her masts and yards, she seemed, from the safe pier, alarmingly small. And I don't think I should really like to go to New York in her at this season of the year, fond as I am of the water. But I feel that Mr. ("Man of Aran") FLAHERTY ought to join the *Joseph Conrad* at New York; and I know that he would be welcome. Anyhow, she has gone. *Bon voyage!* A. P. H.



Guest. "DO YOU KNOW OF ANYBODY WITH A REAL GOOD DOG TO SELL, DONALD?"  
Donald. "NAEBODY EVER SELLS A RALE GUID DUG."



### Passing of a Hat.

"SOMETHING," they said to me, "has got to be done about that hat." As a matter of fact they referred to it a good deal more specifically than that, but one doesn't like to repeat all one hears.

I knew what that meant. Whenever they say that something has got to be done about something of mine they always mean that it's got to be got rid of; and as a general rule I simply say "All right" and then go and hide the thing away so that they can't get at it. But in this case one had to admit the situation was not so straightforward. There seemed to be a good deal to say for their point of view. One was even prepared to go a little further and say that there was everything to be said for their point of view. Something had, quite definitely, got to be done about that hat.

The only question was, what?

The date upon which this hat first came into my possession can never, I am afraid, be fixed. Even the year is a matter for conjecture. Certainly it was a good deal earlier than 1925, for I distinctly remember throwing it into the air during the closing stages of the England—All Blacks' match, which took place at the beginning of January in that year—an act which I should not have dreamed of performing, however deeply stirred, with a hat from which the bloom of youth had not already departed. Equally certainly it was later than 1919, when, for reasons which must at the time have been excellent, I made an inventory of my clothing (carefully preserved for posterity in one of those diaries of the better sort which supplement the risings and settings of the sun with the times of high-water at London, Hull and Greenock—never a matter of indifference to a seafaring race). The inventory reveals the rather disquieting fact that my headgear consisted in 1919 of *bowler hats, one; tweed caps, one*—the obvious though erroneous inference being that at this time my interests centred exclusively upon the Turf; but it does prove that the hat was not then in my possession, that it came to me, in fact, some time between the end of 1919 and the spring (or at the latest the summer) of 1924. Probably its purchase was part of the post-War hysteria that gripped England in the early 'twenties.

So much for the age of the hat. Concerning its original appearance it is even more difficult to be precise. It was what is known as a "soft" hat of some pleasantly pliable material, and it had an unusually large and indeterminate dent in the crown (it often used to pop up in the early days and give me quite a queer feeling when I caught sight of my reflection in a shop-window), but its chief glory was the breadth and vivacity of its brim. You can't get hats with a brim like that nowadays. Even those with whom I came most frequently in contact never ceased to be surprised at the variety and multiplicity of the shapes it could assume. There was nothing stilted or one-ideaed about that brim. Its sensitivity was extraordinary. It would go anywhere and do anything. A push here and it would curl primly up all round until the very tips of my ears were exposed to an uncharitable world, a pull there and it would go curving and swooping about like a scenic railway. Sometimes I would start out for a walk in it looking like a German burgomaster, and return, simply through having passed Lady Cobbling on the way, in the character of a Texas cowboy.

Time has obliterated from my mind the details of the passing of the silken ribbon which once adorned my hat, but it was in 1927, I remember, after the great linseed-oil disaster, that the lining had to go, and some four years later when the leather band, with my name all fairly inscribed

upon it in indelible ink, finally came adrift from its moorings. This last was a terrible blow. The loss of my signature I could easily bear, for few were likely at this stage to dispute my ownership, but the ravishing away of the leather band had far more serious consequences than this. It meant the fatal exposure of the last few square inches of my hat that still remained unsullied and in their natural state. Often hitherto it had been my wont to peer inside at this virgin territory behind the guardian band and dream again of the old days when even the outside of my hat had been, unbelievably, of this delicate dove-grey hue—the days when the world was young and my hat and I had set out so jubilantly to conquer it. And now even this poor reminder of our common youth was to be reft from us.

After such a catastrophe as this the appearance (in the early spring of 1933) of a distinct hole at the anterior apex of the crown was, as may be imagined, rather in the nature of an anti-climax. In fact I was almost disposed to welcome it. That it was due to countless pinchings of the crown in countless acts of salutation no reasonable person could doubt, and as such it seemed to me a kind of badge of my gentility. No hat perhaps in the history of the world had been so often doffed as this. But it definitely relegated my hat to the category of garden-wear.

And there, growing ever darker, more feeble, if possible more shapeless with the passing months, it remained—until at last the long-dreaded uncompromising edict went forth with which this funeral oration (for it is no less) began. And I, faithless one, agreed with it. Something had got to be done about my hat.

But what?

I thought of sending it to the cleaners. I thought of the possibility of arresting its decay by some kind of embalming process. I thought of the British Museum. I did not think of the Jumble Sale, for that had been tried without success as long ago as 1928. But it was not until they led me out on November 5th to see the guy burnt that I realised that the only fit and proper ending for my hat had already been devised.

Perhaps in some better world . . . ?

H. F. E.

### Song for an Unregenerate Library-Subscriber

(Suggested by Recent Demands for Local Censorship).

I MUST go down to the library with my twopence in my hand,

And all I ask is a bright book that some committee has banned;

It's always novels I like to read that a censor's ban discloses;

I take my cue from the pure folk, for, gosh! what no-o-o-o-ses!

I must go down to the library—there's a book I want to see;

It drew an attack from a bi-shop, so it's sure to appeal to me;

For all I ask is an angry cove who clamours for stern restriction,

And he will give me a long list of disgust—ing fi-i-i-i-ction.

I must go down to the library, for the pull of a censor's list

Is a long pull and a strong pull, and I wouldn't for worlds resist;

With a bishop's ban or a dean's taboo I'm never disposed to quarrel,

And all I ask is the latest book they've declared im-mo-o-o-o-o-ral.

R. M.

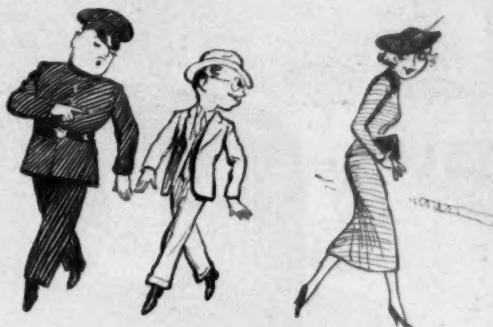


TESTS FOR PEDESTRIANS.

ROAD-USERS' EXAMINATIONS SHOULD NOT BE CONFINED TO MOTORISTS.



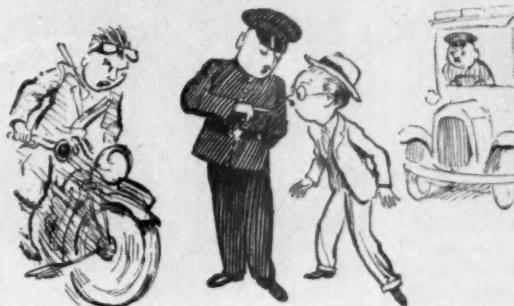
"Now, the road seems clear and you start to cross—



HALFWAY OVER YOUR EYE IS CAUGHT BY AN ATTRACTIVE BLONDE—



A MOTOR-CYCLE APPEARS SUDDENLY FROM A SIDE-TURNING—



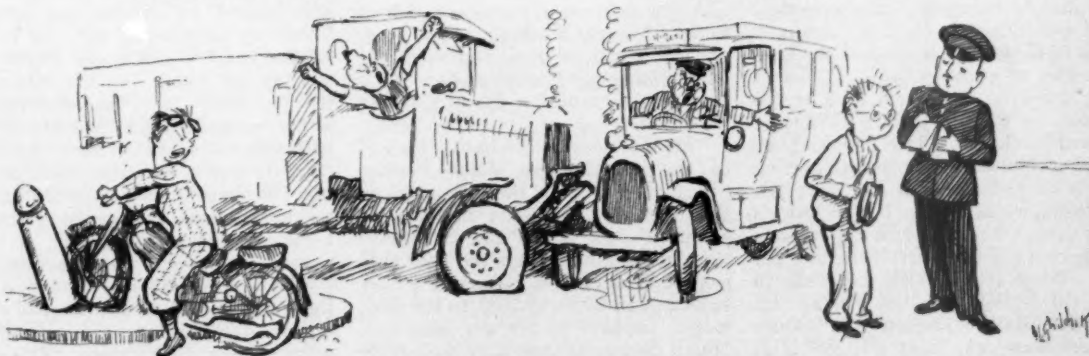
A TAXI-CAB APPROACHES FROM ONE DIRECTION—



AND A LORRY FROM ANOTHER—



WHAT COURSE DO YOU PUR—? Ooch!



I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO STICK TO MOTORING FOR A COUPLE OF MONTHS AND THEN COME UP FOR A PEDESTRIAN'S TEST AGAIN."



"BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT YOU'RE 'ERE."

### The Scapegoat.

LESS than a week ago Dinny-the-Bag paused at our door, which belongs to the last house on his straggling country round, and groped in the depths of the canvas receptacle from which he gets his nickname. There he found, among our own letters, an envelope addressed to old Major Fenton of "Balaclava," whose post he had already delivered. "She have more ould questions about it if I bring it back to th' office," he said of the local guardian of postal affairs. "That I may never lie, but she'd fault me to me face for as small a thing as that."

Deaf to the hints that followed, we heard without any difficulty his parting words to Delia: "Half her days the mistress widin does go bo the Major's very door," we heard him say bitterly—"herself an' the wary little dog she has. What could be handier than to pelt the letther into the box an' off wid her? But no; she'll not have anny interference wid it at all; an' if it was something else she could be very much on the alert, so she could."

Delia showed a certain amount of sympathy with him in his unwillingness to return to "Balaclava" with the forgotten letter. "He wouldn't mind at all if it was annywhere else," she said, "but there's a new stamp afther comin' out seemin'ly, an' the Major does always rise a murren about new stamps, he tells me. An' sure poor Dinny had no hand at all in devisin' them pict' res, so why should he be tormented about them?"

A few cautious questions to Dinny himself brought forth the whole story and explained fully his cordial dislike of retracing his footsteps to "Balaclava" that morning for any reason whatever.

"He's a class of Die-hard," he said of the conservative Major Fenton. "Sure there isn't a thing happens in this country now but he does be lamentin' over it; an' all the stamps they're bringin' out has the poor ould gentleman deranged. 'Wasn't I gettin' to be a kind of resigned to the little map?' he says to me not long ago. 'But I declare to man they have more Andrew Martins upon the tuppenny stamps inside the last three years than

would dozzle the eyes in your head—Shannon Schaymers an' Ploughmen an' I dunno what all,' says he. An' when I seen the fella playin' hurley upon the letther in the bag along wid yours I wasn't the better of it, for I knew he'd demolish me out an' out if I went back wid that, an' the lad twisted every way wid the whack he's givin' the ball—Moryah! Sure I thought to slip it in the next day unbeknownst to him, but he seen it on the minute, an' he let one screech. 'Well, at anny rate,' he says in the latter end, 'you'd know which was the top an' which was the bottom of it, for there's a whole dissertation wrote out underneath. But as for that ha'penny stamp ye do have,' he says, 'I never put it on to an envelope yet but I'd have to claw it off instanther an' put it back th'other way round. I was always taught,' says he, 'to have a stamp right end up on account of Ryalty'—whatever he meant be that. Look'd, Ma'am, I do be in dhread when a new stamp comes out, an' that's often enough, God knows. 'It's only a chanet,' says he afther the sports in Foley's Field on Lady Day, 'but they'll

have a tuppenny stamp med of the tug-of-war; an' if they make it right,' he says, 'I won't know the up or down of that ayther, for the Mullinabegs was on their heads full as often as they was on their feet, an' they pullin'. What you're reared to, stick to,' says he, 'if it was only a postage-stamp.'

Dinny-the-Bag was silent for a moment or so. "He ruz enough ructions over the postmarks in the first goin' off," he said. "'When they could make 'Baille Athe Cliath' out of 'Dublin,'" says he, nothin' could surprise me.' But he's worse over the stamps, God forgive him!"

Until yesterday, however, there was balm for Dinny's wounded susceptibilities at "Ard na Greine," a few hundred yards further down the leaf-strewn road, for Mr. John O'Hara is a man after the postman's own heart, and his reactions to any innovation—provided only that it is Irish—are entirely satisfactory to all supporters of the present Government. Changes that outrage Major Fenton come as added proofs to the householder at "Ard na Greine" of the superiority of the new order of things; and until yesterday his reception of the postman—green bicycle, Gaelic postmarks, pictorial stamps and all—has been hearty and altogether approving.

Dinny-the-Bag told us ruefully of the unexpected behaviour of Mr. O'Hara yesterday morning. "Wasn't he waitin' for me in the front-garden," he said, "an' he acthilly tearing up the clew wid pure vexation, an' th' envelope in his hand? 'J. O'Hara, E.S.Q.,' he says, an' the two eyes leppin' in his head like flames. 'Who do ye think I am, wid your E.S.Q.?' says he. 'If ever you carry a letther here again wid them directions on it I'll make a complaint,' he says. 'Me name is Shaun O'Hara, I'd have you know. We're after havin' enough E.S.Q.'s in this country, the dear knows!' Look'd, I thought the bronchial chubes would have bursted in his neck wid the roarin' he had."

Dinny fastened the buckles of his empty bag and prepared to go. "You'd hardly know what side to be on sometimes," he said, "an' me only doin' what I was bid." D. M. L.

### Wireless.

(For the small minority who don't like it.)

NUMBERED am I among those  
Who abominate wireless.  
Fate's made my neighbour a man  
Who must be, I suppose,



"FOR THE LAST TIME, WILL YOU MARRY ME, OR SHALL I LET THE SUBJECT DROP?"

The world's most utterly tireless  
Radio fan.

Noon, night and all seasons  
His instruments chatter and cry  
With voices daft and demented;  
His loud-speaker raves till my reason's  
Adrift from her seat, and despairing I  
sigh:

"Why was wireless invented?"

Well, I know a fellow who's blind  
And making the best of it;  
Stout-hearted like all of his kind,  
A good sort of lad,  
And Joe—Joe is his name—  
Told me, "It ain't bin so bad  
Since the wireless came.  
You'd wonder the way the news and  
the jazz

And all the rest of it  
Interests chaps like me—  
Chaps as can't see.  
W'y, it's properly jollified life, the  
wireless 'as!"

I do not love my neighbour  
Whose mannerless din  
Can't be called cricket;  
But let him get on with his  
labour,  
Insatiably tuning-in—  
We won't disagree.  
At the very worst I shall know  
That somewhere a similar show  
Is giving pleasure to Joe and fellows  
like Joe—

"Chaps as can't see." . . .  
I guess I can stick it.

H. B.



## At the Pictures.

## TWO GOOD FARCES.

THE audiences in Paris who, watching RENÉ CLAIR's new film, *Le Dernier*



TRULY REGAL.

Queen. . . . . MARTHE MELLOTT.

*Milliardaire*, found offence, must have been very eagerly seeking it, for to my non-Parisian mind it is nothing but light-hearted farcical fantasy with no *arrière-pensée* whatever. There are politicians, it is true, but they are mere figures, not identifiable, who satirise nothing; there is a bogus financier, but he is wholly impelled by vanity and brings no one to ruin. Such ingratitude in the French for gifts of laughter I would not have believed possible did I not know that every kind of foolishness prevails.

In this picture M. CLAIR is indeed more of a gay untrammelled humorist than he has been since the *Italian Straw Hat*, and if it disappoints at all it is because he has for the moment dispensed with the musical commentary which gave such sparkling vivacity and animation to *Le Million* and *A Nous la Liberté* and uses on his palette, so to speak, fewer colours. Compared with the richness of those comedies *Le Dernier Milliardaire* is tenuous and unobservant, but, considered as a creation apart, as a frankly comic story, swiftly told, it is satisfying and delightful.

The casting has been done with exquisite precision, but I could wish that that most ingratiating of Gauls, RAYMOND CORDY, who was the cab-driver in the first of those masterpieces I have named and the chief convict in the other, had more to do. What he does is done to perfection; but the measure is short. And MARCEL CARPENTIER, whom the other day we were rejoicing in as the piano-dealer in *The Slump is Over*, he also, as a burlesque detective, has not quite such a good part. But merely to see him pompously crossing the screen is enough for me. One of the newcomers to the films, however, the accomplished MAX DEARLY, as *M. Banco*, the courtly Croesus, atones for all. It is an old device of comic writers to make a man insane by one blow on the head and then, after a crazy interlude, to restore his senses by another; but M. CLAIR puts it to new and ingenious uses. If in the vagaries of *Banco's* dictatorship we may discover hints of the megalomania that might result from supreme power there is still no need for Paris to purse its lips and withhold applause, for France has no such functionary and foreigners are always fair game.

I will not recount the plot. Let me merely say that it is ANTHONY HOPE with, so to speak, the lid off, the imaginary realm here being called Casinaria, with a capital curiously like Monte Carlo, where such is the condition of impecuniosity that the

I may say that other old French film friends are PAUL OLIVIER, who has been a tower of strength in earlier RENÉ CLAIR pictures, and MARTHE MELLOTT, who was an ordinary middle-class provincial gossip in *Le Rosier de*



A WHITE MAN.

Strozzi. . . . . NAT PENDLETON.  
Ezekiel Cobb. . . . . HAROLD LLOYD.  
Jake Mayo. . . . . GEORGE BARBIER.

*Madame Husson*, but is here the Casinarian Queen. Unmentioned in the programme is one of those minor characters to whom as much thought, in smaller space, has been given as to the principals, the caretaker at the bank; and a word of praise should be given to the English commentator, CARLETON HOBBS.

*The Catspaw*, HAROLD LLOYD's latest film, will be a great surprise to his addicts, for he retains hardly a single trick from that capacious bagful with which he used to delight us. In short he has abandoned acrobatics for drama, but, to the credit of everyone concerned be it said, without any loss of fun. With a well-built plot at his back and some first-rate support from the other members of the cast—for the days of the star first and the rest nowhere are happily over—our old friend makes a new bid for popularity as a straight comedian and wins all the way. From the farcical past he has brought only his spectacles and his instinct for what will remove gravity.

The story, although simple, has been devised with an ingenuity that is something apart. Briefly, *Ezekiel Cobb*, the son of a missionary in the innermost recesses of rural China, where he has been living a primitive life ever since he



A TIRELESS TRIO.

Valet. . . . . RAYMOND CORDY.  
*M. Banco*. . . . . MAX DEARLY.  
Brown. . . . . MARCEL CARPENTIER.

players at roulette stake shoes and other personal property instead of coins, and, at any cost—even a princess's happiness—wealth has to be imported.

In addition to those I have named

was a small boy, is suddenly, at the age of twenty-one, precipitated upon one of the most corrupt of American municipalities and by a series of chances forced into the position of mayor. The real joke begins when the grafting wirepullers who elected him as a figure of wax find that he is a man of iron, ready, in his pursuit of an honest policy, to import into modern Western conditions the most abrupt punitive methods of the East. This devotion to duty, fostered by a pious father and the sagacity of the sublime Celestial poet, LING PO, may not sound funny; but I assure you it is. I cannot remember ever seeing a crowded house more content.

It occurred to me, thinking later about *The Catpaw*, that it is a pity that the hero of a good picture such as this cannot from time to time be changed, for it would make an excellent stock-piece, and the methods of different actors in it would be very entertaining to watch and compare. I should like, for instance, to see GEORGE ARLISS in HAROLD LLOYD's part. I should like to see CHARLIE CHAPLIN and BUSTER KEATON. But since such a substitution could be effected only by completely re-making the film, such wishes are idle. This is of course not to suggest that HAROLD LLOYD does not fill the bill. Far from it, for I think him perfect; it is merely to put on record the opinion that, should a repertory film be sought for and should mechanical science make such a substitution of heroes possible, *The Catpaw* is an excellent example.

E. V. L.

### To a Hot-Water Bottle.

THOUGH kelpies walk both bold and free

And icy winds skreel off the sea,  
Though ghaisties lurk hint ilka tree  
I'll care nae dottle

If but ye'll still be douce to me,  
My rubber bottle!

An' whiles my daughter mounts the stair

To tuck ye ben my cosy lair  
I'll just think o'er the muckle care  
Of me ye've taken.

Fegs! but ye've stood great wear and tear,  
An' oft a shakin'.

But first your virtues I'll review—  
Obliging, meek, obedient, true—  
(Four words that can be said of few,

My bairn included),  
Warm heart as well, aye, through and through,  
Else I'm deluded.



"THIS DRAWER IS FULL OF LETTERS WRITTEN FROM THE CRIMEA BY MY GRANDFATHER. PEOPLE TELL ME I OUGHT TO DO SOMETHING WITH THEM."  
"THEY'RE SPLENDID, M'M, FOR STUFFING CUSHIONS."

Yet, man, there's barely time or space  
To tell of all your acts of grace,  
As warming night-clothes 'fore ye face  
The coldest corner;  
For that alone ye haud a place  
Weel oot the or'nar.

And yet ye've faults. D' ye mind the lowp  
I gied when your dam' metal nowp  
Burn't sair my fit? Aye, what a cowp  
As ye went skimming!  
And then the time ye leaked, ye jowp!  
An' me near swimming.

But, faith! ye've had dour times to thole—

Thon nightmare when I lost control  
And dreamt that I was on the dole,  
Like poor M'Clatchie.  
Aye, what a grip! An' sic a hole!  
Tho' syne I patched ye!

So now that autumn nights are chill  
And leaves birl roun' the window-sill,  
Before I climb the wooden hill  
I'll wet my throttle,  
A toast: "My joy in health or ill,  
My rubber bottle!"



"QUITE IMPOSSIBLE TO GET THERE IN AN HOUR! WELL, REALLY, PARKER, WHAT IS THE USE OF 'AVING A CAR?'"

### Lapse of Memory.

OUR local weekly is anxious for its readers to improve their minds. I was deep in "Psychiatrist's" contribution on "Systematic Thought" when Pamela hurried in.

"I must have a pound," she said. "The man's at the door."

"Mental processes however simple should be co-ordinated," I informed her. "What man? Why a pound?"

"The man from the cleaners and a pound because it's thirteen-and-six."

"Psychiatrist" is no match for Pamela. I produced my note-case.

"Remind me to go the bank tomorrow," I said as I placed my only pound-note on the table.

Pamela smiled. "Try systematic thinking," she advised. "Oh, Lord! there's the telephone."

I was searching for "Continued on page 17" when she came back.

"It's young Rawlings," she said. "He wants to play golf."

I went to the telephone and dealt systematically with young Rawlings. When I returned Pamela was hurling cushions in all directions.

"I can't find it," she said distractedly.

"Can't find what?"

"That pound-note. It's gone."

"Keep calm," I said. "Pound-notes do not go. You must have put it somewhere. This is a test case. 'Psychiatrist' would have revelled in it."

"The man's waiting," said Pamela. "Do stop playing that psycho nonsense and help me."

"I am helping you. We must start from the beginning and retrace your thoughts. When you came in this room what were you thinking about?"

Pamela wrinkled her brow. "I was thinking I must have a new dress for the Harkers' bridge-do."

"And then?"

"Then I noticed your hair was getting a bit thin on top."

"And then?" I repeated coldly.

"I hoped you'd hand over the pound without fussing."

"And then?"

"Oh don't for Heaven's sake keep saying 'And then'! Then you did hand it over to me, and the telephone-bell rang."

"The crisis! Be careful, Pamela. What did you think when the telephone-bell rang?"

"I thought, 'Oh, damn!'"

"The mind needs training," I said severely.

"Very likely. But now you've had your fun, where's the note?"

"We must now aid the mental processes by action."

"Exactly," said Pamela, and started worrying the cushions again.

"Stop!" I said. "I mean we must reconstitute the scene. Now, when you interrupted me, I was sitting here reading." I picked up the paper and sat down. "You rushed in. You had better rush in again."

Pamela unwillingly rushed.

"Good. I look up. You demand money. I take out my note-case. I open it and—"

I broke off in astonishment and extracted the note.

"And," concluded Pamela, "this time I'll see you don't put it back while I go to the telephone."

### The Latinist.

*Vixere fortes.* When Lalage's great-grandfather celebrated his ninetieth birthday his daughter wrote an appreciation of his life for the local paper. In it she stated: "He has always been de-



voted to classics." His father objected. "But why?" she complained. "Didn't you get a First in Classics at Cambridge?" "I did," replied the old man; "but that was because my father flogged me if I didn't work, and I preferred Latin to a whipping."

*Et ego in Arcadia vixi.* I too took a First in Classics. Methods had softened but with "lines" and "extra school" the pressure exercised was much the same. The road to classical proficiency was a painful one.

*Labuntur anni.* And now, after twenty-five years, I am told that I must start Lalage in Latin. *Tempora mutantur* indeed. The couch of Procrustes is now a bed of roses on which the pupil is borne effortless and beguiled till she awakes to find herself educated. And I learn that I must make the lessons amusing. Latin grammar amusing! Shades of HALLAM and KENNEDY! Amusing!

*Numeros memini si verba tenerem,* and I may be able to brush up my Latin enough for a beginner. But there are difficulties. One is that I shall have to use a pronunciation which seems to be a blend of modern Italian, Church music and Esperanto, and I have never learnt these languages. But few have learnt them, and I may be no worse off than others. But there is a more difficult question.

*Cui bono?* Lalage is of an inquiring turn of mind and I foresee the inevitable question: "What is the use of learning Latin?" When I was young three answers were given: (1) No gentleman's education is complete without it. (2) The mental gymnastics involved provide invaluable training to the brain. (3) It unlocks the door to the most glorious literature of the world. In my day they passed muster. Now, I am told, even the scions of our oldest peerages do without it, and that one-time refuge of the slack, the Modern Side, has, under the name of science, physics, commerce and what-not, monstrosly usurped the place of the Classical Side, with the treacherous approval of headmasters themselves. As for mental gymnastics, they are provided in quantity in every modern book of arithmetic and made suitable for every age. And as regards the third reason, Lalage knows perfectly well that my sole reading for relaxation consists of detective stories, and that my working knowledge of classical literature is confined to the tags with which, to prove my Latinity, I have besprinkled this paper.

*Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.* The trouble is that I have a perfect answer—and I cannot give it. My wife knows no Latin. Occasions arise when



"GLASS OF MILK AND A FAIRY-CAKE, MISS."

there is an argument or even a difference of opinion. In the course of it I can bring out a relevant Latin quotation (and as she cannot understand it it needn't be so *very* relevant), she is reduced to silence or at least diverted into other channels. Now this is a valuable power and completely justifies the learning of Latin. But how can I explain this to Lalage? I should not like to sully her virgin mind with the thought that she could ever disagree with her future husband—*maxima debetur pueris reverentia*. And some reverence is also due to parents; she might employ this weapon against her own mother. Worse still, she might learn German or Spanish and use it against me. No, the answer is there but I cannot give it.

*Splendide mendax.* What then shall I say? I see no alternative; I shall have to answer her thus: "Lalage, you are still young and you cannot understand everything. Latin is a glorious language and you must learn it. It may be drudgery at first but the time will come when you will be grateful to me for the trouble—the great trouble, I am taking to teach it to you."

Probably at this point *solvuntur tabulae risu*. Modern children have no sense of what is fitting. But that cannot be helped; at the worst I shall have made one part of the lesson amusing.

And secretly, though I must not show it, *dulce ridentem Lalagem amabo*. That is another of the difficulties about teaching one's own daughter.



"GOOD-NIGHT, DARLING. I'M SORRY THERE'S HAD TO BE ALL THIS SCOLDING. YOU KNOW, DADDY HATES IT AS MUCH AS YOU DO."

"THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MUMS. DON'T YOU WORRY. BETWEEN YOU AND ME, I ALWAYS TAKE DADDY WITH A PINCH OF SALT."

### The Cockney.

SHE came a proper Cockney from the sound of the Bells of Bow

To rule in a Highland nursery at the foot of a Western glen;

And since the day of her coming full thirty years ago  
She has raised for the world her brood of Highlandmen.

Lorn is far from London, and maybe she used to pine  
For the fleet of prams and children and nannies in the Park,

And see in the lonely wildfowl the ducks of the Serpentine  
As she gazed across Loch Etive in the dark.

Strange tongues below her window would murmur in the byre

And in the nursery-scuttle lay unaccustomed peat;  
She would watch the train to London toil up towards Stratheyre  
And dream of buses in a London street.

Now in an empty nursery she sits alone and sews  
At a window facing Cruachan, grown friendly with the years—

Grown friendly with the sharing of nursery joys and woes,  
The bursts of laughter and the sudden tears.

Her Highlandmen are grown now and scattered far and wide  
In dingy English cities or under an Indian sun;  
But dreams of the glen that bred them stray back to Etiveside,  
They think of Lorn and home and her as one.

### Buying For Others.

A "Queens Fair" is to be held at Sunderland House, Curzon Street, on Tuesday, November 20th, in aid of the Westminster Health Society, Maternity and Child Welfare Centre. The Fair, which will be opened by the Duchess of Westminster at 11.30 A.M., is arranged in "Period" sections under the different Queens, and everything for sale has been specially designed as a Christmas Gift. Mr. Punch hopes that many of his readers will begin their Christmas shopping at Sunderland House.

### Safer Bridge.

"It is a maxim of the Law of Contract that an agreement to do that which, at the time it is made, is known to both parties to be impossible is void *ab initio*."—Daily Paper.

### The Railway Sandwich Joke Crops Up Again.

"He sat down close to an out-jutting reef of quartz to have a sandwich. Noticing its formation he struck it idly with his hammer. The top broke away, revealing the nugget inside."—Daily Paper.

"HOW TO WATCH THE SPARROWS."—Wireless Paper.  
What about sowing some grass seed on the lawn?



### WILLING SUBSTITUTES.

(A fanciful scene before the England v. Italy Football Match on the Highbury ground.)

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS. } "IF YOU SHOULD HAPPEN TO BE A MAN SHORT TO-DAY—"  
SIR OSWALD MOSLEY. }





## Impressions of Parliament.



THE RIGHT REVEREND THE LORD  
BISHOP OF SILVERTOWN.

"I am prepared to support an Amendment that places a limitation on the possibilities of rascality."

MR. JACK JONES.

### Synopsis of the Week.

**Monday, November 5th.**—Commons: Betting Bill Considered in Committee.

**Tuesday, November 6th.**—Lords: Incitement to Disaffection Bill read Second Time.

Commons: Betting Bill Further Considered in Committee.

**Wednesday, November 7th.**—Lords: Introduction of Duke of Kent. Matrimonial Causes (Amended Procedure) Bill read Second Time.

Commons: Betting Bill Further Considered in Committee.

**Monday, November 5th.**—GUIDO FAWKES might never have squatted shivering in the vaults of Westminster for all honour Parliament did his name to-day. Outside, England was a-squib in his memory, but in Chamber itself one would have said he was forgotten. Not a single false nose (so far as Mr. P.'s R. could decide) decorated Government Benches, such few beards as were worn were of too straggling a nature to be anything but indigenous to their chins, and one looked in vain for covert release of some volcanic commemoration. It was disappointing.

At Question-Time Sir JOHN SIMON, in reply to Mr. LANSBURY, assured House that there has never been any contem-

plation of using British troops to preserve order in Saar, a responsibility successfully discharged by Governing Commission; and also that German authorities have forbidden over belt twenty-five miles wide any uniformed demonstrations during period covering taking of plebiscite on January 13th.

### More Mud on the Football.

Considerable feeling was displayed against Government in to-day's discussion on Betting Bill for refusing to allow free vote on matter of football pools, which were roundly condemned by Members of all parties as dangerous both to public and game of football. Why, it was asked, had Government, which had set its face so sternly against sweepstakes, withdrawn clause dealing with this undoubted evil? Sir JOHN GILMOUR's reply was that it was dropped owing to a great division of opinion, but Mr. R. J. DAVIES expressed suspicion that real reasons were Press agitation and large revenue P.M.G. derived from pools.

Debate was enriched by delightfully philosophic little speech from Mr. JACK JONES in favour of "placing limitation upon possibilities of rascality," but

asking for less differentiation between classes in whole question of betting.

**Tuesday, November 6th.**—Second Reading of Incitement to Disaffection



SIR CHARLES DORMOUSE,  
MEMBER FOR OXFORD UNIVERSITY.

Bill produced some interesting speeches in Lords. Lord HAILSHAM to-day denied that Bill had its origin in any way at Invergordon, and declared that it had met with more misrepresentation than any other Bill in his experience, except possibly Trade Disputes Bill.

Lord STRABOLGI came out violently against Bill—more violently, perhaps, than was altogether good for his case, which was that sinister motives lay behind Bill. More moderate and reasoned opposition was put forward by Lord READING, who was prepared to welcome such a Bill if it were proved necessary, but where, he asked, lay the necessity? The PRIMATE admitted that he had begun by disliking Bill, but now had come to believe that it did not justify apprehension entertained about it, for after all it left every subject free to write or state his opinion, however extreme. This was not view of Lord PONSONBY, however, who described how his book-cases were bulging with pacifist propaganda for which he or his distributors would certainly be penalised. Bill read second time.

### Another Historian Caught Napping.

Lower House was greatly indebted to Sir CHARLES OMAN for being asleep at moment when his Question was called



### AWFUL PROSPECT FOR PONSONBY.

"There's the King's Messenger. He's in prison now, being punished, and the trial doesn't even begin till next Wednesday, and of course the crime comes last of all."

"Through the Looking Glass."



"DON'T WORRY, MY DEAR. I THINK IT HIGHLY PROBABLE THAT THESE FELLOWS WILL ACCEPT ENGLISH MONEY."

—it is such little domestic incidents which keep Parliamentary government on an even keel. He awoke in full possession of his faculties, and impeached Oxford local council for its sloth in carrying out BELISHA codes.

Sir GERALD HURST having with considerable humour brought in Bill to stymie that legalised cad, the common informer, House settled down to further debate on Betting Bill, which became interesting when, late in evening, Sir WILLIAM DAVISON, doughty champion of the Reasonable Man, moved his Amendment to exclude from Bill State lotteries promoted for reduction of National Debt, etc. He was opposed, inevitably, by Mr. ISAAC FOOT, and supported by Mr. CHURCHILL, who failed to understand why, when hundreds of canine casinos were being arranged for, a few national sweepstakes should be frowned upon.

Familiar Government argument was stated by HOME SECRETARY, who seemed hopeful that this Bill would prevent regrettable flow of money to Ireland. Mr. P.'s R. respectfully wonders how? What is to prevent an Irish agency of repute from holding tickets for English

syndicates, both receiving subscriptions and paying out prizes through an international bank?

Wednesday, November 7th.—To-day PRINCE GEORGE was introduced to Lords as Duke of KENT by PRINCE OF WALES and Duke of YORK. Ceremony,

which was attended by complex ritual, lasted about ten minutes.

In Commons Sir PHILIP SASSOON announced that in a month or so new programme would be disclosed for accelerating imperial air services. Then, after Mr. HORE-BELISHA had somehow contrived to describe cyclists as hysterical prima donnas, House returned to Betting Bill, only to learn that Mr. JACK JONES had some lottery tickets for sale.

Debate on prohibition of lottery reports in Press showed, according to Mr. CHURCHILL, into what a series of contradictions and muddles Government is being drawn over this Bill. Was *The Irish Times* to be excluded, he went on, and might not the Free State take reprisals on *The Times*? And what about broadcast results? It was one thing to prohibit lists of winners and quite another to prohibit descriptive accounts. Next step, Sir WILLIAM DAVISON declared, would be to stop any account of the Derby, a notable occasion for gambling; and was a newspaper not to say that a crowd outside the Elysée in Paris was in connection with a lottery?

HOME SECRETARY, whose job nobody envied, remained conciliatory.



THE COMING OF THE ROC?

"The Roc, a fabulous Eastern bird of immense size and of such strength as to be able to carry elephants in its talons."—*Dictionary*.

SIR PHILIP SASSOON WANTS MORE POWER IN THE AIR.



### Grinagogs.

O WOMAN, in your hours of ease  
Be just as wayward as you please.  
Adopt FREUD's gospel from Vienna  
And stain your skin and hair with  
henna,  
In trams or buses scrub your faces  
But be less lavish of grimaces,  
And cease in mercy to afflict us  
By wearing an eternal rictus.

When first it started—who began it  
Upon this much-enduring planet,  
In spite of patient exploration,  
Remains occult from observation.  
HOMER, who, though he sometimes  
nods,

Knew much about mankind and gods,  
Tells how the greybeards on the wall  
Saw HELEN, loveliest of all  
The women they had ever seen,  
Pass by majestic in her mien,  
But gives no hint or indication  
That she was prone to cachinnation;  
Nor do his other heroines  
Indulge in intempestive grins.

HORACE, who candidly portrayed  
His conquest by a laughing maid,

Has doubtless much to answer for,  
But no fair critic at his door  
Can lay the unpardonable sin  
Of finding merit in the grin.  
Mirth prompts great art to charm and  
cheer,

As in "The Laughing Cavalier,"  
And mirth makes deathless music flow,  
As witness MILTON's *L'Allegro*.  
Far different is the mirth diseased  
Of Satan, who was "highly pleased"  
When Death, his partner to beguile,  
"Grinned horribly a ghastly smile."

But how can brushes, pencils, pens  
Withstand the photographic lens?  
How can weak womankind be weaned  
From yielding to the camera-fiend,  
Till all emotions and adventures  
Become a mere display of dentures?  
'Tis not the grin that can endure  
The evils that we cannot cure;  
Nor yet the laugh of BEAUMARCHAIS  
That serves to keep our tears away;  
'Tis not sardonic or Homeric,  
But more, much more than half  
hysteric.

It greets us now on every side,  
Worn daily by the blushing bride,  
Most actresses and "bathing belles,"  
Rending the welkin with their yells,

Whose "carefree" epileptic capers  
De-decorate the Sunday papers.

"Laugh and grow fat" the proverb  
goes,

But, as experience clearly shows,  
"Grin and grow thin" is now the duty  
Publicity demands of beauty,  
Though, paradoxically, Bright  
Young Persons, when the urge to write  
Bids them their singing robes assume,  
Are steeped in inspissated gloom;  
And, stranger still, though at her birth  
There danced no twinkling star of  
mirth,

The melancholy GARBO wins  
Renown without the aid of grins.

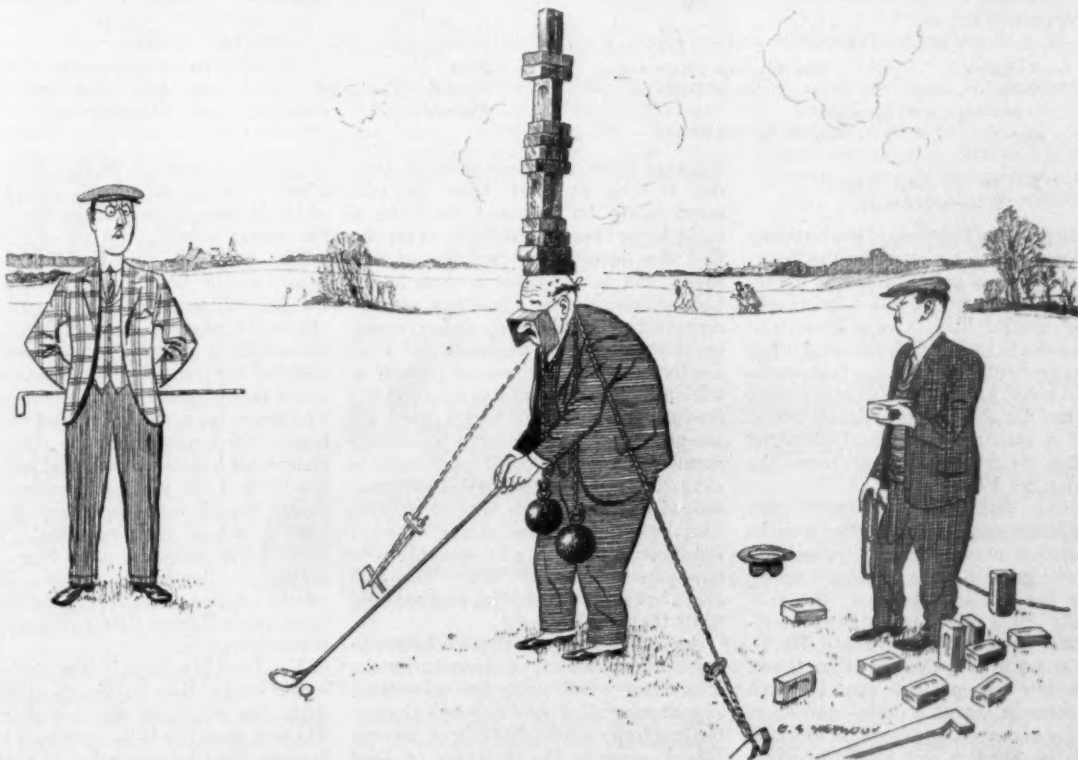
C. L. G.

### New Attraction for Shoppers.

"PERHAPS YOU WOULD LIKE A  
NEW SHAPE?  
COME IN AND SEE OUR MANAGERESS,"  
Advt. in Shop Window.

"On Sept. 30th, after Evensong, Miss ——— and Mr. ——— made the presentation of the gold wristlet watch and illuminated names of donors to Mrs. ——— at Chawton. It is a terrible loss to Chawton and everyone deeply regrets it."—*From a Parish Magazine*.

Would it be any good asking her to give it back?



Instructor. "Now, SIR, YOUR HEAD IS DOWN AND YOUR EYE IS ON THE BALL—NOW HIT IT!"

## AT THE PLAY.



## SELF-APPOINTED EYE-OPENER TO THE LONDON AND METROPOLITAN BANK.

Nicholson. . . . . Mr. WALTER HORSBRUGH.  
 Hollman . . . . . Mr. HAMLYN BENSON.  
 Chairman of the L. and M.  
 Bank . . . . . Mr. O. B. CLARENCE.

Fitch. . . . . Mr. DAVID BIRD.  
 Randolph Warrender . . . . . Mr. JACK MELFORD.  
 Ponsonby . . . . . Mr. ALASTAIR SIM.

"YOUTH AT THE HELM"  
 (WESTMINSTER).

THE growing function of the outlying theatres is to spot winners for the West-End. *Youth at the Helm* seems a predestined winner. It has a genuinely comic central idea, a new idea—and there are not many of those—and it has been excellently treated in a fantastic-realist mood by "PAUL VULPIUS." Mr. HUBERT GRIFFITH has skilfully translated it into a smooth and plausible English mood and idiom from the German (or Viennese).

Young Randolph Warrender (Mr. JACK MELFORD), desperate after months of hopeless unemployment, possessing just the good clothes he stands up in, visits his old school-friend, the pernickety Fitch (Mr. DAVID BIRD), confidential clerk to the Chairman (Mr. O. B. CLARENCE) of the Metropolitan Bank. Warrender's proposal is that he shall just come in, sit at a desk—and stay. He may of course, he grants the startled Fitch, be thrown out violently upon his ear; but then, on the other hand, he may not. In so vast, so august, so

unimaginative an institution if anyone is seen at work there he will most likely be assumed to have a right to be there. All depends on the first few interviews—perhaps on the first. As it happens he has lately been shadowing the Chairman at concerts and picture-galleries and, counting on the well-known vagueness of that kindly magnate, has waded to him in a friendly manner and has received the inevitable friendly exchange given by the puzzled vague who can't trust their memories. The general plan then is clear. . . . It succeeds brilliantly (and indeed it seems to me that it is quite likely that desperate young men of intelligence may soon be creeping into newspaper-offices, tobacco factories and above all film studios and making nests there. I hope so).

A good beginning. There is better to come. Warrender launches—by means of a letter which after the manner of august magnates the Chairman signs—the Kubinsky affair. Nobody on his own Board, none of the directors of *Lord Farley's* (Mr. C. M. HALLARD) bank, none of the Board of Trade people dares

to confess ignorance of this Kubinsky affair, of which this brisk young man at the Metropolitan assumes they know the secret details. So the Kubinsky affair—perhaps "the Kubinsky business" would be a better translation for English banking circles—grows to the point where a defunct brick-and-tile works is actually resuscitated and wedded to a municipal building scheme—the money found by the two banks. The sirens hoot, the bricks and tiles are made, the houses rise, the dividends accrue, all because a rash and jolly fool has tricked the wise and prudent into doing the obvious—into taking their talents out of their napkins! There is, you will perceive, more than mere fooling at the back of this. To be vastly amused and at the same time to have one's higher wits exercised is a rare experience.

Mr. JACK MELFORD's Warrender was sound rather than brilliant, perhaps a little too much on the realist plane. There is more fun to be made out of the fantasy than he succeeded in making. Mr. O. B. CLARENCE gave us one of his enchanting muddled old gents, and

Mr. C. M. HALLARD's crisp and genial *Lord Farley* was admirably suggested. Bankers who aren't having a good Press may, it seems, be also in for a bad stage. It is not for us who live on hard-won overdrafts to complain! T.

#### "SWEET ALOES" (WYNTHAM'S).

Nothing perhaps reflects better our changed conventions than the altered attitude of the dramatist to the Secret Sorrow. Inhibition has given way to exhibition. "Lock it away securely," said ancient tradition, "and pine over it as gracefully as you can." "Rats!" says modern psychology. "Take the thing out, turn on all the lights, look it in the face and watch it dwindle and dwindle." "Rats!" says *Tubbs Barrow* (Mr. FRANK ALLENBY) to the harassed *Belinda* (Miss DIANA WYNARD) in the First Act of this play. "If you can't contemplate the Bay of Naples because you saw your father die there, it's high time we had the Bay of Naples out of the cupboard and had a good talk about it." And, the Neapolitan bogey being successfully laid, he goes on in the last Act to subject *Belinda* to a similar but far graver experiment.

Briefly, penniless dependence on an aunt devoted to charitable works and uncharitable thoughts drove *Belinda* into the arms of the local peer's son, *Robert* (Mr. JACK ALLEN), who was already married, and the consequences of this indiscretion were as serious as they could be. A sensitive and at heart a responsible creature, but fascinated by the old-world charm of *Lord Farrington* (Mr. ALAN NAPIER), she agreed to go to America at his expense after the birth of her child, leaving it to be brought up as properly belonging to *Robert's* wife (Miss JOYCE CAREY), who could never have one of her own to carry on the title.

Some years later we find *Belinda* married to a nice New Yorker (Mr. HARTLEY POWER), but miserable, thinking constantly of her child. Their future seems hopeless, and probably would have been if, through a happy accident of business, the experimentalist *Tubbs* had not arrived in their apartment, and, realising how near the rocks their marriage has drifted, contrived to get *Belinda's* hospitable husband to invite him and two English friends to

dinner. The friends are *Robert* and his wife. It is a bold stroke of *Tubbs*, but his confidence is justified. The two women like each other, enjoy a cry, and find to their delight that they can discuss the baby naturally. *Belinda's* sorrow shrinks as rapidly as her appreciation of an excellent husband suddenly increases.



#### WHEN THE ALOES ARE BITTER.

*Belinda Warren* . . . . . Miss DIANA WYNARD.  
*Tubbs Barrow* . . . . . Mr. FRANK ALLENBY.

This must surely be about the best straight play in town. Mr. JAY MALLORY wrote it, Mr. TYRONE GUTHRIE produced it, and Miss DIANA WYNARD illumines it with some mag-



#### IT IS A WISE PEER THAT KNOWS HIS OWN PORT.

*Lord Farrington* (Mr. ALAN NAPIER) ENTERTAINED WITH HIS OWN WINE SMUGGLED FROM HIS CASTLE IN A MEDICINE-BOTTLE.

nificent acting. You may ask if a man of *Lord Farrington's* evident sanity would have resorted to a changeling in order to prolong his line, and you may wonder if any woman could be such a

saint as *Robert's* wife. I can only reply that these points pale into insignificance beside Miss WYNARD's gloriously sympathetic performance, beside the high all-round level of the cast (a fair catalogue of their individual merits would run me far out of my space), and beside the wit and subtlety of the writing which, alert for comedy, brilliantly avoids the quicksands of sentimentality and makes essentially delicate situations ring emotionally true.

A play to be seen at least once. I should go again if only for the pleasure of seeing *Lord Farrington* smacking against his aristocratic palate some port which has just been decanted after a motor-drive in a medicine-bottle, and of hearing him say with admirable courtesy and conviction, "Ah, the '96! Smooth, warm and kindly." I could have told him why it was warm.

ERIC.

#### The Bun.

WHEN people sorrowfully brood,  
Complaining that the English food  
Is quite the worst beneath the sun,  
I ruminate upon the bun.

I see them all as in a dream—  
The penny bun's familiar gleam;  
The twirling *Chelsea*, fit to be  
A part of any artist's tea;  
The *doughnut* bland, which leaves its  
trace  
So lovingly upon the face;  
The sticky *Swiss*, so seldom found  
Upon its native Alpine ground;  
The *rock*, superb when fresh  
and hot,  
Most faithful to its name  
when not;  
The stately *Bath*, which  
takes the prize  
(At any rate in terms of  
size);  
And more whose names I  
could not say  
Which flourish in a local  
way;  
A solid satisfying hoard  
Impossible to find abroad.  
So when the soup's a greasy  
waste  
And when the cabbage does  
not taste,  
All bitter thoughts I try to  
shun  
And think with pride upon  
the bun.

#### New Version of the Eternal Triangle.

"MR. AND MRS. DOUGLAS  
AND MARY FAIRBANKS RECONCILED."  
*Evening Paper Heading.*





THE SNAG ABOUT USING A STRONG ANTISEPTIC AGAINST A COMMON COLD IS THAT EVERYONE IS CONVINCED THAT YOU'VE GOT ONE."

### As Others Hear Us.

#### The Business Proposition.

"NATURALLY, Uncle William, I knew you'd want the whole thing to be on a *strictly business* footing—and of course I do too, and I'm here to answer any single question you like; only perhaps I'd better explain a little bit first. You see, Uncle William, what I want to do is to make the thing *pay*."

"What makes you think—?"

"That's just what I want to tell you about. You don't mind if I take my hat off, do you? Only don't look at my hair; it wants cutting, I know. Well, this girl, Patsy, and I—"

"Patsy?"

"Patsy Pierrepoint—a terribly great friend of mine, and she's got an extraordinarily good head for business, more like a man, everybody says. Well, she wants to come in with me."

"Is she the one that—?"

"No, no; *that* was Ollie—poor old Ollie, who was helping me when I had

The Gift Shoppe. Of course I know you didn't really get any return for your money on *that*, Uncle William, but—"

"Any return? What the—?"

"Well, Uncle William, I *still* think we might have made something out of it, or anyway have saved *some* of the capital, if we hadn't been so frightfully unlucky. And of course Ollie hadn't really got a head for business at all. And a teashop is so absolutely different."

"A teashop?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you? Yes, well, there's a place the people want to sell *frightfully* cheap, called The Korner Kafé, that I think could be worked up in the most marvellous way."

"How?"

"Well, Patsy is a really *terribly* good sweet-maker—not just toffee and things, but things like fondants and chocolates all properly done up in tinfoil, and she's absolutely ready and willing to learn cakes as well; and I've told her I wouldn't mind doing the

waiting and all that, so as to save a girl or anybody."

"Now, look here—where *is* this Korner Kafé?"

"On the corner of the Crescent; I suppose that's why it's called that, but we think the first thing to do would be to change the name. We've definitely decided to make it 'The Cake Bin.' Everybody's sick of Olde Englyshe and Tudor and everything, and the name is so terribly important. People motoring by."

"How much are they asking?"

"Two hundred, and everybody says that really means eighty or something; and anyway Patsy has a friend who knows a woman who might quite likely invest some money in it as an *investment*."

"Who's been running this place?"

"It's changed hands quite a lot of times, but there's nothing in that, because one woman's husband went off and left her, and Patsy says she can understand it *absolutely*, and the others were sisters and hadn't got any head

for business at all. And before that it was a newspaper-shop, only it went bust."

"I should want to know something about it before——"

"Uncle William! I can tell you every single thing about everything. I went into it absolutely thoroughly with Patsy, and we both feel you wouldn't ever regret it if you just put some capital into it as an investment. Of course we'd expect to pay you interest, exactly like a bank."

"How?"

"How? The profits and things, of course. I said I was perfectly certain you wouldn't mind waiting till they actually began coming in, because of course it'd take a little while with the initial outlay, and as it happens we're both *slightly* overdrawn at the actual minute."

"What initial outlay did you——?"

"Uncle William, I simply can't tell you what that woman's taste must have been like. Everything the most awful sickly *blue*, and the cups and everything just wrong, and those common check table-cloths. Now my idea was rust."

"Rust?"

"Everything rust except the china, and that would be primrose. As a matter of fact some cretonne overalls I saw fearfully cheap put it into my head—primrose on a rust-colour ground. Say fifty pounds for repainting the whole place—or would you think that too much?"

"Yes, I——"

"I daresay we could do it for ten. And another ten for new china and stuff; and there'd be something for the overalls for Patsy and me, and odds and ends. Call it twenty-five, Uncle William. Of course, that's not counting the actual shop and the business, but what I *do* feel, and Patsy quite agrees with me, is that *whatever* you paid for it, quite honestly it would be an *absolute bargain* from a business point of view."

### November Reflections.

I would fain  
Hunt this season once again.  
That's all right; but is my kit  
Fit?

Years of wear  
Show upon it here and there  
In the form of brilliant green  
Sheen.

I should say,  
All I'd get for it to-day  
Is a tanner at the pop-  
Shop;

And I doubt  
If I really dare go out  
In that coat, or even that  
Hat;

Even the breeches  
Have an odd appearance, which is  
Reminiscent of a shabby  
Cabby.

None the less,  
Hunt I shall till strain and stress  
Burst the seams and I am un-  
Done.

In which case,  
First abandoning the chase,  
I shall simply have to hack  
Back.

### Commercial Candour.

"Come and inspect before you purchase; it will pay you."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

"MILK TRIBUNAL SITS IN PUBLIC."  
*Daily Paper Heading.*

The Beer Board will, it is understood,  
meet in a Dairy.



"WHEN IN THE COURSE OF HUMAN EVENTS IT BECOMES NECESSARY FOR ONE PEOPLE TO DISSOLVE THE POLITICAL BANDS WHICH HAVE CONNECTED THEM WITH ANOTHER, AND TO ASSUME, AMONG THE POWERS OF THE EARTH, THE SEPARATE AND EQUAL STATION TO WHICH THE LAWS OF NATURE . . ."  
"SAY, IT'S A TALK ABOUT SOMETHING!"



### The Cat that Followed His Nose.

(The number of Cats in London is decreasing.)

SCENE—A London Square at night, surrounded by blocks of flats. A solitary cat is gazing romantically up at one of the top floors.

#### SERENADE.

Come down, come down to the Square,  
For the midnight hour is near;  
Why linger alone up there  
While I am alone down here?  
Leave idle rest for the day;  
The time to be out is now  
When the cats come forth to play;  
Miaow.

[Several other cats have strolled up behind him.

All (helpfully). MIAOW.

Serenader. Never a sound.

Another Cat. She is locked up all right;  
Her mistress never lets her out at night.

Serenader. Curse on her mistress.

Third Cat. They are all like that;

Moral, they call it.

Serenader (bitterly). Moral. To a cat.

[A loud yell is heard.

Second Cat. I know that voice. Here comes our Uncle Tom  
Fresh from his battle with a loathsome Pom.  
Let's give him greeting.

#### CHORUS.

Lord of the flattened ears  
And of the spinal bow,  
Whose unsheathed claw  
Strikes fear and awe  
Into the canine foe;

Lord of the rolling purr  
And the complacent beam  
Whose smiles evoke  
The pleasing stroke  
And, when it's handy, cream;

Lord of the lustrous coat  
And the unrivalled tail,  
Whose night-flung screech,  
With luck, can reach  
From here to Fulham, hail!

[Thomas, a majestic black cat, has entered.

Thomas. Thanks, courteous friends. I thought that, as  
I came,

I heard a serenade from What's-his-name.

Serenader. You did. And she's locked in.

Thomas. And so it goes.

My son—

Serenader. Your son?

Thomas. You may be so; who knows?

[A female cat affects an elaborate unconsciousness.

I have seen this Square stiff with cats, have sung  
Half through the night with scores when I was young  
Where now you don't see seven; London cats  
Have fall'n off gravely in this age of flats.

#### SONG.

Thomas. Oh, gay were our carouses  
In the days not long ago  
When people lived in houses  
And had basements down below,  
And out of the walls came mice galore  
That frisked about on the kitchen floor,  
And every house had a cat or more  
For keeping their numbers low.

And ah, for the excellent days gone by  
When we, as a race, were dear,  
And never a basement lacked some chink  
Through which a noctambulous cat could slink  
And join in the larks out here.

A Voice (without). And join in the larks out here.

The Voice proceeds.

There is never a star with a ray of light,  
And the dark town darker grows,  
But I am a cat on the road to-night,  
The cat that follows his nose.

Second Cat. Mark you yon stranger. Is he friend or foe?  
Ho there to you, Sir.

Stranger. And to you, Sir, ho.

[He leaps the railings and joins the party.

Know you the way to Godalming?

Second Cat. Not I.

Stranger. No matter. I shall find it.

Thomas. Yes, but why?

SONG—"The Wanderer."

Stranger. They brought me up to London and they thought  
I'd settle down;

I'm a country cat.

Thomas. He's a country cat.

Chorus. A country cat; that's so.

Stranger. But there they made their blunder, for I can't get  
used to town,

And be cooped up like a London cat.

Chorus. Like a London cat.

Stranger. Why, no.

So back I'm going to Godalming, my former country  
home.

Thomas. He's going away to Godalming.

Chorus. But Godalming—where's that?

Stranger. For the people live in houses there and a cat has  
room to roam.

And I'll live my lives in Godalming.

All. Like a genuine country cat.

Stranger. Yes, I'm off now to my country home.

Thomas. But how will you find the way?

Stranger. I'll follow my nose wherever it goes;  
It never leads cats astray.

Thomas. But isn't it dull in a country town?

I've frequently heard it mewed  
That a cultured mind would probably find  
Society somewhat crude.

#### SONG.

Stranger. A London cat came down to stay,  
And his London pride was strong.





"YOU MUSTN'T EAT THOSE, MY LAD. HOW DO YOU KNOW THEY'RE NOT POISONOUS?"  
 "WE BEAN'T A-GOIN' TO EAT 'EM. THEY'M FOR SALE!"

But he caught a mouse the very first day,  
 And we passed that night in song;  
 On the second day he tackled a rat,  
 And before the third was through  
 He'd fallen in love with a beautiful cat,  
 As a matter of fact with two.

And now he vows that for healthy sport,  
 For keeping the mind in trim,  
 And for social joys of the higher sort,  
 The country's the place for him.

*All (confusedly).* And me—and me—we all agree;  
 What a capital place it seems to be.

*Stranger.* And now—the Road. My London friends, good-  
 night.

*Thomas.* One moment. Are there situations there?  
 Cats wanted?

*Stranger.* Warmth and welcome, food and light.

*Thomas.* Why then be damned to this flat-ruined Square.  
 Are you all with me?

*All.* All.

*Thomas.* No faltering;  
 Lead on, Macduff. Forward to Godalming.

CHORUS.

First with the left foot, then with the right,  
 Onward the old club goes;  
 We follow a cat on the Road to-night,  
 The Cat that follows his nose.

[*They march out singing.*  
 DUM-DUM.



ENTERPRISE.

### Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

#### Palestine Past and Present.

I CANNOT help wishing that Mr. H. V. MORTON had jettisoned all pretence to the orthodox approach and explored his Palestine not *In the Steps of the Master* (RICH AND COWAN, 7/6) but avowedly as an inquirer as to how modern conditions are inscribing themselves on that palimpsest of ascendancies. His book exhibits two interests extremely difficult to combine: the objectives of the pilgrim and those of the social historian. The author has neither the temperament nor the style to present the Holy Places with the appeal (even) of a RENAN, but give him a tribe of squatters in a crusading castle on the slopes of Carmel, a German monastery with honey for breakfast on the shores of Lake Galilee, an eerie challenge to exploration like HEZEKIAH'S tunnel or an ill-treated Saluki to be rescued from torment, and he is in his element—observant, enthusiastic, chivalrous and the best of company. From Dan to Beersheba being now but a day's run, and the local taste in banditry increasingly discouraged under English rule, he has been able to describe far more of Palestine, Syria and Trans-Jordan than would have been open to earlier and less enterprising travellers.

#### Tragic Comedian.

In *Gerald: a Portrait* (GOLLANCZ, 10/6) DAPHNE DU MAURIER strikes a wise and skilful balance between filial devotion and modern candour. It makes much better reading than a blind panegyric, and is in fact a better tribute.

The biographer gives some sort of a clue to her father's curious seeming lack of interest in his own work and to that stifled accomplishment which was so much less distinguished than his fine talent promised. He lacked the actor's sacred egotism, could never take himself or his job quite seriously. His warmest admirers among the critics lamented that he so seldom, and practically never during the years when he had control of his own work, either acted in or produced plays worthy of the best in him. He had an expensive establishment to maintain and he liked to do things with an air. He would therefore take no risks in the box-office. But he spent himself in the service of the profession when he succeeded to the leadership. An interesting interlude was his submission to the teaching and inspiration of Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL. And there are pleasant and somewhat sad memories here of "Kiki," that is, GEORGE DU MAURIER, so long an honoured servant of Mr. Punch, so friendly a father and so troubled about his only eye and the horrors of being sixty. A charming book—charming in a real not a merely formal sense.

#### Eyes to the Hills.

War and mountaineering have pretty well filled the life of Brigadier-General the Hon. C. G. BRUCE, C.B., and he describes them (the former concisely and the latter fully) in *Himalayan Wanderer* (MACLEHOSE, 12/6). He is full of praise for and pride in the Gurkhas he commanded, extolling rightly their character and behaviour from the North-West Frontier to Egypt and Gallipoli. Yet above all he loves the great ranges of Himalaya; every peak is a challenge to him and one he makes no effort to resist. He is of course the recognised expert in transport and local knowledge for expeditions attempting Everest, and must also be a cheery



companion to all who come under his guidance. The book contains good photographs, amusing stories and much sound instruction. His reply when wounded and pestered continually as to his religion of "Neo-animist" apparently caused much theological discussion. It would. He speaks, I gather, some half-a-dozen dialects, only a small proportion of those used along the ranges. I fear, however, that he will never attempt Boiohaghurdunashur, which he says is twenty-four thousand feet and inaccessible. How could he possibly ask the way there?

#### Arcades Ambo.

Can you tell whether thrushes sing  
To drown the nightingale's gay numbers,

To please themselves or just to bring  
Discomfort to your early slumbers?

What by-laws hamper, do you know,  
The building schemes that rooks take part in?

How did that grim vendetta grow  
Between the wagtail and the martin?

Do foxes feed on grapes with zest?

Do hedgehogs hibernate all winter?

What bird of all's the ugliest?

Is cat or mole the fastest sprinter?

Do toads wear jewels in their heads?

What fancy moves migrating weasels?

How do hedge-sparrows smooth their beds?

Is donkey's breath a cure for measles?

Over such themes and hundreds more

CUMING (E. D.) his purview stretches,

And J. A. SHEPHERD adds a store

Of his inimitable sketches;

Their work, rare charms against the din

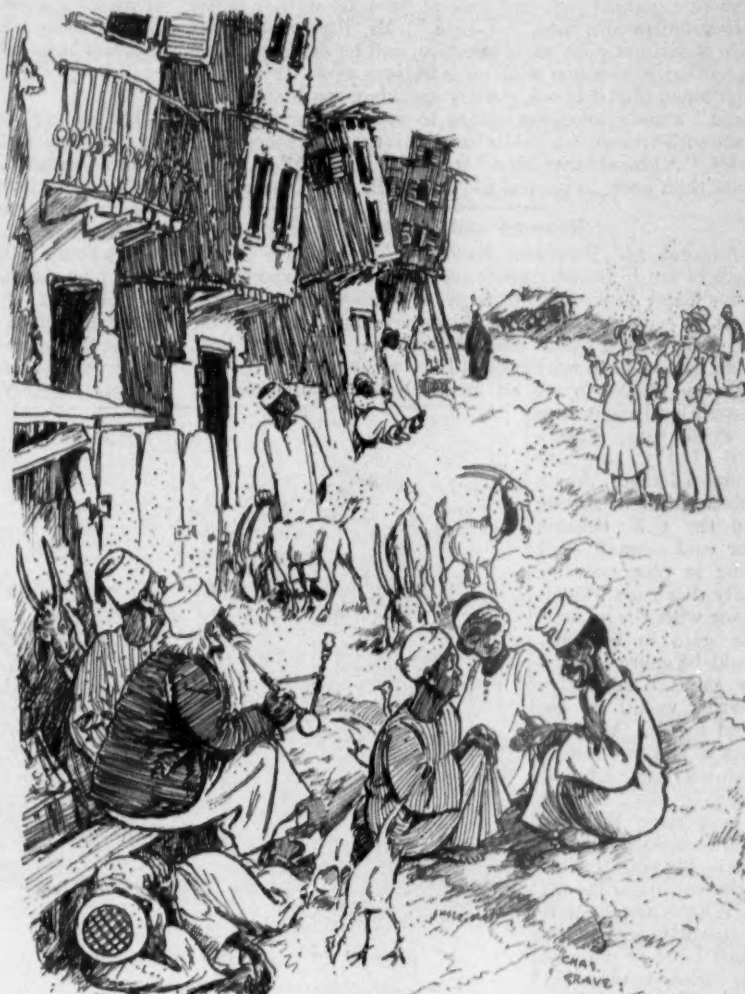
And stress of town-bred rush and worry,

Is yours at will in *Idlings in*

*Arcadia* (half-a-guinea, MURRAY).

#### Edgar Allan Poe.

It is not easy to be equally fair to *Edgar Allan Poe* (MACMILLAN, 10/6) and his world—the world that rendered the exercise of the poet's genius an unaffordable luxury and the poet who utterly failed to respond to the grudging overtures of his world. Yet Dame UNA POPE-HENNESSY has held the balance well; and my only regret is that a "critical biography" should bestow such exhaustive treatment on the appalling conditions of Poe's life and the rubbish they forced him to write, and allow itself so short if so fascinating a chapter on the impressive posthumous influence that awaited his best work. Into the tragedy itself the biographer has imported a mass of recent material; and a novel—and I think likely—turn is given to it by the suggestion that the poet's aunt deliberately engineered his marriage to his child cousin that she might retain him as a breadwinner. Breadwinning rather than inherent vice was the downfall of POE. Had he been WORDSWORTH with a sinecure, COLERIDGE with a pension or a Frenchman living poor and honoured for his genius, his literary



*Architect's Wife.* "YOU TALK OF YOUR PROFESSION BEING OVERCROWDED, ARNOLD, BUT HERE'S YOUR CHANCE. WHY NOT SEE THE TOWN CLERK OF THIS PLACE ABOUT A RECONSTRUCTION SCHEME?"

integrity and his personal self-respect would hardly have suffered a common eclipse.

#### Alongshore.

MR. PETER BELLOC has been swapping further sailor yarns in Wapping—a rhyme which I hasten to observe is entirely unintentional—with some of the nautical acquaintances who figured in an earlier volume from his pen, as well as with certain new ones. The results are collected under the title of *Tongue Pie* (CONSTABLE, 7/6). Thames-side has been depicted in literature from a variety of angles—comic, sinister, picturesque and merely sordid. Mr. BELLOC's view is a blend of them all. He himself would probably claim to be a realist. As a matter of fact he is a romantic of the romantics, viewing his stevedores, stokers and stowaways through a rosy-coloured haze in which they bulk big as the men on Mr. KIPLING's "Long Trail." The stories range from the gruesome to the farcical, though the missiles employed in those which come under the latter head are decidedly harder than the



orthodox custard-pie; and once at least the author lapses rather lamentably into "sob-stuff." Mr. BELLOC's lighter vein is distinctly his most effective, and he describes fistic and other encounters with an infectious zest. It may be mentioned that it is not, strictly speaking, considered "the thing" among master-mariners to swap either yarns or pints with firemen in a public bar; nor is the rather theatrical order, "All hands save ship," to which Mr. BELLOC refers more than once, in general use under the Red Duster.

#### Reasons and Ratios.

Admiral Sir HERBERT RICHMOND's views on Naval matters are by some considered to be revolutionary, but in his latest book, *Sea Power in the Modern World* (BELL, 10/6), he leads up to his conclusions so carefully and clearly and with such a sound basis of historical knowledge that those who wish to criticise will have to be careful. In the main he wishes to see all navies based on the present German level (eight ships of 10,000 tons); France and Italy to have twelve of these, Japan fifteen and Great Britain and the U.S. twenty-four each—small craft being in proportion. I really don't see what is wrong with the scheme. The gain in economy would be enormous and the same comparative security would be enjoyed by all. An argument in favour of small ships, which the Admiral seems to miss, is that in proportion they require more skilled ratings than do big vessels. This works out in our favour and is not a minor point. He has little faith in the signed bond of nations. It is curious to note that by the Treaty of London the nations stipulated that submarines should not torpedo merchant-men yet left aircraft free to bomb or torpedo them as they please!

#### Between France and Spain.

In his latest novel OLIVER ONIONS has rather wastefully expended his energies in trying to live up to an attractive title—*Catalan Circus* (NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 7/6). What could never have been more than a moderately straightforward tale of misdirected affections, nationalist aspirations, family skeletons, water-colour drawings, smugglers' caves and spook messages becomes definitely less intelligible when set forth in the phraseology of the placard—or perhaps it is the ringmaster—announcing a star "turn." The book is not without its moments of telling description and fortunate characterisation, and I found *Rubio* the patriot, *Gaby* the rampageous and *Oso* the bear both original and entertaining; but much of it is a rather purposeless hanging about with nothing in particular doing. The *dramatis personae* indeed seem to realise this, for they suddenly all betake themselves to the slopes of the Pyrenees—Heaven knows why, and it only makes things worse. The central character is a wandering Irish artist,

of whom one can only say that *Rubio* and the rest acted appropriately when they chucked him over the— But that would be telling.

#### In Good Society.

The "going" in Mr. HUMPHREY PAKINGTON's new novel, *In Company With Crispin* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 7/6), is remarkably good. There is humour, character, dialogue, all of them excellent, but the story itself is very slight and further hampered by the author's conviction that all his readers must remember his earlier books. This made me feel at times a little left out and unsure of myself, which was a pity, for the society I might have been enjoying was very pleasant. *Crispin* is a charming young architect about whom it is quite obvious that Mr. PAKINGTON has written a great deal already, and here we have a delightful account of the various attempts by mothers, daughters and his own attractive sisters to find him a suitable—or unsuitable—

wife. *Crispin* does very well for himself, and the end promises happiness; but it is not the end that matters. The book's charm is in the way by which we are led to that end *via* pageants on the lawn and SHAKESPEARE readings in the drawing-room, tennis on the new hard court, a priceless exhibition of pictures, and the Royal Navy.

#### All for the Love of a Lady.

Seldom indeed has "GEORGE BIRMINGHAM" been in a more delightfully mischievous mood than in *Two Fools* (METHUEN, 7/6). Both an easy-going clergyman and his great friend, a hard-headed politician from Ulster, were anxious to marry the charming *Lady Maintree*. But

she, though more than ready to accept their devoted friendship, had fallen in love with and into the clutches of a violinist who was the leader of a Tzigane band. This man, *Koroviev*, was as ambitious as he was unscrupulous, and, helped by the lovesick *Lady Maintree's* wealth, he succeeded in becoming the Dictator of Albania. With the political situation that followed after the fiddling dictator had arrived in England "GEORGE BIRMINGHAM" makes most amusing play.

#### The Great Delusion.

Mr. E. R. PUNSHON is not, I am happy to say, forcing the pace with his attractive detective, *Sergeant Bobby Owen*, and in *Mystery Villa* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6) he sets him yet another problem that requires no superhuman powers of deduction to solve. This tale of an old and mentally-afflicted woman, living a lonely existence in a barrack of a house, may be a shade too grisly for all tastes. But however gruesome the mystery may be, previous experience of Mr. PUNSHON will have taught us that he is going to arouse our interest and excite our curiosity before the secret is revealed.



AN AUTUMN IDYLL.

"I SAY, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, FRIEND?"  
"QUITE ALL RIGHT, THANKS. I'M JUST WAITING TO SEE THE LAST LEAF FALL."

## Charivaria.

TWENTY chorus-girls who have been chosen to appear in a bathing scene in a London pantomime are said to be able to dance, sing and swim under water. We shall believe that they can sing under water when we hear them.

\*\*

In an educational case at Ennis-corthy the judge rebuked private schools for teaching English arithmetic and English history but not Irish. It may not be generally known that in Irish arithmetic two and two make five.

\*\*

At a freak dinner held recently all the guests stood up while eating. Riding-pupils, no doubt.

\*\*

Mr. LANSBURY says, "I do not believe the Liberals and Tories are scoundrels. They are just people like ourselves." Our cynic's comment on this was "Subtle!"

\*\*

Broadcast after-dinner speakers are in future to have a small microphone fixed to their coat-lapel to obviate fading. This removes the wireless listener's last advantage over those who are actually present at the dinner.

\*\*

Pickpockets from all over Europe are coming to this country for the Royal wedding. Can the Government do nothing to protect the interests of British pickpockets?

\*\*

A burglar left all his tools behind in a London house. It is absolutely fatal for ex-plumbers to take to burglary.

It is Mr. Punch's proud boast that up to the time of going to Press no member of his staff has tried to join the Saar police.

\*\*

A bus-conductor was recently charged with punching his mother-in-law. His plea that he mistook her for a ticket was unsuccessful.

Louisiana offered an honorary colonelcy to any man who scored. As a development of this idea it has been suggested that any half-back specially distinguishing himself should be promoted to full-back on the field.

\*\*

"The law is elastic," said a Judge recently. That explains why some criminals get longer stretches than others.

\*\*

An American has made his will on a sheet of asbestos. We don't know why. He can't be taking it with him.

\*\*

Until she tried to buy a railway-ticket with obsolete money an old Croatian woman in Jugo-Slavia had never heard of the War, and when the station officials explained that Croatia had ceased to belong to Hungary she disbelieved them. She is said to have demanded to see the Treaty of Trianon.

\*\*

Dr. MARGARET LOWENFELD has recently advanced the theory that children who are always clean and tidy will not grow up to be great thinkers or artists or musicians. On the contrary, they are likely to

grow up to be clean and tidy.

\*\*

"Have you ever taken an oil-bath?" asks a doctor. "It will give you the pleasantest half-hour ever invented." Then he should try draining out a car crank-case.

\*\*

A collector says that in a few hundred years our present-day coins will be rare and much sought after. They are now.



Lady Golfer. "OH, DEAR, HE'S GIVEN ME THE CADDIE THAT ALWAYS MAKES ME FEEL DOWDY."

A former Antarctic explorer has become a dentist in Manchester. He now explores the molar regions.

\*\*

"What happens to old broken-down horses?" asks a correspondent. They run in races and we back them.

\*\*

In order to encourage the State University football-team in an important match Senator HUEY LONG of



## Whitening the Map.

A Note on Mercator.

I MENTION the man MERCATOR because, in my opinion, he was both a sportsman and a philanthropist and attempted to reorganise the world upon the only tolerable lines. Without being a bigoted flat-earthier, he perceived the nuisance of hunting through atlases and fiddling about with globes made of plaster-of-Paris in order to discover the South Seas.

He said in effect, "We will now put the whole earth on a proper footing and look at it as reasonable human beings who are called upon to face a big responsibility and are not afraid to do so. It will mean putting in a bit of Australia and New Guinea twice over, but who cares for that? They are new countries and will be gratified by the honour."

The trouble this man must have taken to squash a nearly round thing out flat on to a single piece of paper without losing any of it can only be appreciated by scientists like myself who have made a long study of geography.

I notice, by the way, that young MERCATOR first saw the light at Rupelmonde in Flanders on March 5, 1512, so that Australia can hardly have been discovered at any rate during the period of his hot-headed youth and earlier manhood. This, to my mind, makes his artistically-conceived projection an even more remarkable feat of draughtsmanship.

He lived to a ripe old age, and those who desire to visit his grave will be interested to know that he was buried in St. Saviour's Church, Duisburg, wherever that may be.

MERCATOR (as I know him) was not only a draughtsman. He was a colourist. It was a fancy of his, for instance, to make the whole of Russia and Siberia yellow, the Sahara purple and South America a sort of light-green. Much of the world (in a mood of inspired prophecy), he tinted a rosy-red. It is now our duty, I take it, to paint the world white, or at least to stick little white flags into it wherever we truly and reasonably can. England—Great Britain—the British Empire, these are white already. It seems unnecessary in fact to send out questionnaires to emphasise our whiteness, and then quarrel about them until we all grow pink with the fury of our pacifist zeal. And apparently the U.S.A. are as white as we.

But I should like to ask exactly what colours on MERCATOR's Projection the various other nations of the two hemispheres are wearing at this moment in the late autumn of 1934. How white are they? And, if not white, how blue with fear, how green or yellow with envy, how pink or purple with rage? Surely it would help us to know this, and I myself, I admit, am in a state of utter uncertainty. I often see the statement: "All the nations of the world want peace," but I should like to know how much they want it. I will take it that France, for instance, is as white as she dares to be, but if Italy is white she has an amazingly purple way of stating the fact.

What colour is Germany, and what Japan? May I put little white flags all over Russia and Siberia, in spite of the colour of their internal politics?

Somebody (not MERCATOR) has told me that there are more Mohammedans than Christians in the world, and that every Mohammedan who dies fighting goes straight to heaven and the perpetual society of agreeable young girls. This being so, it seems fortunate that the Mohammedans of the world are not a single territorial Power and not very adequately armed, otherwise they would be a great vermilion splodge.

But to take the case of a quite small Power—what colour ought I to paint Bulgaria? She seems to have indulged in three wars since the beginning of this century, and the mere outsider might suppose that she had a taste for that sort of thing. In parts of Latin America they seem to say, "Good heavens! Is there no revolution on? Then let's have a war." And is Yugo-Slavia as white as are Norway and Sweden?

My notion is that a lot of these places would say to us: "Of course you are white. You have got everything you want. And of course you want us to be white because it will be an infernal nuisance to you if we're not. But in point of fact, owing to the ridiculous boundaries we have been given, and what with one thing or another, we are nearly puce or green. How do we go on from there?"

This is my feeling about the man MERCATOR, and I should say that we need a vast amount of tact, geniality, persuasive argument and general cajoling, not in this country but elsewhere, before we can put white or even whitish flags on to many parts of MERCATOR's delightful little work.

His real name, by the way, was KREMER, and they called him MERCATOR (which means "merchant") because in those ridiculous days they liked to translate people's names into a language that most people understood. EVOE.

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## When I Was Young.

---

WHEN I was young there were no such things  
As cars with engines and planes with wings,  
Or Crooners moaning their whimperings  
When I was young.

"How dull!" you say? "in a world so slow  
And life so static!" Well, I don't know;  
We laughed and loved and we felt life glow  
When I was young.

But girls don't seem quite the same to-day;  
They charmed the lads in a different way  
And didn't have quite so much to say  
When I was young.

So time rolls on with a varied mode,  
Enlightenment in its path bestowed;  
But we were safe on the King's high road  
When I was young.

And if our dances were somewhat crude  
And lacked your languor and lassitude,  
They added lilt to our buoyant mood  
When I was young.

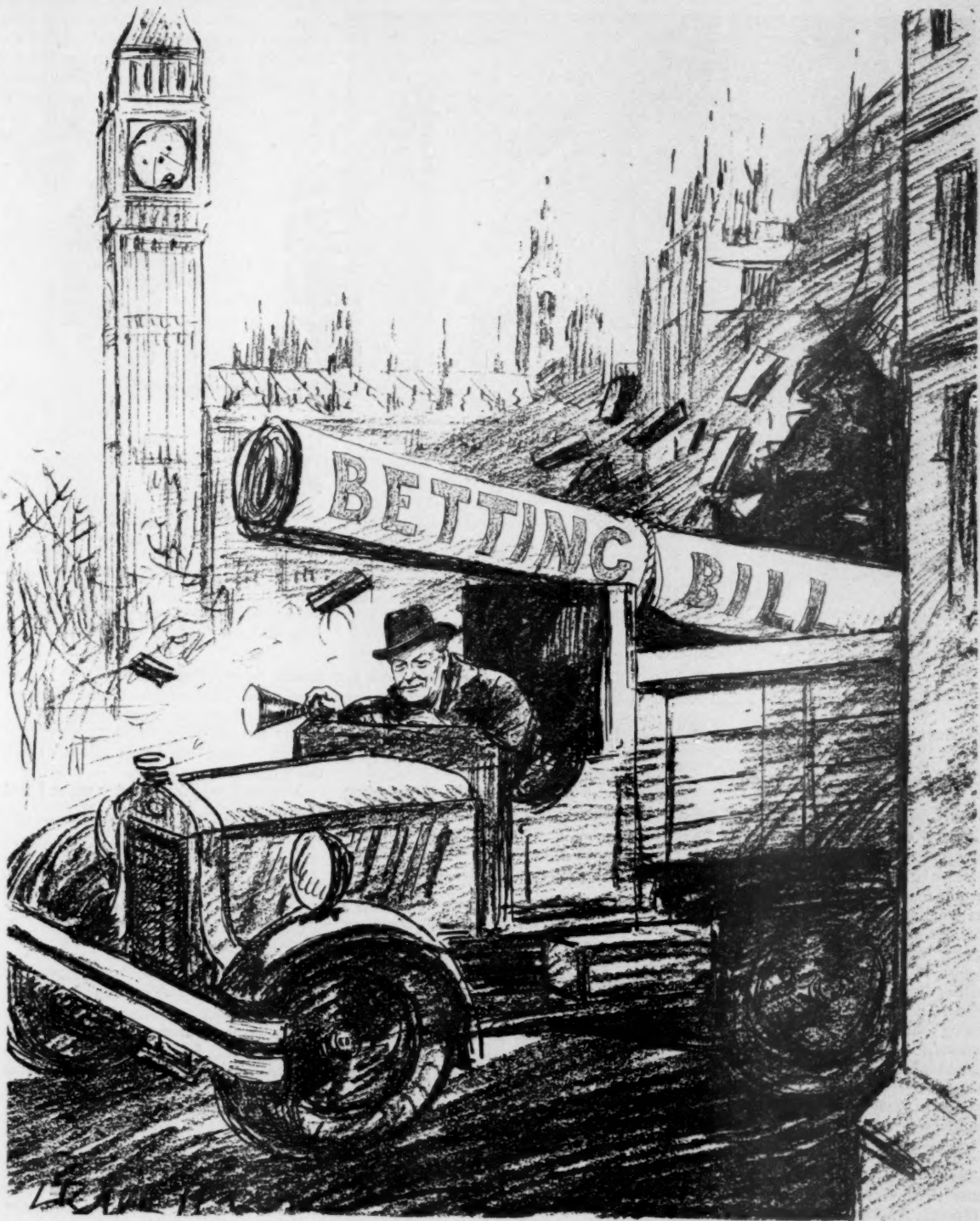
We took our sport and were unafraid,  
For the anti-everything brigade  
Were hardly launched on their smug crusade  
When I was young.

But I would gaze with a lip uncurl'd  
At each new vogue on the scene unfurled,  
And gaily call it a "Brave New World"  
If—I was young.

---

"You know how tantalizing it is when you have to leave delicious gravy on your plate because you cannot scoop it up with a knife and fork, and you are too polite—or not enough at home—to ask for a spoon or to dip head into it."—*Parish Magazine*.  
It's not politeness so much—it's our moustache that stops us.





### IT WENT THROUGH.

*(With Mr. Punch's hopes and fears for the fabric of Parliament during the Session which has just begun.)*



"ISN'T IT SWEET OF HIM, FATHER? CYRIL IS SHOWING ME HOW THEY FLY UPSIDE DOWN IN THE R.A.F."

### Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

XIII.

*From Professor Aloysius Greenshanks, Bunker's End, Roughover.*

August 29th, 1934.

DEAR SIR,—I am so sorry you had to write to me again about my subscription, but the 1st of June is such a peculiar time for a financial year to begin; the matter always slips my memory—though of course I admit that several notices have come and that I should attend to them. However, I am enclosing cheque herewith. [No cheque enclosed.]

Might I suggest that you alter the date for payment of subscriptions to the 1st of July? I am sure everyone would be better pleased.

Yours faithfully,

A. GREENSHANKS.

*From Mrs. Gopherly-Smyte, The Cottage, Roughover.*

Saturday, September 15th, 1934.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—Are you quite sure I didn't pay Pam's and my own subscription on the 1st of June? I am almost certain I wrote out a cheque

then—the day the Wilkinsons called and I had the stupid new maid; but there is no trace of it among the counterfoils.

Would you please make certain just once more that I haven't overlooked it and I shall write out another cheque?

Yours sincerely,

PRISCILLA GOPHERLY-SMYTE.

*From Master Peter Little, St. Jude's Preparatory School for Boys, Trudgett Magna*

6th October, 1934.

DEAR SIR,—The notice about my juvenile subscription was sent to me here by mistake because Daddy always pays this and you should address it to him. I am sending it back to you as I am trying to get ten bob out of Daddy and if he was to get this now it would be the worse for me. So please could you keep it for a fortnight before sending it straight to him, as by then I shall hope to have the money?

Yours affectionately,

PETER LITTLE.

*From Lionel Nutmeg, Malayan Civil Service (Retd.), Old Bucks Cottage, Roughover.*

6th October, 1934.

SIR,—I have yet another impertinent

letter from you requesting payment of my subscription. Kindly note that if you bother me again about this I shall resign.

You will get your money when I feel like sending it.

Yours faithfully,

L. NUTMEG.

*From Charles ("Sahib") Mesh, Junior Assistant, Sungei Karang Rubber Plantations, Ltd., Perak, F.M.S. (By Air Mail.)*

Monday, 8th October, 1934.

DEAR WHELK,—Your chit re unpaid sub reached me not half-an-hour ago just as I was returning from the factory for tiffin, and I am hastening to write and tell you that I forgot to ask you to put my name on the Absent Members' List before I left for the East in April. I am so sorry, but take it that this letter will put things right.

There is no golf within thirty miles of here, and the Roughover postmark on your notice made me quite *susah hati* (sorrowful), as the Malays say.

Kind regards,

Yours, CHARLES MESH.

P.S.—By the way, would you like a stuffed croc for the entrance-hall of

the Club? I hope to get a shot at one soon and would send it along if you would pay shipping charges. I expect I could get it embalmed, and Claw, the taxidermist in the High Street at Roughover, would do the rest.

From Commander Harrington Nettle,  
C.M.G., D.S.O., Flagstaff Villa,  
Roughover.

23rd October, 1934.

DEAR SIR,—I regret having again overlooked the payment of my subscription due on the 1st of June, but I have been away pheasant-shooting in Yorkshire. I shall pay same in due course.

Yours faithfully,  
HARRINGTON NETTLE.

From Arthur Wripp, St. Mark's College, Oxford.

Monday, 29th October, 1934.

DEAR SIR,—I'm awfully sorry about letting my sub run on for such a long time, but I have been progged this term twice already and my allowance is just about "all in." I have, however, got a sure tip for some Hunt 'chases early next month, and will send along the dubs as and when.

Please enter Miss Angela Love and me for the Mixed Foursomes Competition at Christmas.

Yours faithfully,  
ARTHUR WRIPP.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue,  
K.B.E., C.S.I., The Cedars, Roughover.

1st November, 1934.

SIR,—In reply to your recent notices I have to inform you for the third time that I have no intention whatsoever of paying my subscription until that \* \* \* bunker at the 6th has been filled up.

With regard to your P.S. about what the Committee will do in the event of my refusing to pay before the 1st of December, kindly tell them with my most sincere compliments that they can try this on if they like, but they must be prepared to take the consequences. By Heaven, Sir, but they are about as unenlightened a lot of nin-compoops as I've ever had dealings with, and that's over-praising them!

Yours faithfully,  
ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

From Ralph Viney, Captain, Roughover Golf Club, Roughover.

7/11/34.

DEAR WHELK,—I called at the bank yesterday and the manager told me the Golf Club's account wasn't in anything like such good shape as this time last



A DISTORTING MIRROR AT THE WESTMINSTER FUN FAIR.

SIR JOHN SIMON PASSES BY.

year, due (so he understands from you) to the fact that several subscriptions for the current year still remain unpaid.

I am afraid, Whelk, that you have not been attending to the collection of these outstandings as well as you ought. Please therefore put "Secretary's Inefficiency Regarding Unpaid Subscriptions" on the agenda for the next monthly meeting of the Committee.

Yours very truly,  
R. VINEY.

From Ralph Viney, Captain, Roughover Golf Club, Roughover.

9/11/34.

MY DEAR WHELK,—I am so sorry that mine was one of the unpaid subs

—an oversight, and I enclose cheque herewith.

By the way, please cross off item about Secretary's Inefficiency from the agenda and accept my apologies.

Yours very sincerely,  
R. VINEY.

P.S.—Yes, I suppose we shall have to fill up the General's bunker.

G. C. N.

#### Instruments of Wrath.

"Bassoons are frequent in the south, where they blow down houses."

Schoolboy's Answer.

"OXFORD SPORTS.  
FRESHMAN'S GOOD TIME IN SPRINT."  
Daily Paper.

So glad he enjoyed it.



## As Others Hear Us.

## In Town To-Night.

"My sweet! How wonderful to see you!"

"Darling! isn't this marvellous?"

"Darling, I don't know how to look you in the face!"

"But, darling, *why*?"

"My dear, I've been meaning to write and meaning to write and meaning to write and meaning to write, and I've been *literally* snowed under."

"Darling, I know!"

"And Peter's been too, too ill."

"He hasn't! My dear, have you ever seen anything *like* this place in all your life? I mean, about one-and-a-half looking-glasses to a hundred-and-fourteen women."

"*Absolutely*. How's the family?"

"Darling, too well. Tell me about Peter. He hasn't really been ill?"

"My dear, we gave him up. Literally and completely! I simply never went to bed or closed my eyes for weeks upon weeks. That is literally true."

"My sweet, why didn't you let me know? I could have come, or written, or done anything in the world. Why do you suppose they never give one a *black* safety-pin by any possible chance?"

"I know. They'd rather die, wouldn't they? There is a woman or something somewhere; I know because I saw her."

"Yes, I know. But they melt into thin air the *moment* one wants them. Simply and absolutely evaporate. I've seen them."

"Darling, so have I. But this place is too foul anyway, isn't it? My dear, Israel brought me, and he thinks it's all too wonderful, poor sweet. I hadn't the heart to tell him I know I shall *literally* drop down dead if I have to sit through the cabaret."

"Talking about Israel, I saw Jane the other day, and she's *utterly* gone to bits, my dear; you never saw anything like it. Tell me about Peter. I simply can't bear it."

"Darling, I knew you'd be too, too sorry. I thought of you the *whole* time. Tell me about Jane."

"She's letting her hair go grey. I ask you, my dear, *grey*!!!"

"She's *not*! It's utterly impossible. I'm perfectly snow-white myself. It's worry, I think."

"Darling, you're *too* insane. There isn't a *thread* of white to be seen. Absolutely *coal-black* all over. And I adore the frock."

"It's literally *so* old that it's falling to pieces. Of course yours is heaven. Pure heaven."

"Darling, it's in *rags*. I got it about fourteen years ago at Le Touquet, and it simply *won't* wear out. I've danced in it and played golf in it and scrubbed the floors in it to get it to wear out, and it simply *won't*."

"It looks exactly as if it had this *moment* come out of the box. Tell me more about Jane."

"Darling, there's one inch, simply one inch, that isn't powdered. Shall I grapple?"

"Angel, will you really? I've kept him waiting such hours and hours already. The traffic."

"Isn't it *incredible*? And of course I think the man HORE-BELISHA ought to be shot. Simply and literally shot. I don't know what he *means*, to begin with, with all those zig-zags and things."

"Darling, it's too simple once you've grasped it. You mustn't run over the brutes who walk if they choose to take root on the zig-zags. They've simply got it all their own way."

"I call it perfectly disgusting. Look here, my sweet—I shall have to fly. Too marvellous to have seen you. Look here—do ring me up or something. Not morning, and not afternoon. And evening isn't much good, but *some* time. I *must* hear about Peter. I can't bear it if I don't."

"Darling, of course. Ring me if I don't ring you. They can always take a message. I simply *lived* on the telephone while Peter was ill."

"Too frightful, my sweet. *How* did you survive?"

"Darling, I didn't. Quite simply and literally didn't. But don't you think it was too, too marvellous—I never left him *day* or *night*, for one single instant—and, believe it or not, my sweet, I *didn't* catch the poor pet's cold!"

E. M. D.

## Beds and the Man.

If you take a pencil and shut it into a book and then look at the edge of the book you will see a boat-shaped opening right down the book. It is obvious that the pencil doesn't fit into the book and that no amount of persuasion can induce the pencil to become so completely surrounded by book that the air can't get at it. In fact the only way to insulate the pencil completely from the atmosphere is to select the edge of a page and roll it round the pencil.

This by way of illustration. The matter at issue is primarily the methods employed by the Woman of the House in making my bed. Of course she is at liberty to have her own bed made in any dam-fool way she pleases. If she

cares to tuck her own bed-clothes *so* tightly under the mattress at the sides and the bottom that when she gets into bed she makes a sort of crevice, crevasse or corridor down which the mistral whistles or a succession of depressions from Iceland, that is her affair. But I am not a student of meteorology.

My idea of a worthy bed is a nice flat mattress with its coverings lying free on its surface. You get under the surface, being careful to see that all the coverings come to exactly the same line at the top. Then you heave up one side of yourself very gently; the bed-clothes fall inwards as you lift; and when you fall back again you have made yourself airproof on that side. Similarly you raise the other side; you roll deftly towards the side you have just wrapped; again the bed-clothes follow you; and on your return, behold! you are safely insulated.

There are still the feet. Nobody can sleep with cold feet; but at present air is circulating in a yawning gap right along the bottom of the bed. So you lift the feet and legs into the air and (there is an art in this) allow the clothes at the end of the bed to swing in under you. You drop your legs and lo! the end of the bed is sealed hermetically and you are as snug as a mummy or, if you care to accept the metaphor, as a bug in a rug.

It remains for you to repeat these motions *in petto* so as to ensure complete and permanent contact all over with your cerements, and then to snuggle gently downwards into the stopped-up cylinder, the refuge that you have so rapidly and cunningly fashioned with a facility formed by years of tireless practice. For men at least, bed-going is a highly important technique.

But the Woman of the House refuses to understand this or to condone it. A bed, she says, is made so that it can be tucked in. If it isn't tucked in it isn't a bed. How, she asks, can you expect it to keep out draughts if you don't tuck the clothes in tightly? And when you explain to her, as I explained in my first paragraph, about the pencil and the book, she says "Pooh!" She actually derides you in front of her friends; she tells what intolerable habits you have with your bed-clothes. Man is the superior being, we all agree, yet when women talk to women on this subject, with supine husbands in attendance, the men sit meekly by and allow torrent after vicious torrent of scorn to gush upon their abject heads. You would think that male bed-going was a form of vice, or at least a bad habit, like biting the nails.

And so this is a protest. Know all



"YORE BRAINS 'D GO INSIDE A GREEN PEA AND THEN LEAVE ROOM FER THE MAGGOT!"

MEN by these presents that there are in fact and deed other men having this desire, this yearminess, this lust for bed-comfort. I don't know whether, in view of the number of his women-readers, the Editor of *Punch* dares to publish this article; but if he does dare, then let me add these few words of remote comfort. Not in our lifetime, perhaps, nor in the generation even of our children, shall be seen the emancipation of the male's bed-clobber. But in the end, and gradually, with that inevitability of gradualness spoken of by the prophets of Socialism, the time will come when a man shall be allowed to return to his bed at night finding it exactly as he left it when he carefully crawled out of it in the morning. Selah!

### Exercising Macgregor.

It's woeful wet,  
A day for sitting  
Around the fire  
With books or knitting;  
And who will be  
The lucky beggar  
Who shortly must  
Take out Macgregor?

The rain soaks down  
In spouts and splashes;  
Macgregor's nose  
Adjoins the ashes;  
He sleeps, you say?  
You place your hope in  
A fond deceit—  
He's one eye open.

At every sound  
His tail starts drumming,  
At every step  
He questions, Coming?  
Thicker the deluge  
Falls and faster,  
But—Mac would like  
A tata, Master.

Cook's step? No good;  
He cuddles closer.  
Jane going out?  
No, just the grocer.  
Mistress, perhaps?  
No fortune either.  
Oh, Master, *please!*  
Come on, a breather!

Master, the mutt,  
Puts down his reading;  
Eyes, ears and tail  
Renew their pleading;

Master, the mug,  
Goes all soft-hearted;  
He gets his coat—  
Hooray, we've started!

But, oh! the rain,  
It's pails-and-basins;  
Macgregor's glee  
It promptly chastens;  
The world's a bath,  
The road's a river,  
His tail droops down,  
He starts to shiver.

An eye beneath  
A dripping forehead  
Says, "Master, this  
Is average horrid.  
I made you come,  
But now, I ask it,  
How about home  
And bones and basket?"

Home to the fire,  
Grim duty over;  
Home to the fire  
And Mac's in clover.  
Master's a squelching,  
Sopping, sappy  
Sponge; but at last  
Macgregor's happy. H. B.





"THIS 'ERE'S THE SMOKING-ROOM."

### The J. A. C.

*The Times* the other day reported a speech in which our great and good CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER referred scornfully to "journalistic armchair critics." Lamentably loose language, by the way—lamentably unlimpid thought.

Where falls the accent of the complaint? On "critics"? But is H.M. Gov. to have *no* critics? Then what is the use of all those boastful comparisons between Germany, where no man can say "Bo!" to the Gov., and this blessed land of liberty, where anyone can?

"Armchair"? But why not? Must editors compose their leaders in the bath or write special articles in the Tube? Slight confusion of thought, surely? "Armchair critic," I fancy, means one who sits in a safe club and criticises soldiers on the field of battle. But journalists stand to be shot at as much as H.M. Gov.; they are in the same battle; rather more so, for they have to make a living out of it. A

dramatist might as well complain against the existence of armchair critics.

"Journalistic"? Well, if there is to be no criticism in the journals what about the Freedom of the Press and all that? Where and by whom is criticism to be written? On posters, or pavements, or the backs of white horses? By stevedores, bank-clerks, or the Royal Marines? Does H.M. Gov. object to journalistic armchair supporters, of whom, quite rightly, it has a formidable band?

A little unfortunately, in the next column to the speech mentioned above, there was printed a long list of the Amendments to the Betting and Lotteries Bill which H.M. Gov. proposed to accept. These were forced down H.M. Gov.'s throat by the powerful objections of Mr. CHURCHILL and others to the most fatuous features of that half-baked and septic measure. Hail, the said CHURCHILL and others! But the immediate point is this, that many months before Mr. CHURCHILL and others discovered the said fatuous features they were pointed at and

deprecatd in a reasonable and friendly spirit by many of the poor J.A.C.'s.

This organ, as usual, was in the van. Far back, on April 18th, we dissected the extraordinary provision in Section 20 that it should be an offence to publish, among other things, "any matter descriptive of the drawing or intended drawing" of a lottery—admitting the queer principle that a branch of news not indecent, seditious, blasphemous or in any way corrupting might be made illegal. H.M. Gov. has had to yield, after somewhat humiliating debates, upon this and other points. But if they had paid some attention to the J.A.C.'s they could have made the amendments themselves and acquired merit instead of humiliation. H.M. Gov. have not the smallest excuse; *Punch* is very cheap and can be obtained at any bookstall.

The same story, alas! about the Incitement to Disaffection or Don't Give the Guards Butterscotch Bill. I could never summon up much feeling about that queer measure, one way or another. I was neither convinced that it was vitally necessary nor persuaded,



on the other hand, that it was a sinister menace to any valuable liberties. (And when I saw Mr. ISAAC FOOT, the near-Prohibitionist, leaping into the breach as a Champion of Liberty I could only giggle.) The Bill, as passed, may be good or bad. But again the point is that H.M. Gov. were compelled to admit that it was born bad, or at least imperfect, by accepting very substantial modifications, and that all the powerful criticism to which they yielded came in the first place not from professional politicians but from some very vigorous and able J.A.C.'s.

I recommend H.M. Gov. to do as the dramatist does, distinguish between critics (and subjects) and avoid the juvenile mistake of dismissing the whole crowd with a sweeping phrase about "the critics." If Mr. AGATE, Mr. MORGAN and others tick him off the dramatist sits up and takes notice, because it is more than possible that they may be right. Others may annoy but not influence. Thus, if the ordinary J.A.C. starts telling H.M. Gov. how to work the Gold Standard or run the Navy the Gov. may legitimately turn a deaf ear. But it must be obvious to any thinking Gov. that upon domestic matters affecting the lives of the

people, whether it be films or betting or divorce or dogs, or public-houses or Sunday bowls, the J.A.C. is likely to know as much as Ministers, because it is the journalist's job to keep in touch with these matters and know something about them, while Ministers lead busy lives and are too much occupied with higher things.

Almost the whole Press is agreed that the Betting and Lotteries Act is inadequate and bad, for one reason and another. Quite apart from the lottery business, the Act makes it impossible to do the only sensible thing about betting, which, once more, is to legalise, control and tax it (like "drink"); for it fails in cowardly fashion to legalise and control off-course betting, and till that is done no bets can be taxed effectively. The betting laws have been a hypocritical muddle for a hundred years, and this belated Act leaves the muddle as it is—or rather aggravates it. When we are told that, after all, we may lawfully write to Dublin for a sweep ticket, the wonder deepens. For what becomes of the talk about "English money draining into Ireland"? Why may we not write a similar letter to London, pay tax upon our ten shillings, and

upon our £30,000 as well? Isn't it really an insult to HIS MAJESTY to ask him to assent to a measure so deficient in logic, morality, principle, policy, or any other good quality? A lamentable, lousy Act! And so long as H.M. Gov. pays more attention to Mr. I. FOOT than to its own supporters—not to mention the J.A.C.'s—its efforts to deal with such subjects will continue to be lamentable and lousy.

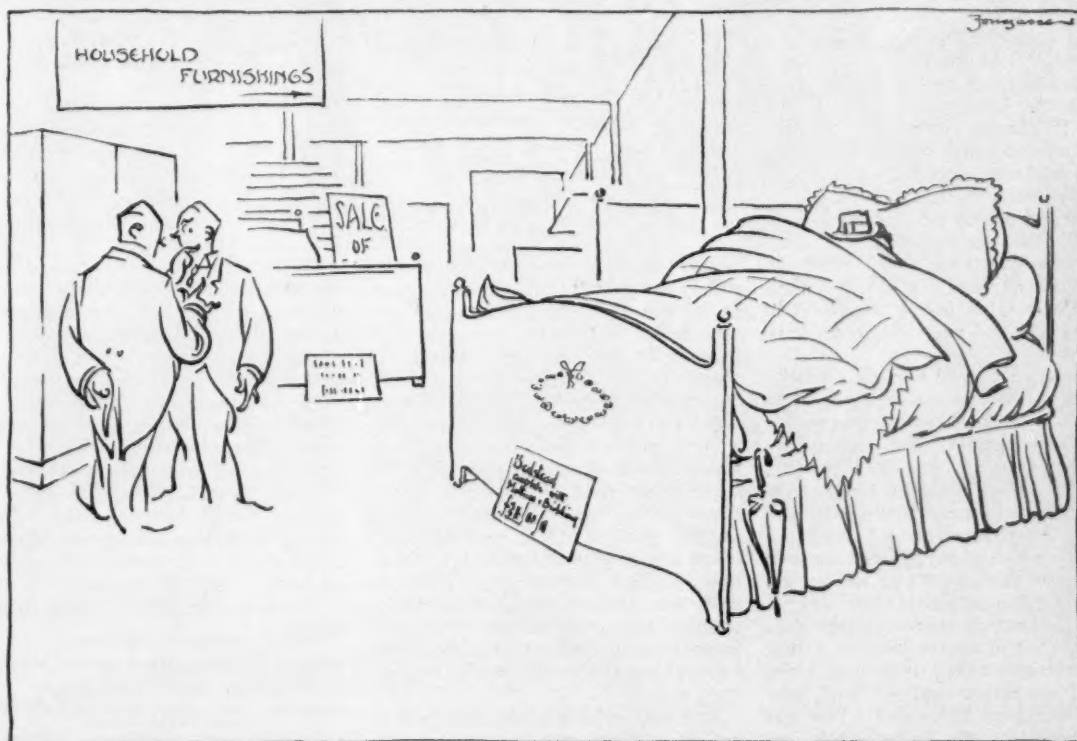
I met an extraordinary fellow the other day who seemed to be prosecuting the House of Commons or some such nonsense. He said that he had been growing lukewarm in the matter, but that recent events had powerfully renewed his zeal. Sorry, Gov., to have to speak to you like this; but less of this "J.A.C." stuff, please! A. P. H.

#### An Impending Apology.

"This autobiography certainly merits a place high above most contemporary fiction. It is Mr. Wells's own best achievement."  
*Daily Paper.*

"The Committee of the Melbourne District Nursing Society invites applications for the position of matron of the After-Car Hospital."  
*Australian Paper.*

For those who get run down?



"IN ANY CASE, MR. SMITH, WAIT UNTIL HE WAKES NATURALLY. IT'S JUST POSSIBLE IT'S ONE OF THE DIRECTORS."

### A Job for George.

It is odd how people are always attributing things to one—qualities, abilities, nationalities and so on. On the slenderest possible evidence people have at one time or another accused me of having or being delicate, a nice nature, a tenor singer, a Scot, a Swede and a man named Sturtevant who lived in my flat before me and hadn't paid his gas-bill.

Frankly it is difficult to see how these ideas arise (except the one about Sturtevant—that of course is perfectly natural). But the real illusion that troubles me, the one that makes life difficult at frequent intervals, is the deep-rooted conviction of all my friends that I am an employment agency.

It is easy to see how the idea gained currency. Clearly it was Cuthbert Palinode who was my downfall. Cuthbert was an unattractive and podgy specimen of eighteen, and poor old Palinode was at his wit's end to know what to do with him. As ill-luck would have it, I met a man a week later who wanted a boy of about eighteen. What the job consisted of I was never really sure. But apparently no brains were necessary and podginess was a definite advantage, so Cuthbert filled the bill and got the job; and old Palinode wrote me a letter overflowing with gratitude and went away and told all his friends that I'd got his boy a good post in just a week, and what it was to have influence.

Since then I have worked up quite a pretty little connection. Never a week goes by but I get a letter saying that Henry has just failed Responsions for the third time, and do I think it would be a good thing for him to give up the idea of a university career and try for the Diplomatic? I never get anyone good. The people who write to me always have sons who are apparently just uncertifiable, five feet in height and rather short-sighted. And if I say that of course jobs are rather scarce nowadays they draw themselves up and say rather coldly, "Well, how about Cuthbert Palinode? You got him a good job. Mr. Palinode told me. And at least Henry has got through Common Entrance and has a clear

skin. . . ." Which brings me, rather belatedly, to George.

Frankly I would rather like to get George a job. George is a charming man, and if I could afford it I should just keep him myself. Not to do anything. Just tame about the place. Moreover, you can look at him without pain, and as long as someone else buys his clothes he wears them quite nicely. But George suffers from two major disadvantages—a really extraordinary lack of ability and expensive tastes. He is a perfect example of a man with an independent income without the independent income, if you see my meaning. Let me just run over his specification:—

- (1) George is an only child.
- (2) I won't say he was educated at a



public school, but he attended one for some years entirely without distinction. It is true that they threw him out eventually, but even that was only because he couldn't get beyond the Upper Fourth and not for any really enterprising piece of crime.

(3) He then spent two years with a crammer, failing Little-Go in a fatalistic sort of way at intervals.

(4) After that there is a blank. There is always a blank in the biography of the greatest men, and George's blank comes here and goes on for some time. In fact from the age of nineteen until the present day, when he is twenty-four, George seems to have got as near doing nothing as a man can. I should imagine he did it very charmingly too.

And now, whether you believe it or not, his mother writes to me and says that she thinks it is time George settled down to a career, and, as

Mr. Palinode told her that I . . . You see?

Well, to put it bluntly, I'm stumped. If the person in question were anyone but George I should just send one of my standard replies—telling her to send him to Kenya, or have him trained to sell vacuum-cleaners, or to arrange for him to commit a crime and be sent where he will be Taught a Useful Trade, or Young Men Who are Physically Fit should Join the Police, or Immediate Employment in the Army, or one of those things. But, as I say, George has expensive tastes.

Quite apart from the fact that I am convinced that he couldn't sell life-belts in a wreck, or that someone would have to put him in charge of the guard on the way to Kenya, or that he wouldn't be able to think of a crime to commit, we are up against the fundamental difficulty that no job at a salary less than a thousand pounds a year would be any earthly use to George. And anyhow I doubt if his mother would let him take it.

However, after a good deal of thought I have evolved the following list of possibilities:—

(1) Companion to someone who is deaf and dumb.

(2) Caretaker. (As far as I know, even George could caretake as long as nothing happened. And the chances are all against anything happening.)

(3) First prizewinner in one of those odd things that give you five hundred pounds a year for life in return for four words. George knows quite a lot of words. He could send them eight, and that would be a thousand pounds.

(4) Assistant listener to the man who taps the wheels of trains. They never seem to hear anything anyhow.

(5) Monk (Contemplative Order). If all these fail I'm afraid there's nothing for it but to make him a managing director of something. George sleeps like a baby at the slightest provocation. And it would give him a chance to use his education signing things.

**Unwarrantable Attack on the P.M.G.**  
"WHY WOOD POSTS ROT."  
Heading in Scots Paper.

"CHEESE.—Cheshire Cheese moved off quietly."—*Liverpool Trade Paper.*  
Yes, but is it heading south?



THE TURNING OF THE WORMS.





"GOSH, SUSAN, THIS IS THE LIMIT. I'M A POUND HEAVIER."

### His Nabs.

WHATEVER may have been said at the time about an absentee landlord—and no one who knows the village of Bawnoge will doubt that it "said its nuff"—the top-hatted frock-coated statue in the little market square now plays a prominent part in the life of the place.

With the passing of the years this grey stone figure has ceased to have any connection with the departed Viscount who once owned "the weighty two-thirds of the village," though he took so little interest in the place as never to appear there at all.

"I never seen him," the oldest inhabitant says; "but if the statyah is annything like him I'd say he was a class of a Don Jooan."

The Viscount's tenants of those far-off days, acting on the advice of a diplomatic agent, decided to erect a statue in honour of the elusive lord of the soil. "Whatever on the livin' earth," their descendants say now, "med them so givish all in a slap?"

As a landmark the stone figure—known to his fellow-townsmen as "His Nabs"—is of great importance. "Go on as far as His Nabs," mystified

strangers are told, with added instructions as to the course they then must take. Even when their route lies straight ahead through the town the local guide cannot keep the statue out of it. "Let you go as far as His Nabs," he will say unnecessarily, for the wide street sees to that, "but pay no heed to him at all, only thavel on the way you're goin' till you come to Cloney."

In these days of progress the daily bus to the big town a few miles away begins its jerky journey in the market square; and, scorning time-tables as inelastic inventions, the harassed owner-driver tells all inquirers as to time and place: "Nine-thirty fornenst His Nabs"; then, *sotto voce* (for who should know the temperamental vehicle better than he?), "wid the help of God."

In more than one of the sagas that are treasured in Bawnoge the statue with its outstretched arms fills a dramatic rôle. As in the story of the Guzzler Brennan, now reformed but once an incurably thirsty soul, who, reeling against His Nabs on a belated journey towards home one sultry August night in the "troublesome times," saw the rigid pointing arm above him and presumed at once that this man carried a lethal weapon.

"Put up yer gun," he yelled suddenly, "an' let it be a fair fight." Then, losing his precarious balance, the Guzzler fell and struck his head with such force against the skirts of the frock-coat that he lay there until morning, quite conscious, but also quite convinced that he had been shot dead.

"Me whole life passed before me, an' I lyin' there," he has said of that vigil. "An' look'd, it was a terrifying sight." And because no tale in Ireland is complete without a direct reference to the weather, the story-teller fits it in neatly. "I recall that night well," he explains, "for we had heat at the time that you wouldn't get upon the Equittor."

It is as an onlooker at the numerous election meetings of the past few years, however, that His Nabs has figured most prominently of all. No such meeting could have gone with a swing without the statue, at whose base the various speakers have stood, while candid references to the unheeding stone figure close by have emphasised the uncompromising statements of both parties.

Many a democratic candidate for a place on the County Council has been moved to a finer frenzy by the formally correct costume of His Nabs and has hurled abuse at the alien who, in these days of emancipated Irish tweeds, is

still clothed in the hated livery of a period to which he refers as "a lamentable cycle of slavery."

Not until it was pointed out by a bitter political opponent of Ireland's latest organisation that His Nabs was all the time indulging in the Fascist salute of the Blueshirt Party did the real fun begin; and for a while scarcely a night passed without some demonstration of disapproval. For a week or so his very name seemed to be in some danger of eclipse. But a Bawnoge nickname is given for the rest of time, and those who pointedly referred to the statue as "O'Duffy" were forced to go back to the original title of "His Nabs."

\* \* \* \* \*

Last night while the village slept a blue shirt was dragged somehow on to the statue in the market square. By ten o'clock this morning a large crowd had gathered to watch and to encourage the struggles of the local Guards to remove the garment without first knocking off the tall hat. It was a scene such as Bawnoge loves, and even the rheumatic Danny Scally did what he calls "puttin' an inch to me step," which means simply that he hurried as best he could to be there in time.

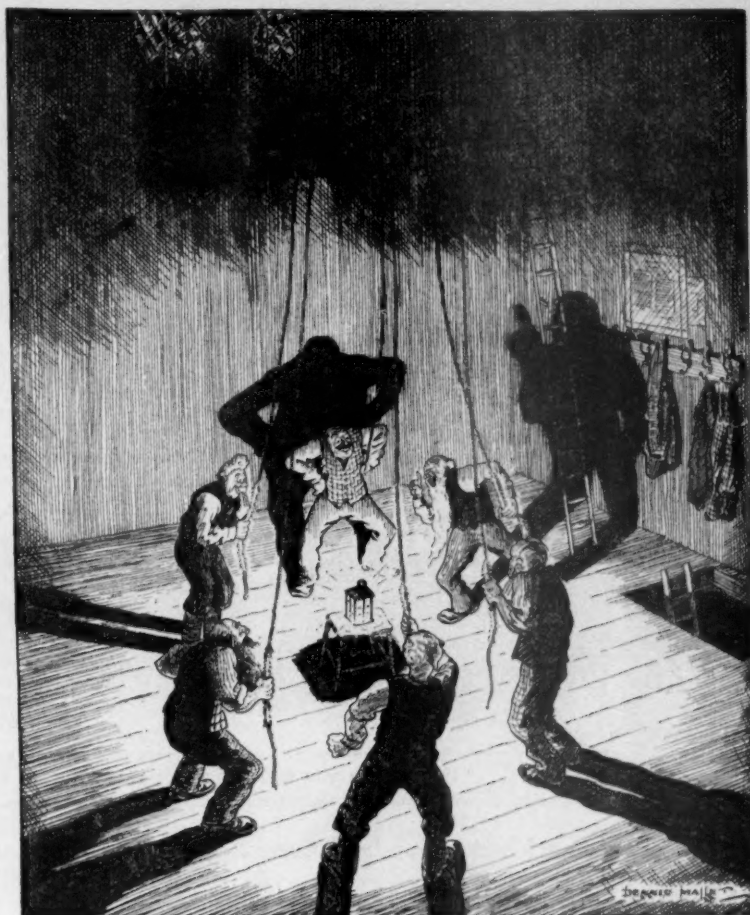
Finally, with a rending sound, the shirt was torn from neck-band to hem and dropped to the ground, leaving the unveiled statue in its proper attire.

When the little storm of cheering had died away old Danny spoke for all to hear. "I often heard tell of the Blueshirt Split," he said, "but now I seen it for meself." D. M. L.

### Hail, Peppiatts!

ONE thing has been made more than clear to me during the past weeks and that is that public officials should write distinctly, and particularly their names. Had this rule been followed at, say, the Bank of England, I should not have been betrayed into my recent unfortunate variations on Treasury notes, which, together with the Editor and Assistant-Editor and the printers and proof-readers of *Punch*, I had assumed to be signed CATTERUS and therefore called them Catterri. A wasted effort, for there is no such person as B. G. CATTERUS. There is only B. G. CATTERNS, and to talk about a Catterns is absurd. You could say a Bradbury or a Catterus; but no one could ask for change for a Catterns.

What happens, I wonder, when this gentleman writes to his tailor for patterns? Does he get them, or is the reply that no one there knows what paterus means? And how does he refer to untidy women? Does he call



"LET'S BE DEVILS! LET'S RING 'BIG BAD WOLF'!"

them slatterus? Obviously. And on his holidays in Norfolk does he hear the bitterus boom?

It is, when one reflects, a strange thing, and a commentary on the mysteries of finance, that a man can rise to such a high position as Chief Cashier of the Bank of England without being able to write his name in an unambiguous manner. Mr. CATTERNS may be under the impression that he has made an "n," but I can assure him that the weight of public opinion is all the other way. Most of the waking hours since, on November 8th, the first protest came in, from a City reader with special inside knowledge, I have spent in showing Treasury notes to the initiated and asking them what the signature upon them is, and, with a single exception, the answer has been, "Catterus, of course. Why?" And then we have gone on to remark what a sensible thing it would be to suppress Catterns altogether and stick to the wrong

but far more amusing style. In this way the Chief Cashier would break into the English language and one day find himself in the dictionaries; which no one named CATTERNS could ever do.

So far had I written in this apology to the signer of Treasury notes, when, to my amazement, drawing another of these rare and refreshing products from my pocket for the purpose of collecting still further evidence of careless caligraphy, I found the signature was K. O. PEPIATT. Mr. CATTERNS, it seems, has retired from the post of Chief Cashier and is now a Director of the Bank, and Mr. PEPIATT reigns and will now sign in his stead: K. O. PEPIATT. Good. Even if we haven't got any ourselves, we can refer to the Peppiatts of others, just as we used wistfully to refer to their Bradburys. Well, here is wishing K. O. PEPIATT a long life in his post, and may I often be in a position to add his autograph to my collection! E. V. L.



"WHY DO YOU MAKE SUCH FACES WHEN YOU BID, PARTNER?"  
 "HOW WOULD YOU KNOW IT WAS A PSYCHIC IF I DIDN'T?"

### More Trouble with the Gossip Column.

DEAN INGE, in a farewell interview with journalists, is reported to have said,  
 "Well, boys, I guess we've had some great old times! Yes, that is to be the asparagus-bed."

\* \* \*

To an intimate friend Mr. LLOYD GEORGE recently confessed: "I must have been barmy  
 To go in for politics instead of joining the Army."

\* \* \*

Met Sir OSWALD MOSLEY and hoped to get a word with him on the quiet,  
 But unfortunately he had to dash off to speak at a riot.

\* \* \*

"What do you regard as the most hopeful portent in the post-War world?" I asked Mr. H. G. WELLS.  
 "The fact," he replied equably, "that whenever I write a new book it sells."

\* \* \*

Mr. ELY CULBERTSON was recently involved in a curious little mishap:  
 In the middle of an international bridge contest he inadvertently called "Snap!"

\* \* \*

Motoring through Oxford I was startled by the impatient honk of a hooter;  
 I looked round to see Lord NUFFIELD dash past me down the High on a scooter.

At a forthcoming function Mr. BALDWIN and Sir HENRY PAGE-CROFT are to sing a duet. Their choice is "Indian Love Lyrics," arranged for two voices.

\* \* \*

It is hoped that Mr. T. O. M. SOPWITH  
 May soon get hold of a craft to have another pop with.  
 C. L. M.

On Friday, November 30th, the Film Première and Gala Performance of *The Iron Duke* will be held at the Tivoli in aid of the Reconstruction Fund of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street. H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, President of the Hospital, intends to be present at this opening presentation of GEORGE ARLISS's first British talkie, and the occasion promises to be a brilliant one. There are some ten- and five-guinea circle seats and two-guinea stalls still available, tickets for which may be obtained from the Hon. MARGARET BIGGE, 34, Guilford Street, W.C.1., the Tivoli Box Office, and the usual agencies.

### People in "Punch."

INCLUDED with the next issue will be found a coloured cartoon of the Earl of WILLINGTON, successively Governor of Bombay, Madras, Governor-General of Canada and, since 1931, Viceroy and Governor-General of India.

"Before the election of two Aldermen Mr. — said he wanted to see proceeddure more regular. . . . The present proceeddure was very irregular."—*Local Paper*.  
 And getting rapidly worse.





### THE PIRATES OF GENEVA.

WILD ROBERT. "ONCE ABOARD THE LUGGER AND THE GIRL IS MINE!"  
GENTLE JOHN. "NOT IF I KNOW IT."



## Impressions of Parliament.

### Synopsis of the Week.

Monday, November 12th.—Commons:  
Betting Bill Further Considered.



### REVERSION TO TYPE?

CONJECTURAL VIEW OF MR. CHURCHILL'S  
FUTURE ROLE AS LEADER OF THE CONSER-  
VATIVE CAVE-MEN.

Tuesday, November 13th.—Lords: In-  
clement to Disaffection Bill read Third  
Time.

Commons: Betting Bill read Third  
Time.

Wednesday, November 14th.—Lords:  
Debate on Defence.

Commons: Debate on Distressed  
Areas.

Monday, November 12th.—From  
Question of Sir ROBERT  
HAMILTON to-day one feared  
that all may not be well with  
clove industry in Zanzibar;  
but to those who have been  
noting widespread enrolment  
of African piccaninies in  
the Boy Scouts news of a  
clove hitch in that continent  
is by no means surprising.

Everyone should be thank-  
ful that Lena Goldfields dis-  
pute seems settled. To  
general public thing has long  
since become a bore, while  
shareholders are probably  
lucky to get back from Soviet  
as much as £3,000,000 of  
their original capital. With-  
out Government's assistance,  
as Lieut.-Colonel COLVILLE  
said to-day, they would  
probably never have got  
anything. They may further comfort  
themselves that they are not alone in  
their loss, for Sir VICTOR WARRENDER  
admitted that silver plate belonging

to our Embassy in Petrograd was stolen  
in 1918 and only a few hundred pounds' worth  
have been recovered. Just a  
spoon or two.

Betting Bill debate continued fur-  
iously. It began to-day, on Report  
Stage, with question of search, Sir  
WILLIAM DAVISON comparing appar-  
ently milder search clause in Dis-  
affection Bill, and Mr. DINGLE FOOT  
expounded truly Liberal view that  
gamblers should be treated as harshly  
as traitors. Mr. CHURCHILL, who is  
proving tower of strength to sweep-  
stakes brigade, was trenchant and en-  
tertaining on liberty of subject, and  
denounced Bill as class-legislation; and  
the boot of Liberal exposition was then  
upon the other FOOT, who mocked  
Mr. CHURCHILL's appeal to Labour  
Benches.

HOME SECRETARY having declared  
fiercely (he is clearly tiring of subject  
of lotteries) that no search would be  
made for single tickets, Mr. ISAAC FOOT  
went on to try to bring football-pools  
within Bill (as indeed they should be),  
pointing out that Royal Commission  
had declared them as evil as Tote clubs;  
but, though HOME SECRETARY admitted  
this evil, he could only promise to con-  
sider Private Bill dealing with it.

So deeply has this inadequate piece  
of legislation stirred Parliamentary  
waters that Members continued rather  
wearily to orate about it until 5.6 A.M.  
More than once in the small hours Mr.  
CHURCHILL erupted in a manner very  
grateful and refreshing to champions  
of Modest Bet.

Tuesday, November 13th.—Lords,  
who yesterday enjoyed gay but un-

friends did not intend to vote against  
Bill, it being their view that it was  
not function of Lords to reject any  
measure passed by majority of repre-  
sentatives of people in Commons, but  
he described Bill as ill-devised, badly-  
constructed and wrongly drafted. Lord



### RAMSAY MACBETH—

"If it were done when 'tis done, then  
'twere well  
It were done quickly."

STRICKLAND supported Third Reading,  
for he considered Bill absolutely neces-  
sary, but he feared it was too weak to  
counter effectively subversive propa-  
ganda directed against Imperial rule  
and British culture. After Lord ALLEN  
had expressed his alarm that principle  
of general search-warrant should be  
brought within area of political  
opinion, Lord HAILSHAM  
again emphasised impor-  
tance of protecting armed  
Forces, and reminded House  
that search powers in Bill  
were only reproduced from  
other Statutes which had  
not proved obnoxious.

### Poor Fish!

Lower House is like bot-  
tom form in public school  
in that you never know what  
Members will not produce  
from their pockets. Some of  
older hands think nothing  
of whipping out a Japanese  
bicycle or a side of Argentine  
beef, and to-day Mr. HALES  
surprised Mr. ELLIOT by sud-  
denly levelling a herring at  
him without slightest provo-  
cation, and begging him, as  
gesture to the nation, to consume it for  
his breakfast. Fortunately the creature  
was already dead. Sir PERCY HURD's  
rider that Mr. ELLIOT should see about

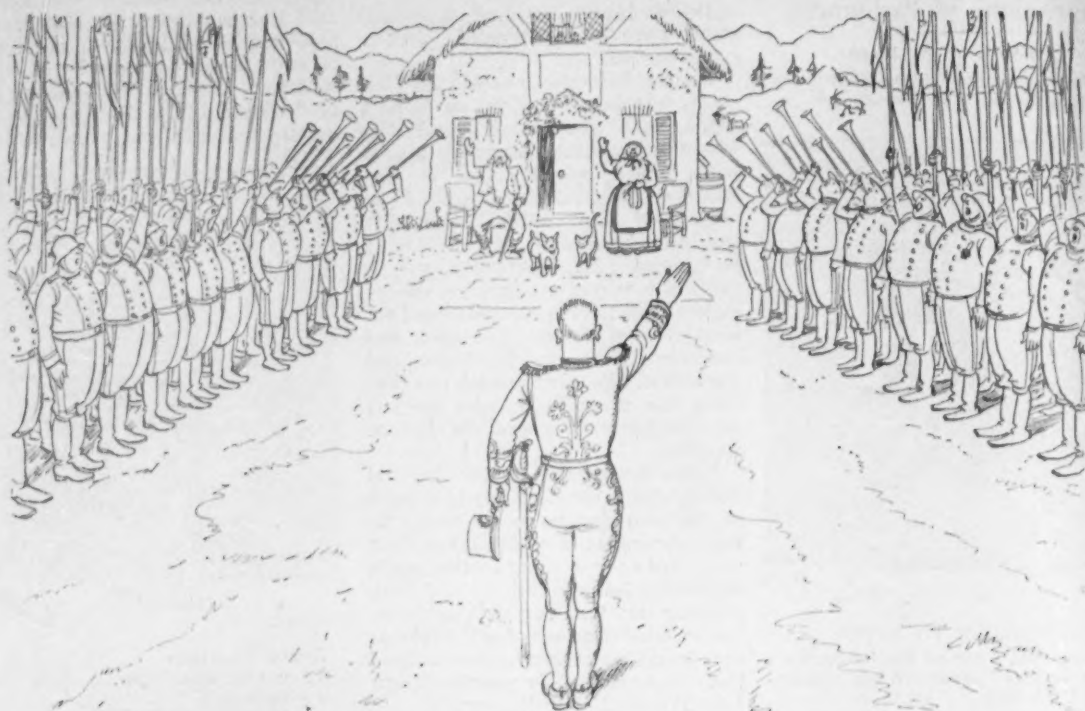


### THE OLD COMPLAINT.

MR. GREENWOOD (to Mr. LANSBURY). "CONFOUND IT, GUV'NOR!  
THERE'S NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN GONE AND HELPED HIMSELF  
TO ALL OUR CLOTHES!"

eventful sitting of three minutes, to-day  
debated Disaffection Bill further, before  
giving it Third Reading. Lord PON-  
SONBY announced that he and his





THE DICTATOR OF TOSHovia VISITS HIS AGED PARENTS.

breeding boneless herrings struck House as v. businesslike suggestion. (At same time he might arrange for another longfelt want—trout which would subsist solely on artificial fly.)

Mr. MacDONALD came in for some criticism for forcing Betting Bill through too ruthlessly, but he stood his ground; and there followed debate in which very little fresh was contributed. Bill's detractors continued to condemn it for its illogicality in smiling so graciously on certain kinds of betting while frowning so sternly on other milder varieties, and its supporters continued to put forward general argument that even a leaky umbrella is better than no protection. Why, though—and this seems reasonable question—should a new Government umbrella be leaky?

One good thing this Bill has done has been to strike rare cloud of sparks from Mr. CHURCHILL. To-night he was in tremendous form, and packed House was treated to more wit than it has had for a long time.

Wednesday, November 14th.—In response to Questions by Lords MOTTISTONE and BEATTY, Lord HAILSHAM made statement to-day about Government's defence policy. Expansion of R.A.F. is going ahead, but other Services will not be forgotten. In

Government's view Navy (about which he could naturally not say much owing to current conversations with other Powers) under any new international agreement must be equipped with adequate number of cruisers; and as regards Army, he explained that in latest defence schemes Territorials played increasing part.

#### Hope for the North.

Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN made his announcements about proposed relief for distressed areas to crowded House this afternoon, and met with no more substantial criticism from Labour Party than that such of the proposals as had constructive value had long been part of Labour policy—a point emphasised in particular, without intentional humour, by Mr. GREENWOOD.

CHANCELLOR opened his speech by denouncing fallacy that unemployment was a passing affliction which temporary measures could cure. New Unemployment Board, he said, had been charged with welfare of unemployed apart from its duties of relief; but, though Board would doubtless pay special attention to plight of distressed areas, these called for more immediate rescue. Their markets had suffered contraction which recent economic

recovery had done little to mitigate, and two facts had to be faced: atmosphere of listlessness and chronic condition of poverty.

After warm reference to work of investigating Commissioners, he went on to detail Government's proposals. These are, briefly: (1) Appointment of two permanent Commissioners, Mr. P. M. STEWART for England and Wales and Sir ARTHUR ROSE for Scotland. (2) Resuscitation of old, and initiation of new, industries. (3) Re-shuffling of younger population. (4) More training-camp facilities. (5) Land settlement, for which Commissioners will have power to acquire land compulsorily. (6) Bill early next Session. (7) Temporary grant of £2,000,000 for general purposes, to be augmented in next April's Budget.

Proposals aroused Liberal dissatisfaction of Mr. HARCOURT JOHNSTONE, who considered that they did not go far enough, especially in their omission to tackle question of coal-mining royalties, but were strongly supported by Colonel HEADLAM, expert on Durham area. In reply Mr. OLIVER STANLEY expressed his confidence that if these districts could only be made less like graveyards and if credit were made easier for them, they would certainly give birth to new industries.

### The Truth.

AFTER six years' faithful service as secretary of the Little Wobbley Literary Society I have been defeated by a dastardly combination of the Hogg faction and the Robinson clique. I was obliged to resign, following a snap division on the Electrification scheme. In the past we have always worked our magic lantern with an acetylene-lamp and, apart from a couple of singed beards in '26, it has given every satisfaction. The idea of changing to electricity was cunningly introduced by Colonel Hogg when my majority was away with asthma, and the Chairman (Robinson) cast me out with his casting vote.

I am not altogether sorry, however, because I can now tell the world the whole truth about my six years of office. I am now free to blacken the characters of my old colleagues and to reveal confidences that were never meant to go beyond the doors of the Committee-room.

When I came into power in '28 I soon discovered that all the other members of the Committee were either fools or rogues, except Colonel Hogg, who was both. Each member seemed to be on the Committee for entirely selfish reasons, and their subservience to vested interests, together with their unholy relish for secret pacts, had resulted in general inefficiency, so that the membership had dwindled alarmingly and the books showed a deficit of eleven shillings and twopence-three-farthings.

Mrs. Johnson-Clitheroe, for instance, had entered into a secret pact with Colonel Hogg, under the terms of which he was to propose that she should sing "There are Fairies at the Bottom of My Garden," and she was to propose that he should recite "Gungha Din." This fiendish arrangement would have been enough to blast the prospects of the opening social, but the Chairman had an arrangement with the Vicar's wife which added considerably to the burden of the members. The Vicar's wife agreed to suggest that the Chairman should sing "Asleep in the Deep" on condition that he allowed the Vicar's wife to give a couple of her beastly Cockney impersonations.

My first task was to clean up the mess in which all this turpitude had landed the society. By playing my cards skilfully I got Mrs. Johnson-Clitheroe and the Vicar's wife ejected from the Committee and filled their places with two men of mild aspect and considerable affluence. But as soon as they found themselves on the Com-



"I ONLY JUST SAW IT IN TIME, BY JOVE!"

mittee, which for long had been the summit of their ambition, they dropped their mild aspect and revealed unsuspected depths.

Cashley's manner was insufferable. When he heard that he had been elected he came to see me in a state of revolting jubilation. "Every spinster in Little Wobbley will be wanting to ask me to tea now that I am on the Committee," he said.

To keep him quiet I had to agree to let him play a banjo solo at every opening social, and the other new man said that he would vote with the opposition unless I would let him recite "Gungha Din."

Here was a crisis! For years Colonel Hogg had recited "Gungha Din" at every opening social, and Colonel Hogg is not a man lightly to relinquish a privilege. I solved it in statesman-like fashion by letting them recite it as a duet.

For six years I steered the society through good times and bad. A difficult task when it is remembered that in my own person was concentrated the entire stock of honesty and ingenuity at the Committee's disposal. At last, however, the members began to grow restive, and I was continually asked why I allowed Colonel Hogg and partner to go on reciting "Gungha Din" year after year. The voice of the People has never spoken to me in vain, and at this year's opening social I recited "Gungha Din" myself.

#### The Red Menace.

"He died from a Russia blood to the head."—Schoolgirl's Essay.

#### Save Us From Our Friends.

"After a reunion with their friends, the mate, who received a fractured thigh, and a spare hand, who was severely cut about the head with glass, were taken to their homes in the ambulance."—Daily Paper.



## At the Play.

## "YOUNG MR. DISRAELI" (KINGSWAY).

NEVER having read *Vivian Grey*, very young Mr. DISRAELI's first contribution to literature, I am unable to judge to what extent its harsh treatment by the critics was deserved; but I can only say that in contrast to the remarkable facility with which our contemporary book-reviewers confidently discern immortal genius at the rate of three a minute, it was a tonic to listen to *Blackwood's* and *The Quarterly's* measured castigation, read out to us by the victim's indignant sister. The reviewers had not minced a word, and they were masters of good honest trouncing English. When it seemed that they had stopped in sheer exhaustion they were only pausing to draw breath for further triumphant buffeting and drubbing. I confess it was balm to modern ears.

To the *Disraeli* family, however, ignorant of the future of literary criticism, it was not. *Isaac Disraeli* (Mr. STANLEY LATHBURY) had been mellowed by a lifetime of academic authorship, and so accepted these hearty strictures on his son with little more annoyance than he accepted the mixing of white and dark meat in his bedtime sandwiches or the carelessness of a cook who permitted skin to form on his hot milk. He had warned *Benjamin* (Mr. DERRICK DE MARNEY) that the town would not easily swallow literary cheek from a boy of twenty-one, and he had been right. *Sarah* (Miss SELMA VAZ DIAS) was much more affected, fearing that her sensitive brother would be deeply humiliated; and when handsome *Benjamin* came swaggering in from a party we were not left long in doubt. No sooner had his father gone to bed than he flung himself on his sister's bosom in an agony of grief and spilt, not a mere bibful but a positive bathful of hysterical resentment (an exercise in which *Sarah* showed a companionable alacrity in joining him), and in addition informed her that he was heavily in debt. So hard had he taken the knock that it was difficult to remember that here was a young man so wonderfully elastic and courageous that for years he was to brave the taunts of the ruling classes, finally to win through to the leadership of the country. DISRAELI's very success was, I know, essentially first-class melodrama, but he did become an eminent statesman and a very competent novelist; and these do not spring miraculously from a conceited gigolo. This criticism applies mainly to

Miss ELSWYTH THANE's First Act, for in her Second and Third, which are very much better, the fact that *Disraeli* still exhibits too little of the rare quality which must have been inherent in him is obscured by the growing strength of the play.



THE AUTHOR OF "VIVIAN GREY"  
FEELS BLUE.

*Sarah Disraeli* . . . MISS SELMA VAZ DIAS.  
*Benjamin Disraeli* . . . MR. DERRICK DE MARNEY.

In Act I., Scene 2, we had jumped five years, and in the country-house at Bradenham we awaited *Benjamin's* return from Egypt. In the meantime,



BEFORE THE DAYS OF WEEK-ENDS.

*TITA* (MR. JAMES PAGE) COMES TO STAY  
SEVENTEEN YEARS OR SO AT BRADENHAM.

we learned, he had been travelling for his health with a Mr. Meredith, who, having become engaged to *Sarah*, had died of a fever in Cairo. When *Benjamin* arrived *Mrs. Disraeli* (Miss ELSIE IRVING) begged him sorrowfully to set about comforting *Sarah*, who, since the tidings of Mr. Meredith's death, had been frozen with misery, and if possible to thaw her into shedding some medicinal tears. With such an emotional family I had my misgivings about this suggestion, but by the callous methods of modern psychology, i.e., by describing the details of her lover's death, *Benjamin* succeeded, and as the curtain dropped the girl seemed more herself. (I hasten to add that Miss VAZ DIAS played the part very well.)

This somewhat lachrymose scene was enormously cheered by the brief appearance of *Tita* (Mr. JAMES PAGE), a sort of *Bulgar Jeeves* whom the young *Disraeli* had picked up in Central Europe. He was a tremendous fellow, with rolling faithful eyes, a real dyed-in-the-dagger desperado, got up in a mass of coloured blankets and an anachronistically checked scarf. BYRON, they said, had expired in his arms, while it was thought that SHELLEY may have done the same; and indeed he looked as if the deaths of any number of lesser poets might have been laid more directly at his door.

Act II. opened four years later in *Benjamin's* London rooms (he was then thirty), and we saw him burning with anxiety to win a seat in the House and beginning to be bored with his mistress, *Henrietta* (Miss IRIS ASHLEY); and, went on, after another three years, to the house of the *Wyndham Lewises* (Miss SOPHIE STEWART and Mr. DOUGLAS BURBIDGE), who were cosseting him after the rough treatment he had met with at the hands of the O'Connells during his maiden speech.

There was a far more authentic ring to this Act and to the Third (a year or so later), in which he was urging marriage on *Lewis's* charming widow. The insistence of two catty friends of hers that he was only after her money provided us first with a good piece of comedy and finally with a moving scene (marred just a little by a too hysterical outburst) where tragedy was averted and the marriage agreed to which was to last for over thirty years.

It would be very unfair to blame Mr. DE MARNEY because his part had so little to do with the later DISRAELI. As soon as he had emerged from the quicksands of the First Act one realised



how excellent was his impression of a youth mannered and theatrical and yet sensitive and convincing, as "Dizzy" must have been. From the rest of a thoroughly sound cast Miss SOPHIE STEWART was outstanding for her delightful portrait of a wise little woman, innocent but not irritating, simple but not shallow. ERIC.

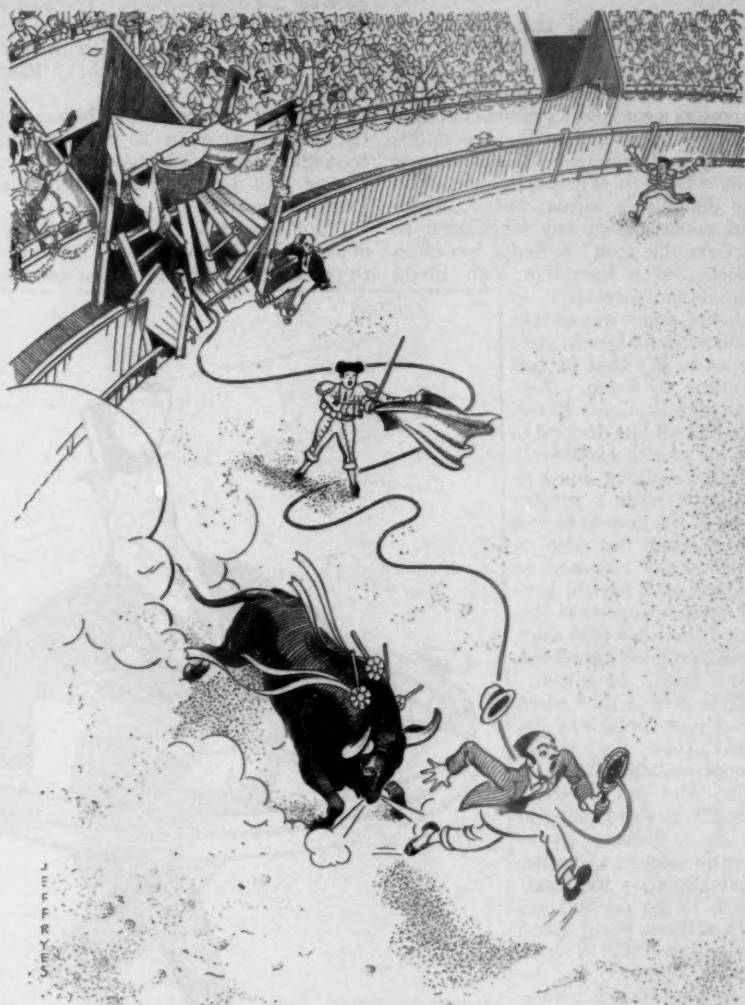
On Thursday, November 22nd, the GERALD DU MAURIER Matinée, which Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of YORK have kindly consented to attend, will be given in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund. A point of special interest to *Punch* readers is that the programme will include "living" reproductions of some of the most famous GEORGE DU MAURIER cartoons.

### A Protest.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—It is surely time that some protest was made against the attitude of the general public towards that notoriously patient and therefore long-suffering person, the angler. Even the impaler of worms should be allowed an occasional turn. In almost every book, newspaper and periodical we anglers are depicted as sitting in the rain, falling into the river, being outrivalled by small urchins, catching nothing, or telling untruths about the paltry fish we do catch. Indeed, Sir, the recent portrayal in your columns of two anglers who had caught a whole boatload of fish was of so novel and pleasing a character as to earn you the warm gratitude of my fraternity.

Now we anglers do not very much resent being considered fools. We will ourselves smile when others quote at us your own immortal "Come inside!"—especially if this be not done at the end of a blank day, because we feel towards the scoffer at our craft much as the patron of caviar or of oysters feels towards those who mention such dishes with a pitying smile. If angling be folly we would not be wise.

But we do resent the constant imputation of inaccuracy in the matter of our weights and measures. As for weights, is there any other class of sportsman who reckons his spoils in ounces—nay, even, as I recently read of an angling competition, in drachms? Here surely is proof enough of our honesty. Let the critic ask a sporting friend the weight of a partridge or pheasant he has shot, or of the fox or otter at whose outwitting he has assisted and he will be met, except perhaps in the case of the otter, with the vaguest assertions, if he get any answer at all.



A RUNNING COMMENTARY FROM THE PLAZA DE TOROS.

Again, much is made of our practice of demonstrating the size of our fish by a concertina motion of the hands. A more natural and effective method of indicating length it is difficult to conceive. The very elasticity of the gesture is, believe me, Sir, proof of the angler's determination to achieve precision; it expresses the diffidence of one who treasures accuracy above all things and abhors hasty judgment.

Finally, there is the matter of the fish that got away. Our detractors profess to distrust our estimate of its size. How they, who never even saw the fish, can be in a position to form any opinion in the matter, I do not understand. But it should surely be obvious, even to the non-angling intelligence, that if that fish had not been stronger, heavier and more

cunning than the others, he would have followed them into the net. Here again is logical proof of the angler's veracity.

May I take this opportunity of stating that if, on capture, the Loch Ness monster is found to have embedded in its upper jaw a small Jock Scott, the fly may kindly be returned to me?

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,  
G. C. T.

"Club-Swinging in the Army," announces a headline. It used to be lead in the dear old days.

★ ★ ★

An astronomer says that it is no good trying to count the stars. Then we just won't try.

### The Case of the Pearls.

It often seemed to the Great Detective that he had been unwise not to choose as a confidant someone worthier than his friend J. Smith. The detective's friend honoured with a confidence should hang (it is generally agreed) on the detective's words; but J. Smith had never shown any inclination to perform this feat. J. Smith too often punctuated a narrative with ribald comments suggestive of unbelief, and it was no rare occurrence for him to go so far as to say that he had no time to listen. More than once the Great Detective had all but decided to tell his stories exclusively to some obliging Jones or Robinson with a greater sense of the honour he was being done; but always, somehow, he returned to the side of J. Smith, hoping against hope that this time J. Smith would show himself properly impressed. And J. Smith never did.

Thus it was that when the Great Detective declared that the young woman walking ahead of them was an actress, J. Smith was so lacking in the finer feelings as to make no comment, and the Great Detective was compelled to go on and explain without being asked how he knew this to be so. Hardly, however, had he got well into his stride when he broke off with a gasp and clutched his companion's arm.

"She ignored that sweep!" he ejaculated.

J. Smith said "Why not?"

The Great Detective began to swell with incipient narrative. "You surprise me," he said, "my dear Smith. I just told you she was an actress and yet—"

"I know very well she's an actress," said J. Smith irritably. "I recognised her myself."

"And yet you—"

"Do you mean to tell me you're going to trot out all that old guff about actresses being superstitious?"

"Guff!" repeated the Great Detective, shaken to the core. "That is one of the premises no detective's mind should be without. All theatrical

persons are superstitious. The fact is well known."

"I content myself with a sardonic laugh," said J. Smith. "Heh! Heh!"

"Let me tell you—" began the Great Detective in a commanding tone and broke off to inquire, "Have I ever told you of the case of the Duchess's pearls?"

"You have told me of many a case of pearls," J. Smith replied. "Generally the case is found broken open and the

by theatrical persons. When I saw her come in—"

"I never knew you were a theatrical person," J. Smith observed. "At least, I did, but I never knew you to be connected with the stage."

"On this occasion I was disguised for purposes of my own as a theatrical person. When, I say—when I saw her come in I knew there would be trouble. I was right."

"Then there's some mistake."

"First," said the Great Detective, "the lights went out. Then they went on again. Then—"

"Then the Duchess gave a scream," proceeded J. Smith in a sing-song tone, "and clutched at her throat. 'My pearls!' she cried. 'They have been stolen!'"

The Great Detective said, "No doubt that would have occurred if I had not gripped the Duchess's arm just as I am gripping yours."

"I hope you told her the name of some good liniment."

"Quiet!" I whispered, and she was quiet. Now why, you will say, did I do that?"

"No," said J. Smith, "I shan't. The only question I am inclined to put is this: 'What had the Duchess ordered?'"

The Great Detective's face took on a distressed expression. "If you must know, it was a kind of mixture of baked beans and spaghetti. As a profound admirer of all duchesses I had hoped to be able to slur over this fact, but since you ask—"

"Ah!" said J. Smith, nodding.

"Well, to proceed. I told her to be quiet so as to throw the thief off his guard. I did not want him to know she had noticed her pearls were missing. If he did not know she knew, then I knew—"

"I know this one," J. Smith interrupted, pleased. "It's something like the one about the monkey's mother. If a herring-and-a-half cost—though of course it never does in these days; you have to pay to get rid of them—"

"Then I knew," repeated the Great Detective distinctly, "that he would not try to get away at once. But even so everyone in the café had to be kept



**WHY NOT HEADLIGHTS AND BUMPERS  
FOR PEDESTRIANS?**

pearls missing. It is a case for argument whether the case in this case should be described as a case of pearls. Should it not rather be called a pearls-case? FOWLER says—"

"This pearls case," said the Great Detective, gripping J. Smith's arm again in the approved manner, "concerned a rope of pearls belonging to a Duchess."

"She had no business—"

"Precisely," the Great Detective said smartly. "Having no business, she found much time on her hands. One day, to kill some of it, she went into a café otherwise exclusively frequented



there without realising the compulsion until my investigations were complete. Now, how did I arrange this?"

"You went round putting sleeping-draughts into their coffee," J. Smith declared. "Where there was no coffee you cracked them on the occiput with a bottle of olive-oil."

"On the contrary——"

"Ah! they cracked you? Now, I approve of that."

"My methods," said the Great Detective, "are subtle. A boy had appeared with a ladder to try to find out what was the matter with the lights, and by a trifling adjustment of his ladder, made when his back was turned, I succeeded in keeping everyone inside the café."

"You broke it up into pieces and wedged the door shut," J. Smith nodded. "Subtle—ah, subtle!"

"I placed it," the Great Detective corrected him, "so that no one could go out of the door without passing under it. I was banking on the superstitiousness of theatrical persons. And I was justified. That girl we saw just now might have proved an exception; but as it was no one went out of the café until I found the pearls."

"How did the men manage about shaving?"

The Great Detective coughed. "You seem to assume," he said, "that my investigations took some time. Actually they were completed shortly afterwards when I found the pearls, the string of which had snapped as a result of the start the Duchess gave when the lights went out, coily hiding among her baked beans and spaghetti, covered with sauce."

"What sort of sauce?" inquired J. Smith. "Apple-sauce?"

The Great Detective sighed. R. M.

### The Joke.

(Children's Tale.)

A VERY funny joke was played the other day on young Mr. Sheepface, who has that nice quiet "sports" car. Mr. Sheepface is one of the clever people who have been going about stealing, and even shooting, the BELISHA Beacon globes—(1) "as a protest against their futility;" (2) "because they slow the traffic down." A neighbour, who regards these two propositions as mutually destructive and in general holds a different opinion of Mr. HORE-BELISHA's efforts, found Mr. Sheepface's car standing outside his house. It occurred to Mr. Slow that it would be very laughable to remove Mr. Sheepface's off-side lamps, and he did so. One of them was hung up in



THE DAY'S TAKINGS.

Mr. Slow's hall, and the other makes a charming ornament on the drawing-room mantelshelf.

Some of Mr. Slow's friends, who called and saw the trophies, were immensely tickled by the idea, and they went out to see if they could play a similar amusing prank. One of them took the remaining lamps, another removed the horn, and a third the spare tyre. The next night quite a crowd gathered round Mr. Sheepface's car. This time, to go one better in the quest for fun, Mr. Slow brought a shotgun and fired it off at Mr. Sheepface's tyres. Then they filled the carburettor with water and gave the magneto to a small boy who was passing.

The whole crowd were bursting with laughter at the ingenious joke when Mr. Sheepface appeared. He inquired pleasantly why they had removed the

magneto and horn. Mr. Slow, bubbling with innocent merriment, said that the magneto was futile because there was water in the carburettor, and the horn was futile because Mr. Sheepface had no tyres. Mr. Sheepface saw the joke at once, laughed as heartily as anyone and asked them all to come in and have a drink. A. P. H.

### Our Shameless Advertisers.

"Required, Junior Typist (female, age 16-17) for billing."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.* Ability to coo would of course be taken into consideration.

"THE SECOND WIFE"

(All-Talking).

Three Days Only.

Cinema Advt.

Well, that's a comfort.



### Poetry in Advertising.

I SAW a lovely advertisement in the paper the other day. It was all in the form of a letter from a girl to her mother about a cure for wasp-stings. Nothing very lovely in that you think? Ah! but you should have seen it, with the photograph of Mother reading the letter and smiling to herself—or holding the letter and smiling to the camera, if I must be strictly accurate. And then the letter itself was pure poetry. There was one sentence that has stuck in my head ever since:—

"You'll be making jam this week, I know, and I don't want to find you all lumpy and sore."

It goes with a swing, doesn't it?—the second part of the sentence, I mean, not the mere prose introduction.

"I don't want to find you all lumpy and sore."

D'you see? No? Try it this way:—

"I don't want to find you all lumpy and sore."

There! Almost sings itself, doesn't it? I mean, it really demands a song to go with it and a nice tiddly tune like the ones you get in the music-halls if you're lucky. And the Mother theme is always a good one; only I think for a song we shall have to turn the daughter into a son. I don't know why, but it's always sons and never daughters who want to get back to their mothers in music-hall songs. Are you ready then? Now for it:—

I don't want to find you all lumpy and sore  
When I come back to Mother again;  
When I see you at last at the old cottage-door  
And pillow my head on your bosom once more  
I don't want to find you all lumpy and sore,  
For a swollen face gives me a pain.

Touching, don't you think? But we must have a chorus.

Properly speaking, I suppose it ought to advertise the virtues of whatever-it-is for wasp-stings, but the editor might object, and anyhow I've forgotten its name. Better stick to generalities:—

So beware of the wasp that stings, Mother,  
Beware of the dangerous bee;  
Beware of the brutes with wings, Mother,  
Of the gnat and the fly and the flea;  
For my love is as high as the heights, Mother,  
And as deep as the depths of the sea;  
But if you are covered with bites, Mother,  
You're no manner of use to me.

That would sound well, don't you think, with a high note on "heights" and a still higher one on "bites"? I wish I could write tunes. But let us get on:—

In trouble I turn to the face I adore  
For comfort and healing and balm,  
But it must be the same as I knew it of yore,  
For (I think that I mentioned the matter before)  
I don't want to find it all lumpy and sore,  
For a swollen face gives me a qualm.

#### Chorus:

So beware of the wasp that stings, Mother,  
Beware of the mosquito;  
Beware of the brutes with wings, Mother,  
As they fly, as they buzz to and fro;

For a lad's love quickly slumps, Mother,  
And the mischief is speedily done;  
And if you are covered with bumps, Mother,  
Good-bye to the love of your son!

### Rhymes of Remonstrance.

(Suggested by the author of "Dissertation by Waxlight," in a recent number of "The Listener," who in free rhyme maintains that the highest rapture is attainable by lovers content to let their Egos slumber.)

O bright young bard, with all the gifts endowed  
That raise you high above the senseless crowd,  
Why without adequate excuse or reason  
Indulge in sentiments that smack of treason?

Though passing through a period of transition,  
At least be faithful to self-exhibition,  
Nor sheath your sword till you have cut the last  
Cable that binds us to the crippling past.

Continue with a tolerance sublime  
To toy with metre and to flirt with rhyme,  
But ne'er allow the metronomic beat  
Of prosodists to regulate your feet.

Shun music, once miscalled the heavenly maid,  
And give a miss to CALVERLEY and PRAED;  
Let merriment be rigidly eschewed,  
Be grim, be cryptic, angular and crude.

If you would solve the crux of cosmic tune,  
Follow the bloodhound baying at the moon;  
Only by penetrating Discord's portals  
Can you be sure of joining the immortals.

Most of our Kings to-day have been discrowned,  
Or are by constitutions cramped and bound,  
True poets have no yoke about their necks,  
For them the Ego is the only Rex.

One final word: Heed not old moralists  
Whose voices gibber in Cimmerian mists;  
Spare not the dead—the dead are never right;  
*Non mordent mortui*—they cannot bite. C. L. G.

### To-morrow's Mail.

Peaceholm, Exeter.

5th Nov., 1930.

DEAR KATE,—You will wonder at me for writing instead of a wireless chat, but the radio-room is all upset (the automatic translator for foreign broadcasts is being repaired) and I have so much to tell you about our new house. Our old one, "The Igloo" was quite unsafe—it was the last straw when an old giro crashed in the garden, which, my dear, was practically open to the sky! This garden is covered and sunk, the ceiling painted blue with clouds—so clever, just like the sky—and lighted with "sunlight" lamps, perfectly charming. The house has no old-style windows and is beautifully ventilated by suction and lighted by concealed lamps. It can be hermetically closed at a moment's notice, and is quite bomb-proof, so we feel quite safe. You may think it some way from Town, but Henry has a catapult and glider trained *exactly* on his office landing, and returns in a similar way, so he can get to work and back in a few minutes. Of course I have my own little flyabout giro in a hangar adjoining the house,



She. "IT'S FREEMAN, FOGGSON, WILCOX, FOGGSON AND HARRISON."  
He. "WELL, LET 'EM SPEAK ONE AT A TIME."

and there also Henry keeps all his Civilian Emergency Air Force gear, all ready for use at a moment's notice. There is one of the old main roads nearby, rather rough and grassy, but the boys find it useful for practice on their little planes and toy gliders.

You really must fly over soon. Let me know when to expect you, as the house is so excellently camouflaged that you would never see it unless the signal balloon is out. Do not trouble to bring your anti-gas apparatus. We have a spare, also plenty of disseminated disease antidotes; and anyway, once inside we can remain in safety indefinitely. I always have food tablets to last at least six months in store. One never knows, and it's always as well to be on the safe side.

Yesterday my youngest boy, who reads a lot of old

books, said he wanted real turkey for Christmas! Aren't children quaint?

Ever your affectionate SARAH.

"BELISHA STANDS BY BEACONS."—*Daily Paper Headline.*  
Finding, like the rest of us, how difficult it is to cross by them.

Aid For Distressed Concert-goers.

"Mrs. — and Mrs. — were the accompanists, whilst hospital nurses rendered assistance in the auditorium."—*Bucks Paper.*

Not Mr. Foot.

"With his powerful and resonant voice, and a natural command of appropriate poise and gesture, rounded off by a Pub-like gift of irrepressible mirth, he held his audience spellbound."—*Welsh Paper.*



"'OW ARE YOU, MY DEAR?"

"OH, FAR FROM WELL, DEARIE—'AD ONE OF MY FAINTIN' ATTACKS YESTERDAY—MIGHT 'AVE 'URT MESELF IF 'ENRY 'ERE 'ADN'T BEEN THERE TO CATCH ME!"

### Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

#### More Sweet Waters of Vesuvius.

LORD SNOWDEN, in the second volume of *An Autobiography* (NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 21/-), honourably maintains his reputation as a writer of a quiet mind and charitable dispositions. "Saint Philip" the author is still regarding, objectively and afar, a little quizzically, a little innocently it might almost seem to the unwary, the molten furies of that other SNOWDEN whose actions he alone is qualified to assess. If at times, when he writes of former colleagues whom fate or faith has led to other paths, the lava seems to be mounting dangerously, always, however great the pressure, the control remains triumphantly supreme. This unusual quality dominates a book which otherwise is little more than a straightforward history of English politics of the last sixteen years as seen from a certain angle. The writer had the rare experience, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, of winning nearly universal approval here when he fought this country's battles at The Hague; and throughout his periods of office he was sane, hard-headed and as balanced as his Budgets. It is significant, perhaps, that his mother, who must sometimes have desired to get ahead of him, rose invariably, up to her ninetieth year, at 6 A.M.

#### Carlo Khan.

Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN was exhorted to "finish Fox." He never did; but Mr. CHRISTOPHER HOBHOUSE has both begun *Fox* (CONSTABLE, 12/6) and brought him, I think, to a more satisfactory and convincing conclusion than anyone before him. The Friend of the People is a subject at once to fascinate and daunt the biographer. No public man has committed more flagrant and unpardonable mistakes; none has played faster or looser with his reputation; none has been more personally attractive or imposed himself more emphatically on his contemporaries and his posterity. Mr. HOBHOUSE does not insist overmuch on the details of that desperate gambling at Brooks's and St. Stephen's. He does not enter into competition with the famous *Early Life*; and perhaps it is only human to regret that he has not gone with greater elaboration, well warranted by the records, into the excitements of the Westminster Election or the intrigues of Devonshire House. His particular instances are always subject to his theme. He has planned his story with a classic sense of proportion and written it with a lucidity and a precision apter to the time of his subject than his own. When he is epigrammatic it is not for mere epigram's sake. Though he is harsh to GIBBON the politician, from GIBBON the master of prose I cannot suppose that he would withhold his gratitude. He has given us Fox in the very atmosphere and idiom of his time.



**The Unwilling Understudy.***How Like an Angel* tells a tale

At seven-and-sixpence net

(MACMILLAN)

Of how a shy retiring male

Is forced against his will to fill an  
Exceptionally vital gap—That which a movie star, no less,  
Has left by skipping off the map  
And fading into nothingness.

Thrust on him with a gun displayed

By one who runs the star's publicity,

The part compels him to parade

A show of conjugal felicity

As husband of the film-land queen

Whose mate has vanished, and whose  
fan

Following, worships her serene

Devotion to her (missing) man.

From this A. G. MACDONELL spins

A web of chuckles, smiles and  
laughter;

You never know when he begins

What fresh absurdity he's after.

I like it all, but special praise

May justly be awarded to

His satire on the devious ways

Of Yankee boost and ballyhoo.

**Here are Ladies.**

There will always be room for an anthology which is the deliberate harvest of a sound and enterprising taste, and such I found *She Walks in Beauty* (HEINEMANN, 6/-), which is, as it were, a commonplace book of feminine loveliness culled from English authors down the English ages. A gracefully-mediated preface assures you that beauty the heritage will divide the honours with "beauty wrought out from within," and that the anthologist has little use for those inventories of stock charms which the minor Elizabethans excelled in and the major Elizabethan derided. While avoiding most of the snags and shoals of parallel compilations, Lady CYNTHIA ASQUITH has touched at several new ports of call and a number of familiar havens. Prose (rightly, I think) comes in with the nineteenth century and the heroines of MEREDITH, JAMES and HARDY; and it is a delight to find DU MAURIER recalled not only by his immortal *Trilby* but by the THACKERAY picture of *Mistress Beatrix* which inspired the most magnificent of his drawings. The only total omission I regret is that of LANDOR. Was he forgotten? Or could the hoarder of so many golden epigrams steel her heart towards *Ianthe* and *Rose Aylmer*?

**Charlemagne in Gross and Detail.**

CHARLEMAGNE's solicitude for the art of writing undoubtedly handed *Charlemagne* (DAVIES, 5/-) himself down to posterity in far greater detail than was usual in the eighth century. His life, moreover, was "a sustained performance," one long campaign for the consolidation of that Christian



"THIS TALK ABOUT BUSINESS MEN 'AVIN' TO SPEND MONEY ON LUNCHEON AN' DRINKS TO GET BUSINESS IS ALL ROT. I ONCE SPENT SEVEN BOB ON BEER FOR A FOREMAN AN' WHEN WE GOT BACK WE BOTH GOT THE SACK."

Europe which his conquests so crudely yet (strange to say) so permanently extended. His story and its tangled setting have been handled with admirable lucidity and address by Mr. DOUGLAS WOODRUFF, who brings out the signal contrast between his hero and the average barbarian conqueror, who in taking over a Roman province took over a business he was not competent to run. The competence of CHARLEMAGNE's dealings with his world makes excellent reading; and it is pleasant to observe him unbend in a hot bath or accept the only elephant in Europe as a present from HAROUN AL RASCHID. He was no saint, though he came to be canonised by an anti-pope. He had nine

"wives" and, as his biographer dryly remarks, "there was a certain amount of overlapping." But he was and is the core of a great legend; and to endow a figure so legendary with a rational soul is a credit to any historian.

### Wells Abounding.

The second volume of *Experiment in Autobiography* (GOLLANCZ AND CRESSET PRESS, 10/6) is as full, stimulating and provocative as the first. But it contains even less of the incidental and anecdotal matter which is the stock-in-trade of most autobiographers. There is a chapter or so of more or less interesting domesticities. There is some incisive but partial and often rather superficial portraiture of such eminent figures as GISSING, JAMES and CONRAD in literature, GREY, HALDANE and CURZON in politics. The rest is the history of the ideas which have been germinating and developing in a singularly fertile brain during the last thirty years and more and have already been recorded and ruminated in a host of volumes. Mr. WELLS is very frank (perhaps it would be ungracious to suggest a little smug?) about his past mistakes and inherent limitations; but it would seem that he regards himself as having arrived at length at a final and satisfactory solution of the problems which have so long beset him. Yet are his *Planned World State*, his *Open Conspiracy* and his *Competent Receiver* any less the figments of a constructive imagination than PLATO'S *Republic*, MACHIAVELLI'S *Prince* or BOLINGBROKE'S *Patriot King*? And are they any more likely to prevail against the obstinate imperfectibility of man which, in classes and individual instances, Mr. WELLS is so ready to admit? In spite of his assumption of scientific realism, Mr. H. G. WELLS is in essence an incurably romantic optimist. He is also a very nourishing writer though a far from impeccable stylist.

### Knight-Errant.

Just for a few days after reading *Ronald Ross: Dragon Slayer* (STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT PRESS, 3/6) I shall (if necessary) be quite learned about zygotes and flagella, coccidia and gregarines, about innocent grey *Culex* and the two bad dragons, brindled *Stegomyia* and Ross's own particular monster, dapple-winged *Anopheles*. But I shall not, I hope, forget for a long time the essentials of the fine story of Ross—inspired and helped by MANSON and baulked by the hidebound brass-hats of the I.M.S., trainers, possibly of those who later so sadly distinguished themselves in Mesopotamia—working out with a superb combination of intuition and hard labour the complex cycle of malaria infection. It is indeed a glorious fairy-tale which I suppose is what Mr. J. O. DOBSON, the author of this intelligently compressed memoir, meant by his sub-title. And Ross armed two other dragon-slayers, that admirable American W. C. GORGAS, who cleared Havana and Panama

of yellow fever and malaria, and Sir MALCOLM WATSON who slew the dapple-winged dragon in Malaya and who contributes an introduction to this inspiring record.

### Good Masonry.

Mr. A. E. W. MASON began to write in those unsophisticated days when to tell a good story was regarded as the first duty of the novelist. And his stories are so good, both in invention and in construction, that one tends to take too much for granted the excellent art with which they are written. He shares with his contemporary ANTHONY HOPE a suave and unobtrusive literary accomplishment. Of the dozen of stories grouped together as *Dilemmas* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) there is not one which does not display this admirable quality; nor is there one of which we are not eager to discover the *dénouement*. I shall not even begin to give away the plot of any of them, for suspense is always of the essence of their effect. But it may be noted that Mr. MASON has a particular predilection for exhibiting his characters in the grip of fear, whether it be manifested as a dim horror in the subconscious or as naked and visible panic. While, however, he walks with that dark angel as familiarly as any psycho-analyst, he is on terms as easy with the Comic Muse. And in "Sixteen Bells" he has written a ghost-story which is wholly gracious and lovely.



"TUESDAY."

### A Full and Fragrant Life.

To some of us "GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM" may at any rate mainly be known as an entertaining novelist. But, although in *Pleasant Places* (HEINEMANN, 15/-) he is frequently and delightfully amus-

ing, he also shows without a trace of priggishness or of preaching how vastly important a place religion has taken in his life. For twenty-one years Canon HANNAY was Rector of Westport, a seaside town in Mayo; but this, however, is only one of the many places to which his duties have taken him. And modest as he invariably is in writing these memoirs, and in spite of a certain wistfulness that sometimes dominates his mood, he leaves me convinced that he has not only been happy himself but has also been a source of happiness and of encouragement to many others.

### The Wilds of Devonshire.

Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS, in *Minions of the Moon* (HUTCHINSON, 7/6), is once again firmly established round and upon his beloved Dartmoor. But it is not the tourist-haunted moor of to-day that is the scene of his stirring romance of love and adventure. The story dates back some hundred-and-twenty years, when highwaymen held up coaches and French prisoners were plotting to gain their freedom. An old woman, as wicked as she was wise and as helpful as she was dangerous, gives distinction to a tale that in many respects runs on familiar lines. So another feather is added to a cap that was already abundantly beplumed.



## Charivaria.

MANCHESTER claims to have the second largest maze in the world. The other of course is the new Betting and Lotteries Act. \* \*

At the Machine Tools Exhibition a gossip-writer saw "a metal rod going into one end of a machine which threw a collar-stud out at the other end every six seconds. This, I was told," he adds, "was slow." But very sure. No man's bedroom should be without one. \* \*

"People who have cold baths in winter never have colds," says a medical man. But they have cold baths. \* \*

On reading of the duties of door-keepers at the House of Lords we were surprised to see no mention of the most difficult one of memorising the faces of new Peers. \* \*

The notion of painting your dog to match your costume is really nothing new. London has few more familiar proverbs than "Every dog has his dye." \* \*

The well-known golf-course near Willian in Hertfordshire is situated only fifty yards from a church. There is some talk of the club being compelled to make their worst bunkers sound-proof. \* \*

Untearable paper has been invented in Japan. It is thought that it will be especially useful to write Treaties on. \* \*

The export of lions, we are told, is now almost entirely in British hands. Thank heavens that's something in which we can do a roaring trade. \* \*

It took four policemen to arrest a beggar who called at a Hampshire police-station in error. They were not the sort of coppers he wanted. \* \*

German racehorses are to be given only German names. A similar rule in this country would be welcomed by

bookmakers and backers who have not the advantage of a classical education. \* \*

According to a well-known explorer, the natives of Sanatos, a small island in the Pacific, take to themselves only one wife. In every other respect, we understand, they are as civilised as Europeans. \* \*

probably being kept for the companion book, *Who's Hooted*. \* \*

A correspondent boasts that he gets China on his wireless-set. We always stand ash-trays on ours. \* \*

One of our women gossip-writers mentions that anybody she tries to ring up nowadays is sure to be out or busy. It would be interesting to know whether this experience is confined to gossip-writers. \* \*

At Madrid a man found in an oyster a pearl valued at a hundred pounds. He is said to be eating his way hopefully towards a necklace. \* \*

A woman complained in court that her husband sang hymns and said grace in his sleep. What particularly annoyed her was that her name wasn't Grace. \* \*

A contemporary comments with approval on the return of the "trained evening gown." The next thing to return will have to be the trained wearer. \* \*

"You can't eat your cake and have it," declares an M.P. Unless of course you eat it in bed. \* \*

A man before the Court the other day was stated by the police to have had fifty temporary addresses. Now he has fifty-one. \* \*

The Edison Memorial Foundation is trying to find out who is the brightest boy in the world. Smith minor says this is easy, because he always lives next-door. \* \*

A man in Yorkshire has taken to living at the bottom of a disused well. So far none of his friends have accepted his invitation to drop in and see him. \* \*

"Finally, a clearly written libel should be attached to the parcel."—*Provincial Paper*. The idea should be popular with lawyers. \* \*

**Those Famous Collaborators.**  
"Book by Conan Doyle and Sherlock Holmes."—*Local Paper*. \* \*



LOYALTY ON THE KENTISH COAST.

A play is now running on the roof-top of a New York skyscraper. The producer's chief concern is that the attendance does not drop off. \* \*

"Tax-collectors require brains and industry," declares a writer. If that was all they required we shouldn't mind so much. \* \*

There are no names of prominent Bolsheviks in *Who's Who*. They are



## The Garden of England.

A Loyal Address to To-morrow.

Oh, memorable day  
(Fogs keep away;  
Avaunt, foul Winter, with your dolorous clutches!)  
When all the Weald with strawberry leaves is sprent  
And orange-blossoms strowed  
And I  
(Taking the reader's silence for consent)  
Intend to try  
To fashion forth a hymeneal ode  
For Kent,  
Proud of the glory of a Princess and a Duchess!  
  
(Come, that was rather good.  
I feel I have the mood.)  
Listen, then, Bromley! Beckenham, arise  
With laughter in your eyes!  
And you, ye inland towns and watering-places.  
Put on your airs and graces;  
Show what delight you feel.  
Ring out your loudest bells,  
Tonbridge and Tunbridge Wells!  
Peal, Canterbury, peal,  
What though the labouring ringers burst their braces?  
Let nothing want of zeal  
Till Chatham and the Isle of Sheppey  
Answer the echoes of the epi-  
thalamiums of Dover and of Deal.

(That was a good bit too—  
Dreadfully hard to do.)  
Up, Sydenham, up! and Penge, be glad, be glad!  
With flowery tokens strew  
Your hills, Blackheath,  
And roseate wreath!  
Furbish the Crystal Palace till it shines like new!  
Scream with the ecstasy of song,  
Ye trains that rush along  
Betwixt Victoria and the Continong!  
Let every lass and lad  
(Dull care be blown!)  
With flute and pipe and concertina  
Dance for PRINCE GEORGE and his MARINA,  
Coming from Maidstone up the Old Kent Road.  
Shout, Valley of the Medway! Whitstable, go mad!  
Ashford with joy explode.

That will be all, sweet lyre.  
Saving that space forbids, I should not tire  
Nor feel one trace of shyness  
Till I had worked in to my heart's content  
Each little town on celebration bent  
(To do away with dryness),  
Each hamlet, with its belfry and its spire,  
That honours now  
With bob and bow  
And lifted glass in *Anchor* or in *Plough*  
His Royal Highness  
And this fair bride of Kent.

EVOE.

## The Good Dog.

AMONG romances that have begun on the stairs of a house converted into flats, one still talked of at Cruft's is that of Angelica the artist and Ernest the writer of books. They met through the agency of Angelica's dog Stanislaus.

This was a beast of unlimited good-nature but formidable size, which bounded up, or rather down, to Ernest as he was returning one night from the cinema after witnessing a jungle film. His mind being disordered by visions of savage animal life, it was not surprising that he should regard Stanislaus with alarm. Stanislaus was displaying affection; but who would undertake to plumb with accuracy the motives of a huge and muscular animal that leaps down stairs and prods with its fore-paws persons coming up? Not I; not Ernest. His imagination was still in the jungle. "Is this," he thought—"is this a jaguar that I see before me?"

Happily at that moment Angelica from the stair above addressed the beast by name; and Ernest, who always thought best in a supine position, instantly realised that no animal called Stanislaus could be a jaguar. He struggled to his feet and waved aside Angelica's apologies.

"I am a dog-lover," he declared magnanimously. "Your dog—"

"As a matter of fact," Angelica interrupted, "he is not really mine. He belongs to a friend; while she is away I am looking after Stanislaus and he in return is looking after me."

"As one might say, you have the usufruct."

"You took the very word out of my mouth."

"On the contrary," said Ernest stiffly, "I put it in."

Here there was a momentary coolness; but the acquaintance ripened, and after several more meetings on the stairs Ernest invited Angelica to visit his flat. On his desk at the time of her visit was the half-finished manuscript of his book. It dealt with the English countryside, of which (as Angelica perceived from a cursory glance at the topmost sheet) he was in favour.

"You are an author," she observed; and when Ernest admitted that so he might be laughingly described, she told him she was an artist. "I wonder," she went on dubiously, "whether I had better let you see my picture?"

"I heap a very pretty encomium," said Ernest in a tone of encouragement.

Cheered by this news, she led him upstairs to her own flat, where her picture was on an easel where the poet so finely placed MONTROSE—in the middle of the room.

It was of an historical scene and full of action; though to identify the precise incident in NAPOLEON's career which it purported to represent might have baffled an historian even more than anyone else. Many of the characters were on horseback, and it was evident that Stanislaus had sat for the horses. There were also several dogs in the picture, filling up odd corners, and nothing was more evident than that Stanislaus had sat (somewhat further away) for those too. Ernest would have laid seven to four that Stanislaus had sat for some of NAPOLEON's marshals, and evens that he had sat for NAPOLEON himself.

"I don't feel quite happy about it," said Angelica.

Ernest coughed. He hardly liked to say that it made him feel miserable, but there were further outstanding difficulties in the way of declaring that he felt very happy about it indeed. Fortunately on this occasion the passing of a fire-engine absolved him from expressing an opinion, and after that he was careful always to invite Angelica to his own flat and never, while the picture was there, to be inveigled into hers.

By doing this, however, he did not quite succeed in avoiding the picture. Not for some time did they realise that Stanislaus was responsible for its periodical appearance on Ernest's desk and the almost simultaneous placing of his manuscript, slightly battered, at the foot of Angelica's easel. But one day Ernest, on his way upstairs to call for Angelica, actually met Stanislaus staggering down with the



### THE AUTOCRAT OF THE CLOAKROOM.

"VERY SORRY, SIR. BUT YOU MUSTN'T TAKE THAT THING INTO THE WEST-MINSTER MUSEUM."

[The PRIME MINISTER has announced that no time can be allotted to Private Members' Motions during the present Session of Parliament.]



Wife of successful Politician (re incongruous article of furniture). "THAT'S THE SOAP-BOX BILL MADE HIS FIRST SPEECH FROM."

canvas in his jaws, and thenceforward Stanislaus's conduct could not be overlooked. What his motive was, though, they were unable to fathom, until one afternoon Angelica had an idea.

"I have been thinking," she suddenly observed, "that we might do worse than take Stanislaus's advice."

It came as a shock to Ernest to hear that Stanislaus, in addition to his other activities, had been giving advice. Cautiously he inquired in what language Stanislaus had been giving it, getting ready to brain the girl should she use the adjective "doggy."

But his fears were needless. Angelica said: "It seems to me that he is trying to make us see an idea of his own. He wants us to change subjects."

"What," said Ernest, puzzled, "art and literature?"

"Not media—subjects. His suggestion is that I should do a picture of the English countryside and you an historical novel."

Ernest considered this. Then he nodded slowly. "It's worth trying," he agreed.

And apparently this was what Stanislaus had indeed meant, for after the change he gave no further trouble but hung about watching with every sign of approval the way his suggestion was being carried out.

Angelica made many false starts, but Ernest went straight ahead, and the work of each was finished on the same day. While Ernest was trudging, manuscript under arm, to leave it with the publishers who had rejected all his previous work, Angelica was on her way to the tobacconist who had more than once sold a picture for her at anything from five shillings to half-a-guinea.

Weeks passed without event, until one day Ernest received a letter and at once hared upstairs to read it to Angelica.

"We shall have great pleasure in publishing your novel." This, said Ernest, "is only one of the many striking phrases——"

"How many do you suppose I thought it was?" Angelica inquired in some irritation, for the idea that she had enabled Ernest to succeed by a device that had done herself no good was a galling one.

But Ernest was encouraging and his optimism was justified. Soon afterwards came a letter, sent on by the tobacconist, from a firm of jigsaw puzzle makers, offering a princely sum for the carving rights of Angelica's picture and asking for more of the same kind.

Ernest and Angelica are now happily married, and Stanislaus has been given to them. It seems certain that there is enough English countryside left to last Angelica's lifetime; while as for Ernest, since that day he has never looked anywhere but back.

R. M.

#### More Pearls of Wisdom from the Bench.

"The magistrate said that it was exceedingly dangerous to put your foot on to the accelerator instead of the brake."

Suburban Paper.

#### "Our Sardonic Advertisers.

"A CHOICE OF CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

Poisons and Poisoners. C. J. S. Thompson."—*Bookseller's Catalogue.*

#### "HOW TO LEARN FRENCH.

Few women can have as many divergent hobbies as Lady ——. Her latest is to take part in a pearl-diving expedition. In her flat in Knightsbridge she has a number of birds—mostly finches of all kinds, and two apes. She also has a collection of earrings, which numbers between two and three hundred."

It all sounds a little elaborate for the ordinary student.



### More Early Settlers.

THE letters in *The Times* about Melbourne's early settlers have led to the formation of a small and very select committee to make similar researches with regard to Tottering Court, the large block of flats overlooking the Chigbury Hills and the East Hubton gasworks. The flats were supposed to be ready for occupation in March, 1934, but the first settler did not haul up his first curtain until the end of May or the beginning of June. This earliest pioneer, interviewed by the committee, gave a harrowing account of his first few days in the new land where tenant had never trod before.

"A neatly-executed sketch in the estate-agent's office," he said, "had led me to believe that I should find the roadway to the Court lined with flowering shrubs and trees, both coniferous and deciduous. As I turned out of the main street I saw that I had been deceived. There was no road to speak of and certainly no flowering shrubs or trees, either coniferous or deciduous. Luckily it was the dry season, and, though we lost one of the smaller furniture vans in a fissure, I arrived at our front-door unhurt, though a painter whose pot I had upset snapped savagely at me as I passed.

"When I say that I arrived at the front-door I speak figuratively. The front-door was still unfixed. A man was just completing the stairway, and after a wait of half-an-hour we were able to proceed on our upward journey. Apart from the fact that there was no gas, no electric light, no geyser and no paper on the walls, the place was ready for occupation. We camped in the garden for the first week, during which the whole family was kept from brooding on their misfortunes by the necessity of constantly running round to the gas company, the electric light company, the geyser company, the curtain company and the linoleum company to say that their vassals, promised definitely for last Tuesday week, had not yet arrived."

Another early settler had an even more alarming experience. When he moved in early in June, 1934, the landlords had omitted to paint any numbers on the doors, and he was obliged to find his way in and out with the aid of a compass. He knew, however, that he was No. 26, and on returning home a fortnight later and finding the numbers painted on the doors he not unnaturally cast his compass aside and walked boldly in at the door numbered twenty-six. Unacquainted with the light-hearted manner in which the



THE WOOD-CARVINGS OF M'BONGO M'BONGO.

NO. IX.—A TOTEM POLE.

painter was wont to go about his tasks, he was unaware that the door numbered 26 actually gave access to flat No. 42A. Once inside he divested himself of his raiment and proceeded to take a bath. Nemesis, in the shape of a portly operatic singer who was the real owner of the flat, followed swiftly, and, though he was able to convince the magistrate that his error was accidental, he could not convince his own wife, and he never smiled again.

Most of the early pioneers of Tottering Court, however, are strong enough to rise superior to circumstance. Their constant battles with pained plumbers and grim gasfitters harden them. They grow quick and alert in dodging planks and avoiding concealed

pits set to catch the unwary. True sons of the wild, they leave for posterity an example of British pluck that will echo down the years. When Tottering Court celebrates its centenary in 2034 their descendants will gather to do them honour—in the still unfinished gardens of Tottering Court.

#### The Force Foiled Again.

"Police were investigating, last night, an attempted robbery at the home of Sir ———, Maida Vale, W. They were disturbed by servants, and decamped without taking anything."—*Daily Paper*.

"Put your kidneys into your flour and butter sauce."—*Women's Journal*.

We are happy to pass the instructions on.

### Sad End of a P. C.

FAIR criticism offered in a friendly spirit I never resent, but when people say to me, as they so often do, "You never answer a letter," it makes my blood boil. If ever there was a monstrous perversion of the truth it is this. The fact is I *always* answer letters. Not immediately perhaps—that is not my way. A week, ten days, even a month or more may glide swiftly by before the time is ripe for me to pen my reply, but in the end as surely as the setting of the sun that time will come. The letter will be written, the envelope addressed, the stamp stuck on, and within another week at the outside the thing will be in the post and speeding impetuously on its way. Every one of my correspondents—and I say this particularly to the thirty-odd at present on my waiting-list—can be assured that however dark the prospect may seem at the moment a day will come when the clouds will break and the weary weeks of waiting be at an end. The scrunch of the postman's feet will be heard on the drive, his merry rat-tat will reverberate through the house, and with a gentle—a very gentle—thud the longed-for missive will descend upon the mat.

Every one of them, that is to say, except one.

As a nation we have a reputation for "muddling through." Without haste and without the aid of any discernible method we somehow manage to get things done, and it is with some pride that I feel myself, so far as my correspondence is concerned, British to the backbone. When a communication of any kind arrives for me I read it through carefully and then throw it into the wire receptacle clearly labelled "TO BE ANSWERED," which stands upon my desk. There, in company with its peers, it remains, for a longer or shorter period, according to the nature of its contents, its position in the pile and (chiefly) the whim of its master. Conceivably it may be there no longer than a day or two, for every fortnight or so, when the contents of the basket seriously threaten to overflow on to the desk, I go rapidly through them, select perhaps ten or a dozen of those which seem easiest to deal with and, in hardly more than the twinkling of an eye, deal with them. This relieves the congestion but is attended with certain rather unfortunate results.

Naturally letters of an uncongenial nature or such as call for replies of unusual subtlety or length tend to sink lower and lower in the pile with each successive sorting, until in the course of time a solid block or wedge of undesirables forms itself at the bottom of the basket. To tackle these, the offscourings of the pack, calls for an extent of leisure and a degree of fortitude such as I cannot count on occurring more than once in a couple of months, and if even then one or two of the worst cases are allowed to lie over till the next big offensive no one surely will blame me. These are not forgotten. They will receive attention some day. For—and it is upon this that I base my claim to be in the long run the most dependable correspondent in the world—*nothing that goes into my basket ever comes out again until it is answered.*

Which brings me to the lamentable affair of James Augustus Bootlock.

James Augustus Bootlock and I were at school together. For four years we toiled beneath the same roof, ate the same food and wore upon our heads the same extraordinary school-cap. Yet I cannot say that in all that time any very close friendship sprang up between us. In fact I thought him rather a little rat and he upon one occasion went so far as to stigmatise me as a "perisher"—a word I never

fancied. It was only during the last days of our last term, that strangely emotional period when past slights are forgotten and the prospect of parting for ever from faces that so far have caused us nothing but pain can scarcely be borne—it was only then that deep began calling to deep and we exchanged addresses. That we had neither of us at that time even the remotest idea of corresponding, James Bootlock would, I am sure, readily agree. The thing was simply a part of one's general campaign to avoid losing touch with all these splendid fellows. Yet what does the fellow do five years later but send me a picture-postcard from the Federated Malay States, showing a broken-down summer-house with a kind of square umbrella on the top and a number of what I take to be rubber-trees in the background?

I shall never know, perhaps, the circumstances that led up to the arrival of this strange missive. It may be that the man felt lonely in those far-off parts and thought kindly of me across the years and the leagues of land and sea that divided us. Or it may be simply that he had bought more postcards than he knew what to do with and had to fall back on his address-book in an effort to work them off. He may even have meant to be insulting. I don't know. What I do know is that the infernal thing has been at the very bottom of my letter-basket for over three years now, and I'm getting desperate. I can't throw it away because that would be to break my one basic and inviolable rule of correspondence, and I can't answer it because—oh, well, how on earth *can* one answer a thing like that?

Many and many a time since the postcard came to me I have wrestled manfully with the problem. I know by heart what is written on the back of it. "Kuala," it begins, in the left-hand corner—"Lumpur, F.M.S.," and it goes on—"This is an old Malayan temple. I am in rubber at the moment. Met Foster (P.J.) on the way out—he's married now. Hope you are well. Yrs. J. A. BOOTLOCK. P.S.—Old Rawlinson is a"—word that looks like "sackbut," but I don't see the connection—"at Singapore!!"

And that, apart from those reproachful figures "9. 7. '31," is all.

From the first, of course, I realised that a friendly letter was called for, but a letter, even to someone in the same parish, can hardly be less than two pages long, and for despatch to so distant a place as the Malay States three-and-a-half pages is probably the very minimum. And the writing of three-and-a-half pages to James Bootlock is, frankly, a sheer impossibility. Suppose I managed to cover half-a-page with apologies and another ten lines, say, in asking him how he was getting on and whether there was any future in rubber, that would still leave three whole pages for news about mutual friends from the old school—and the fact is we haven't any.

So there it is. An ordinary p.c. is out of the question, and though I have toyed with the idea of sending a picture-postcard in return ("This is the Guildhall. I am in clover at present. How are you? P.S.—Higgs has grown a beard!!!"), something, it may be a fear of being misunderstood, has held me back.

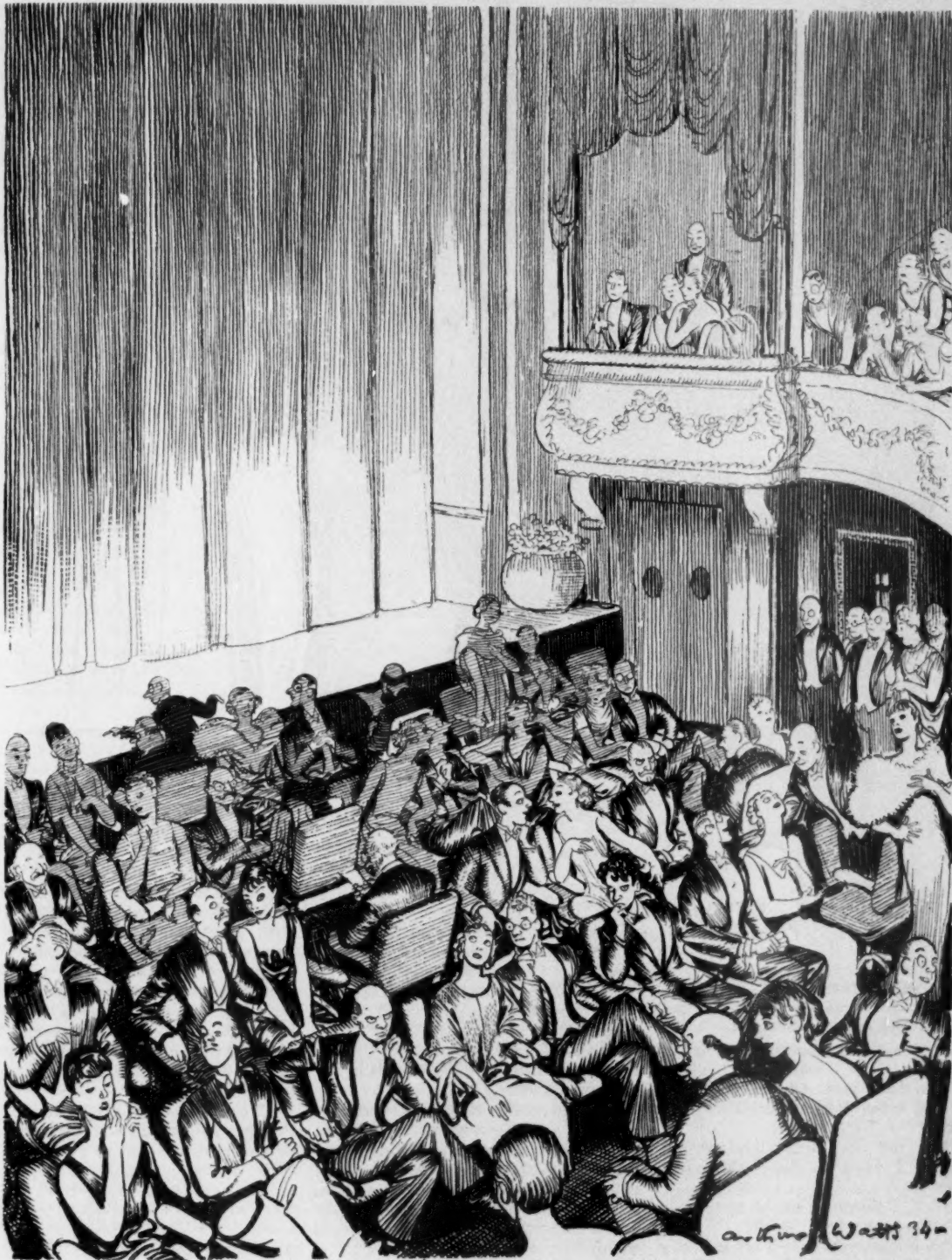
I am driven to this:—

"Will JAMES AUGUSTUS BOOTLOCK, last heard of at Kuala Lumpur, kindly accept this the only intimation of the receipt by me, the undersigned, of his p.c. dated 9. 7. '31; and will he, for Heaven's sake, refrain from sending any more? (Malay papers please copy.)"

He may not see the thing, but at any rate I have torn up the postcard.

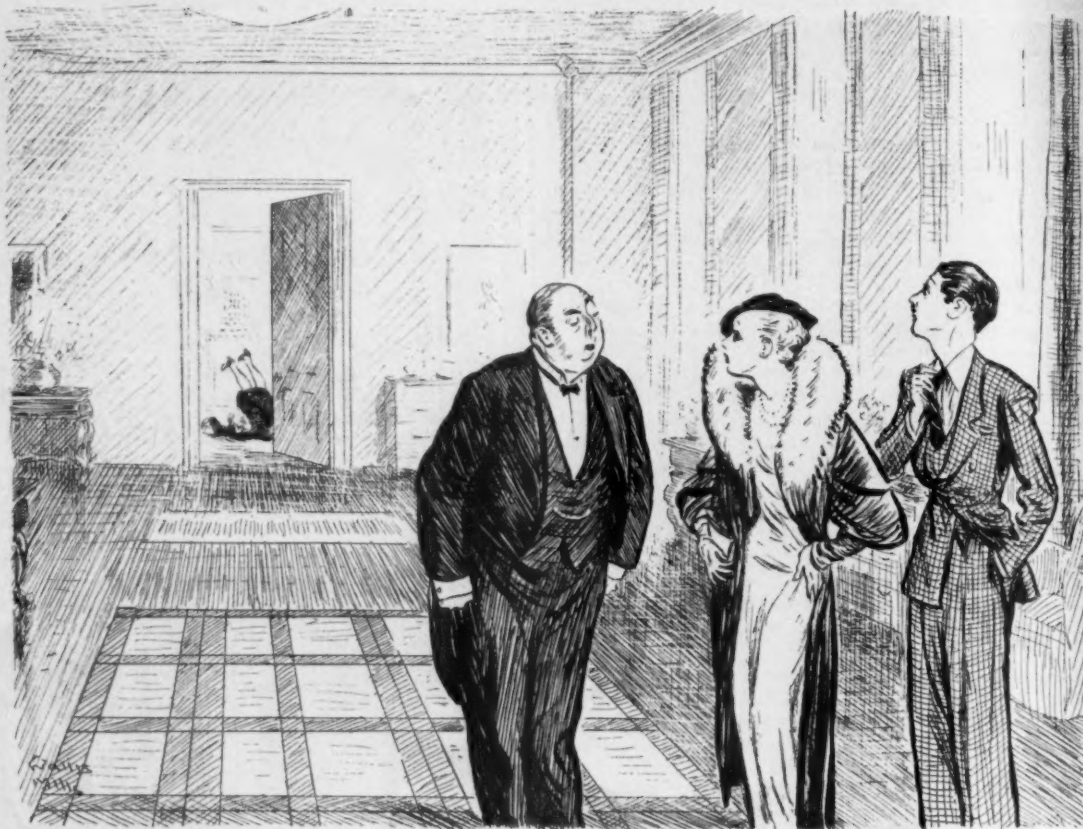
H. F. E.





WHY NOT HAVE SWIVEL-SEATS FITTED TO THE FIRST FEW ROWS OF STALLS SO THAT DISTINGUISHED FIRST-NIGHTERS CAN DISPLAY THEMSELVES IN COMFORT DURING THE ENTR'ACTES?





HER LADYSHIP HAS JOINED THE LEAGUE OF YOUTH AND BEAUTY AND BEGS YOU TO EXCUSE HER FOR A FEW MINUTES WHILE SHE FINISHES HER EXERCISES."



### As Others Hear Us.

#### The Annual Discussion.

"ABOUT your Christmas presents, Harold."

"You don't mean *Christmas*?"

"Yes, I do. It'll be here again this year."

"But not for weeks and weeks. Besides, I want to finish the newspaper."

"Well, I think we ought to make a list."

"Look here, you'll do it much better than I shall. Settle it any way you like and let me know."

"Dear, I can't possibly do that. It's not *at all* the same thing. If one's

going to do it at all one may as well do it properly."

"Then let's not do it at all."

"Harold, that's simply childish! Now, start with your mother."

"She's got everything. Knitting-wool."

"You said that last year."

"Well, she'll have used that up by now."

"I shall put 'Knitting-wool, Query.' What about Aunt Amy and Uncle Alfred?"

"I thought we always polished them off with a calendar. 'The Last Stirrup-cup' or something."

"I know, and it was always perfectly all right, and they sent us 'Evening in the Pass of Glencoe' or something; and then last year I nearly died of shame when they suddenly turned up with an embroidered hot-water-bottle-cover and a Swiss paper-knife. It was *most* unfair."

"By Jove, yes! What happened?"

"Oh, nothing *happened*. I've got the hot-water-bottle-cover still, waiting for a jumble-sale, and I saw the paper-

knife only the other day sticking out of some bulb-pot or other. But of course it means we must do more than a calendar this year."

"Why not Christmas-cards?"

"Ah! that reminds me. Not that Christmas-cards have anything to do with Aunt Amy and Uncle Alfred, because *they*'ll have to be somewhere about five bob each. But which do you like best: 'Hearty Good Wishes for a Right Merrie Yuletide' with owls and mistletoe, or 'All Happiness be Yours is the Sincere Wish of —' with two rather sweet little swallows in hats?"

"They both sound pretty foul to me."

"Or you can have poetry, only it's definitely rather bad *as* poetry:—

'No skies of grey  
Be yours to-day  
But all good cheer  
Both far and near,'

by Clifford Cholmondeley."

"He ought to be shot."

"Oh, I believe heaps of people make a living that way. Poor things! We haven't done each other yet."

"I don't want anything."

"Neither do I. Except perhaps an evening-bag; but I'd better choose that myself, because I know the colour. I thought you'd like bath-salts."

"What for?"

"To put in the visitors' bathroom. The jar's practically empty. Now how about poor Charlotte?"

"Charlotte?"

"She'll be staying with us for Christmas."

"Good heavens!"

"Dear, don't go on like that. We must do something sometimes. I've simply put down: 'Harridges Stores.'"

"Why?"

"One often sees something. Charlotte likes things like pen-trays and china flowers in pots."

"Good."

"I shall do father and the servants and Mary Lane and the Johnsons and Esther and Edmund all at Harridges."

"Splendid!"

"No, Harold, you can't get out of it that way. You haven't said anything about poor Charlotte, who'll be actually in the house under your nose."

"I thought you said Harridges Stores?"

"That was me, not you. Now why don't you give her handkerchiefs?"

"Or stockings?"

"You couldn't possibly give poor Charlotte stockings. Gloves if you like, or handkerchiefs—but not stockings. I shall put down 'Charlotte—Handkerchiefs.' White, and initials, they'd better be. It's a mercy Charlotte isn't Yvonne."

"Who is Yvonne?"

"Oh, nobody. Only they never keep 'Y' when one wants initials, and it has to be done on purpose. Then that settles Charlotte."

"There isn't anybody else, is there?"

"Millions of others. You haven't done either of your sisters yet."

"Chocolates will do them, surely?"

"Jane is dieting and Priscilla says she doesn't want anything but tiny weeny animals."

"?"

"She's collecting, on her mantel-piece. One can get millions of them almost anywhere now. I've put down a dog of some sort for me and an elephant for you, or failing that perhaps a peacock. I really think that's practically all for you, except the children."

"Now, look here—they've got far too many things already. The school-room is a perfect——"



"I WANT 'ARF-A-POUND O' SCRAG-END O' MUTTON, AND MUVVER SEZ 'MIND AN' KEEP YER 'AND ORF OF OUR END O' THE SCALES."

"Yes, I know it is. But you couldn't not give them anything, after all."

"Well, I must say I had thought of one or two things. Those model train affairs ought to do Michael all right. And I thought a Teddy bear for Cecily."

"But, dear, Michael never looks at trains nowadays. And Cecily has twenty-three Teddy bears already."

"Then what about books?"

"Yes, only they don't really read much, do they? As a matter of fact I've put down 'Engineering Set' for Michael, from you, and 'Cricket-bat' for Cecily. That's what she wants."

"Very well. Shall I get those?"

"I've got them for you already, darling. Ages ago." E. M. D.

#### A Dinner One Dreams Of.

"By the time the banquet given by the Football Association ended, there was considerable doubt whether 10 of the 11 players would be fit to play for their clubs in League games on Saturday!"—*Daily Paper*.

#### Teaching the Young Idea.

"The boy seems to have certain business instincts, but they are all misdirected." So said Mr. —, depute fiscal, at the Juvenile Court, yesterday, when a fourteen-year-old boy was sent to an approved school for fraud."—*Scots Paper*.



## At the Pictures.

## HOLLYWOOD BRITONS.

If you want an animated novelette, very well acted, I can commend



J.H.D.

## MILLIONAIRESS DISGUISED FOR LOVE.

Anthony . . . . . JOEL MCCREA.  
Dorothy . . . . . MIRIAM HOPKINS.

*The Richest Girl in the World*, but its plot is not too easy to follow. There is probably an extreme beyond which no cinema imbroglio should go, and it is exceeded here. In outline let me say that Dorothy Hunter, the richest girl in the world—MIRIAM HOPKINS—the youthful blonde inheritor of the Hunter millions (old man Hunter having gone down in the *Titanic*), wishes to be loved for herself alone, and the story turns on her subterfuges to discover a suitor destitute of any sordid motive. To begin with of course she has to pretend to be her own female companion, an imposition in which Sylvia, or FAY WRAY, her real companion, the companion's husband, the butler and the elderly Grand Vizier who is never absent from her side, are all accomplices. In the course of her search for pure affection Miss Hunter drinks a great deal of whisky and a great deal of hot punch, and whether she is successful the audience, also a little muzzy from other reasons, is not sure; but the breaking-point at last arrives, the most desired and desirable of her male associates grabs her in his arms, and the suspense is over.

No, not over, for we still are not clear whether he thinks she is the heiress or her companion.

If the acting were not good this

would be boring; but the acting is very good, and JOEL MCCREA, who plays the successful lover and gets the dough, and who, so far as my memory goes, is a new recruit to the army of screen he-men (headed by GARY COOPER or CLARK GABLE, according to taste), is as handsome, forthright and virile as you could wish.

The picture has an unusually large infusion of Hollywood Englishmen, chief of whom is HENRY STEPHENSON as the Grand Vizier. That American film butlers should be English is a tradition, and EDGAR NORTON is a model example; but the Grand Vizier might have been more nasal without damage to realism.

But where, you ask, among all these Californian Britons is their leader, AUBREY SMITH? Oddly enough not here, but, bristling with eyebrows and moustache, in a very artificial picture called *Caravan*, at the Curzon, where he plays the part of the Baron von Tokay and schemes to get his nephew married to the Countess Wilma, another heiress, played by LORETTA YOUNG, in the place of Lazi, the gipsy fiddler (CHARLES BOYER), with whom she is infatuated. When I say that Wilma is infatuated by a gipsy fiddler and that some of the scenes are laid in Vienna, poor old patient, over-worked Vienna, I have said perhaps enough. The story has been lavishly produced by the creator of *The White Horse Inn*, but it seems to me to miss fire.

It would be interesting to know if the devisers of the very ambitious film



J.H.D.W.D.

## BACK IN THE HOME OF ROMANCE.

Lieutenant von Tokay . . . . PHILLIPS HOLMES.

at the Tivoli, *The World Moves On*, made their own War episodes or incorporated them from pictures now obsolete. In either case they could be spared, the time having, I think, come when a brief statement to the effect that the action now moves to France



J.H.D.

## RELATED RIVALS.

Erik . . . . . REGINALD DENNY.  
Richard . . . . . FRANCHOT TONE.

for a few months might take the place of all these bangings and bombings and scenes of slaughter. To have made them afresh at this date, out there on some placid Californian hillside, seems preposterous, and the fortunes of the fated family of cotton-spinners could have been unfolded without them. It is the kind of story that I like—with the same people in it regenerated from the past—and the idea of adding to the family, from time to time, French and German representatives is very ingenious. But I fear it fails to grip, and one is always conscious that *Cavalcade* came first. To find FRANCHOT TONE in a picture is, however, always a pleasure.

It was not to be expected that WALT DISNEY would escape the attentions of the sincerest form of flatterer; but I expect he will continue to be the best silly symphonist. Meanwhile the Paramount Company have produced in his manner a version of *Cinderella*, with the egregious Miss Boop in the leading part. The story will, I fear, be considered by the young to have been too farcically treated, while such Ugly Sisters should be hounded from the stage; but the transformation of the six white mice into six white horses is real fairy-tale magic, perfectly done. E. V. L.



## Podgy's Penny.

I HAD been brooding over a pile of unpaid bills and I was feeling miserably insolvent. So when the door opened and little Podgy McSumph walked in I did not welcome him gladly.

"What is it, Podgy?" I asked wearily. "I'm busy this morning."

"I've got a penny," replied Podgy, laying the coin on my desk as corroborative evidence and gazing up at me earnestly.

"Yes, yes; but I'm busy this morning. You'd better run away and—spend it."

"I was goin' to get a ball wi' my penny," he explained, "but it's tuppence."

"Well, you'll just have to get a penny ball. We should all, Podgy," I went on feelingly—"we should all like to have twopenny things, but if we've only got a penny we—"

"They've got nae penny balls in the shop. But if I had another penny then I would have tuppence."

"Now, Podgy," I said testily, a queer imp of perversity prompting me to resist his wiles, "I have already told you that I am busy. Besides, I am always giving you pennies and I have none left."

"But have ye no' got a penny in yer trousers pocket?"

"I have no pennies even to buy a ball for myself."

"But if ye was to give me a penny," persisted Podgy, "I would let ye play wi' my ball when I get it. And," nodding his head at me impressively, "it's to be a great big ball."

"I'm afraid you're a bad boy," I sighed helplessly.

"It was just a penny so that I would have tuppence," insinuated Podgy with such a poignant note of entreaty in his voice that I was moved to lay a contrite hand on his head.

"All right, wee man," I said reassuringly; "but you see, Podgy," looking at him solemnly, "I need an awful lot of pennies just now to pay for my bills."

"Whit's bills?"

"These things, pointing to the ominous pile."

"Did ye buy them?"

"In a way, yes; and I need hundreds and hundreds of pennies to pay for them."

"But could ye no' send them back to the man and say ye didn't want them?"

"No, Podgy, I must pay, and where I am to get all the pennies I need I—"

"I wish ye had never got these



Waitress. "It's ALL RIGHT, SIR; HE'S ONLY TELLING ME HOW MANY CAKES YOU'VE HAD."

bills," murmured Podgy, sadly reproachful, "when I was wantin' a ball."

"It was wrong of me," I confessed humbly. "And if I can't get plenty of pennies I might have to run away."

"Run awa'?" exclaimed Podgy shrilly. "Run awa' for ever an' ever?"

"Maybe. Who would tell you stories and give you pennies then?" I asked dolefully.

"It's just these bills that's doin' it," wailed Podgy.

"Would you be sorry if I had to run away and leave you?"

Podgy looked bashfully at the carpet for a moment. Then he turned and started to walk slowly away.

"Hullo," I called, lifting his penny

and dropping it on the desk, "haven't you forgotten something?"

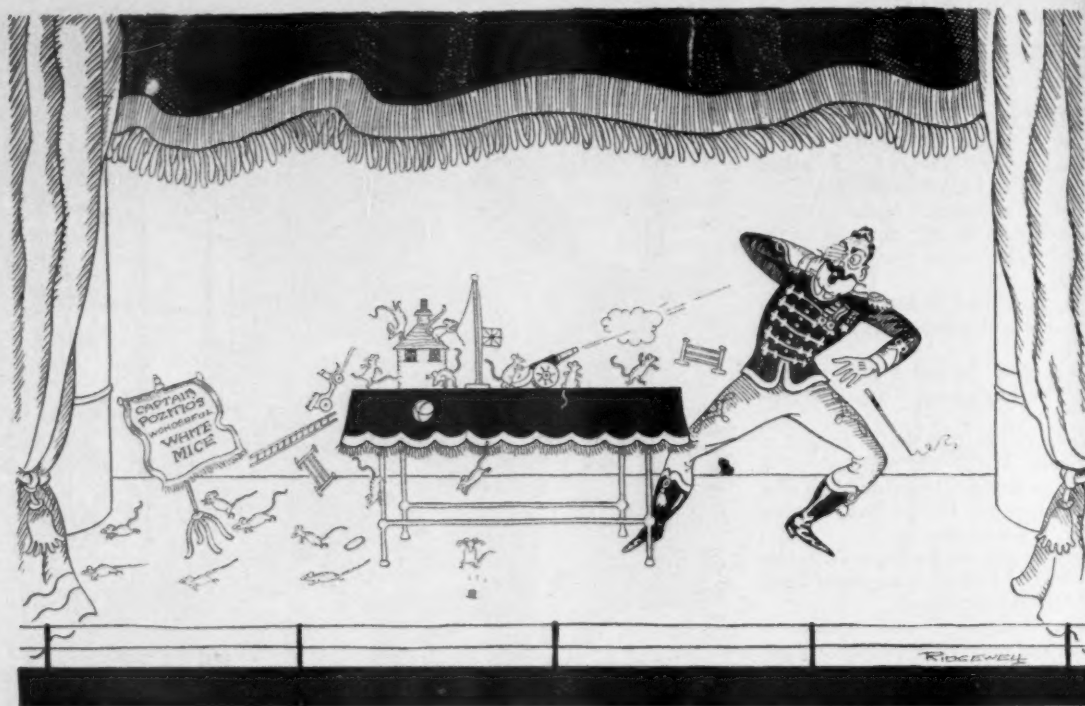
"I'm no' wantin' my penny back," replied Podgy, still making for the door with his head cast down. "I've gave it to you for the bills, because—because I don't want ye to run awa'."

Then, apparently in an agony of embarrassment, he took to his heels and shot out of the room.

I got my hat and hurried after him.

But that evening I had a disturbing interview with his mother when I met her by chance in the village.

"I think some of you auld bachelors is fair crazy," she complained. "The idea o' buyin' a football nearly as big as himself for a wee laddie like yon! He's broken a milk-jug wi' it already."



REVOLT!

### "Party."

"Mr. —, leader of the Blue Party, speaking at the Annual Meeting of the Blue Party Association, said that at the present time mere party politics must be kept in the background. . . ."

"Mr. —, leader of the Green Party, said that this was not a time for the party dogfight. . . ."

I wish that someone would explain to me about "party." We read these noble pronouncements every day, and as a non-party person I can safely inquire what they mean. Nothing, it seems, at the moment is more detestable and low than a political party conducting the operations for which it was formed; and no one condemns party more violently than the men who are, or were, the leaders of parties. At the very word their nostrils quiver with lofty scorn; the voice emotionally descends an octave; they could not be more indignant if you accused them of belonging to an Association of Burglars. We seem, in short, to have reached the enviable condition described by the poet MACAULAY:—

"Then none was for a party,  
Then all were for the State. . . ."

—always excepting HIS MAJESTY'S

Opposition, who thoughtlessly insist on being for a party (or parties) but would resent it hotly if you said they were not for the State. The PRIME MINISTER the other day made a very strong distinction between adhesion to "party" and adhesion to "principle." But H.M. Opp. maintain that in adhering to the former they are gloriously glued to the latter. Where are we?

I can remember when the "non-party man" (who must, I suppose, be the ideal citizen at the present time) was held in very low estimation indeed. He was a very poor fish, a lamentable cow. He was a "trimmer," one who trimmed his sails to every shift of the breeze (which, by the way, as I have observed before, is a thoroughly seamanlike and proper thing to do). He was a wobbler, a weather-cock, a man of no principle, one who couldn't make up his mind. Election agents referred to him as the "fluid vote" and classed him contemptuously with "the women."

Not only was he no good as a voter; he was no good as a practical politician. He was advised that it was no use going into Parliament as an Independent (even if he could get there), for an Independent, lacking the benefit of a party machine and party loyalties, could never get anything done. He

was like a soldier on the field of battle without a uniform.

But now the "non-party" man is a capital chap. Or is he? Well, I suppose so. For having no foul party allegiances or prepossessions, and *ex hypothesi* no principles, it is easy for him to give patriotic support to the National Gov. and ask no questions.

Far more difficult must be the position of the party man, who has to listen cheerfully to the leaders of his party referring to the party as if it was a criminal organisation. For he must have joined the party in the good old days on the understanding that it was unprincipled not to have principles and that the good and effective course was to join a party with principles and stick to it. And now he learns that the only principle is to let party go hang.

The silly fellow may well ask "Why?" I say "silly" because the answer is obvious. The nation is now passing through a critical year in its history (as it has, to my personal knowledge, every year for the last twenty years); and at a critical period nothing but the best is good enough for the nation. So party, which is an inferior and dangerous instrument, must be wrapped up and put away.

"But then," the silly fellow may



exclaim—and this, I confess, is the question that baffles me—"if party is no good now, why is it ever any good? For whether in peace or war, calm or crisis, the nation *always* deserves nothing but the best. Parliament, like the Navy, is *always* on active service and at all times should have the best machinery. What you are saying is that in calm weather a ship can safely navigate with one captain but in a storm she ought to have three. Or *vice versa*, if you like. Either way the proposition is indefensible. And, in short, the conclusion is this: Either the party system is not the best system for providing the country with a Government, in which case it should *never* be employed; or it is the best system, in which case it ought to be employed now—and indeed *a fortiori*, should be employed with especial vigour at the present time, which is a critical one."

(Answers to this dilemma should be typed on one side of the paper only and not exceed two-hundred-and-fifty words. No prize is offered, nor will anyone pay the smallest attention.)

It sounds to me like the Disarmament situation over again. Party A is very noble and says, "Well, after all, we have never pretended to have the monopoly of wisdom. We don't claim to be right about everything. But there are one or two important things we all believe in, and so we got together. But we really agree with quite a lot of what Parties B and C say, and as it's a crisis we're prepared to work with them."

That is all very well, indeed it is excellent, for it is based upon the frank admission that nobody is always right, that nobody has the whole secret.

Unfortunately there is also Party D. D is one of those very cocksure parties which insists that it alone, and always, is right. It has one idea, and that is the only idea that matters. It is the whole secret of everything, miraculously bestowed upon Party D after thousands of years of blundering by lesser men who did not possess it. And since the D's have the whole secret it follows mathematically that Parties A, B and C have not got a fragment of it. Two and two may or may not make four; what is certain is that any solution arrived at by Party A will be wrong.

Believing all this, and sincerely believing it, Party D cannot be expected to applaud this "non-party" stuff. The more critical the period the more the nation needs the Big Idea with which the D's can save the nation. So while A, B and C are nobly disarming, talking co-operation and condemning party warfare, Party D is



Keeper. "SHOOTING ALL RIGHT THIS MORNING, SIR?"

Shooter. "I'M SHOOTING VERY WELL INDEED, BUT I CAN'T HIT THE DAMN THINGS."

busy arming to the teeth and from time to time biffing the disarmers a very shrewd blow. And all that A and B get for standing above party and going for principle (or whatever it is) is the accusation that they have no principles.

Do not suppose that I am blaming either A, B or D. I speak as a detached, amused and interested onlooker, wondering what use it is for A and B to stand in noble postures, waving a joint fly-whisk, and cry, "We will have none of this low party strife," while D is merrily dropping bombs upon them from an aeroplane.

In other words, as the arithmetic-book says, "What does A do now?"

Well (1) A and B might go shares in a

new aeroplane, or (2) A might dig out his own aeroplane; but I suppose that (3) they will both go on saying rather grandly, "This is no time for aeroplanes." Which, if I were D, would make me laugh. But then, reader, we don't understand these things.

A. P. H.

#### Shocking News for Cross-word Fans.

"It is announced that at the end of this year the Turkish titles of Aga, Effendi, Bey, and Pasha are to be abolished."

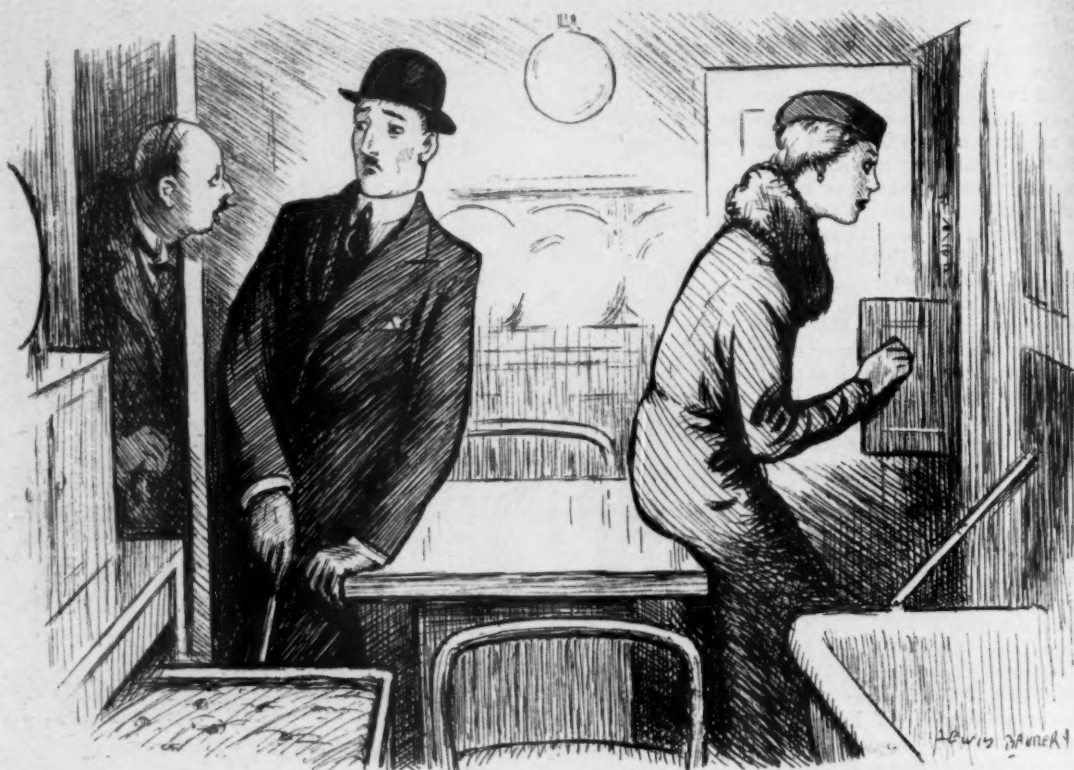
Evening Paper.

"The Rev. — opened the sale with prayer. The hon. secretary, Miss —, seemed thoroughly satisfied with the result."

Irish Paper.

So long as she was pleased.





"THIS IS THE LATEST TYPE OF OUR BED-SIT-KITCH-FLATLET. I WON'T COME IN, SO THAT YOU CAN BETTER APPRECIATE ITS COMFORT AND COMMODIOUSNESS."

### Kultur.

Typical english conversations for nordic Students.

(Made in Germany.)

#### VIII.—IN THE TRAIN.

*Lord Smith.* I say, it is fine. Let us go for a day on the country.

*Viscount Brown.* What a treat!

*Lord Robinson.* Yes. We shall take some trains and go out of London-town.

*Lord Smith.* Ripping! What about Land's End?

*Viscount Brown.* Poof! Silly! That is too far by half. Where is your geography? Really!

*Lord Robinson.* Very well. I propose the Downs.

*Viscount Brown.* Splendid indeed! On what railing are the Downs?

*Lord Smith.* On the Southern Railing. Many trains ply between them and Victoria Station.

*Lord Robinson.* To and fro. By nightfall must I be once in the first class?

*Viscount Brown.* Thither alone? Or to and fro?

*Lord Robinson.* To and fro. By nightfall must I be once more in the Wester End.

*Lord Smith.* Come! Let us reck nought of the expense!

[*They proceed to the station in a taxi-kab and embark on a train.*]

*Viscount Brown.* Pray take one of these cigarettes. They are very choice—rolled about by hand.

*A Strange Gentleman.* I beg you for Heaven's sake not to smoke here, Sir. I regret to trammel your enjoyment, but I might turn unwell and incommode the other voyagers.

*Viscount Brown (politely).* Very well, Sir. Granted, I am sure! But allow me to draw it to your attention that there is a not-smoking partition in the last waggon.

[*The Ticketkontroloverseer puts in his appearance.*]

*Ticketkontroloverseer.* Tickets, please!

[*All show their cards.*]

*Ticketkontroloverseer (to the Stranger).* Oh, Sir! You have a journey-card of insufficient value. This partition is a firster. Dear me! You must remedy this by some means, I tell you.

*The Stranger.* Alright, by George!\* I shall change my ticket for a rise in price. Also, kindly indicate a smokeless partition for me in the same class.

[*He betakes himself of.*]

*Viscount Brown.* So! Now we can smoke away, willy-nilly. Take some.

[*They take cigarettes.*]

*Lord Smith.* Ei! I am not lit up. Strike fire! I thank you.

*Lord Robinson.* But see! The train draws to. And there are some Downs.

*Viscount Brown.* Lovely!

*Lord Smith.* Beautiful!

*Lord Robinson.* How nice!

[*The train stands still and they climb down.*]

\* Schimpfwort.



Fair Bride of Kent.





## Impressions of Parliament.

### Pomp and Circumstance.

*Tuesday, November 20th.*—Parliament opened this morning by HIS MAJESTY with gorgeous state. Both Houses subsequently devoted short day to debating an Address to his gracious Speech. In each House this occasion is opportunity for new or newish Members to show off their oratorical paces when



THE HERALD OF THE SESSION.  
MR. LINDSAY.

carrying varying handicaps of fancy-dress.

Upper Chamber was charmed by eloquence of Lord BELPER, who appeared in uniform of a Deputy Lieutenant, and of Lord ELTON, who wore Court dress; and Commons warmly applauded Mr. N. K. LINDSAY (Court dress) and Colonel C. KERR (uniform of Royal Company of Archers—King's Bodyguard for Scotland).

Mr. LINDSAY, having not long ago presided over O.U.D.S., was obviously quite at home in his velveteens and funny waistcoat, and he brought dramatic quality to his delivery, which is refreshing in assembly not noted for its elocution.

Colonel KERR, who also won warm applause and who asked Members to view him as simple archer without his bow and arrow, emphasised importance of scheme for distressed areas and deplored recent growth of acute nationalism. After that House launched itself on usual formal voyage which it steers every year on this afternoon, each side letting off official fusillade to warn

enemy camp of its ruthless intentions during coming Session, and each side looking furtively at clock.

*"Ha, Steward! we seem about to embark on what I think I may fairly describe as a massive volume of legislation, if not as two pretty heavy vols."*

*"A heavyish load of business, Sir—heavyish, certainly."*

*"Have you any message for my many readers, Steward, some few words redolent of the political maelstrom?"*

*"Yes, Sir. Tell 'em Mr. Maxton's been and cut his hair."*

*"Not too personal, don't you think?"*

*"Bless you, no, Sir. It's been a national institution for years."*

### Goods Trains in the Sky?

*Wednesday, November 21st.*—Feature of to-day's debates was AIR MINISTER's exceedingly interesting statement on progress of civil aviation, in course of which he answered multitude of vague criticisms which have been levelled at British flying since Melbourne Race suddenly made public air-speed-minded. His speech was in reply to sympathetic but anxious inquiry from



DIPPING INTO THE FUTURE  
LORD HUTCHISON.

*"Saw the heavens fill with commerce,  
argosies of magic sails,  
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping  
down with costly bales."*

*Locksley Hall.*

Lord MOYNE, and to suggestions made by several other peers, most remarkable of which was that of Lord HUTCHISON, who proposed special com-

mercial services carrying heavy loads at slower speeds by shorter hops.

Lord LONDONDERRY pointed out that in last four months Imperial Airways carried three times more passengers than the French, and that, out of 91,000 passengers carried by all lines across Channel in 1933, 53,500 were carried by us. During 1933 Imperial Airways, he said, carried larger passenger, mail and total ton mileage than French, and yet its losses were about



THE ROYAL ARCHER HITS THE MARK.  
COLONEL KERR.

a third. As for America, her flying conditions were entirely different; instead of traversing eight foreign countries, as our service to Australia would have to do, her services were bounded by a single continent, and petrol cost her about sevenpence a gallon as against about half-a-crown on our Imperial lines. Finally Lord LONDONDERRY assured his Peers that far-reaching plans of development were under way, and expressed his satisfaction that percentage of subsidy to Imperial Airways is steadily falling year by year.

Lower House prefaced desultory debate on Address by lively discussion of P.M.'s announcement that during present Session Government would have to take over time normally given to Private Members on Wednesdays and Fridays, seeing that only forty-three days are available for Government business, and that India Bill will consist of about three hundred clauses. (Unemployment Bill had sixty-four clauses and took twenty-five sittings!)



## IN OLD CATHAY.

THE CEREMONY OF AWAKENING AN AGED CLUB MEMBER TO INFORM HIM THAT HIS SUBSCRIPTION IS DUE.

**"I Am a Fervent Lover of Peace . . ."**

"BOTHER!" said the Prime Minister. "Is it really so important?"

"Sir," said the Private Secretary, shocked, "it is concerned with the *National Security*."

"Then of course," said the Prime Minister. "And see that the rest of the Cabinet is told."

"Is it really as bad as that?" inquired the Prime Minister a little sadly.

"Never before, Sir," repeated the Expert impressively, "has the disparity of armaments been so great. If I may venture to quote from the article by Lord Twaddlemore"—here the Cabinet arose in involuntary homage—"which by now is engraved in gold upon the heart of the nation—

'I am a fervent lover of peace, but peace is always endangered when some of the possible belligerents are insufficiently armed.'

"The figures which I have put before you," continued the Expert, "demonstrate conclusively that at any

moment a conflagration of the first order may break out. I believe that the Public"—here the Cabinet again rose to its feet—"will no longer tolerate such a one-sided distribution of attacking power however defensive in intent.

"We have half-a-million bombing aeroplanes. *The Republic of Slush has only three-hundred-and-fifty thousand.*

"We have eighty thousand tanks. *The Republic of Slush has only fifty thousand.*

"We have thirty thousand pieces of heavy artillery. *The Republic of Slush has a paltry twenty thousand.*"

The Cabinet sat for a little while in silence.

"It comes a little expensive," said the Chancellor of the Exchequer plaintively.

"But there is nothing else to be done," said the Minister of War. "Peace must be preserved at all costs."

"I suppose I must ask for another credit," said the Chancellor. "Would a hundred-and-fifty million be enough? Or would a Guaranteed Loan of one-and-a-half per cent. to the Government of Slush be better?"

"I think," said the Prime Minister,

"that a Guaranteed Loan would meet the case, if only the Government of Slush can be persuaded to accept it. If the Public here is convinced that the whole of the loan will be devoted to increasing the armaments of Slush there should be no difficulty whatever in raising the money. We are essentially a peace-loving nation."

"Heil!" said the Minister of Defence, brushing the dust off his waistcoat. "Has the Dictator of Slush any commands?"

"Yes," replied the Dictator of Slush. "I have here a most important document." He handed the Minister a Note from the Government of Wash begging him to accept an Armament Loan of two hundred million pounds at one per cent.

"Thunder and Lightning!" said the Minister, forgetting himself. "Why, the thing's impossible!"

"IMPOSSIBLE?" said the Dictator; "and after they took a free gift of seventy-five millions for modernising their gas-factories?"

"You don't understand," said the Minister hopelessly; "it would only make things worse. Sometimes I



*Lord Willington and Friend.*





think," he continued, breaking into a soliloquy, "that the Government of Wash is off its head. Can't they see that our twenty-four thousand submarines could sink all their shipping in twenty-four hours? Can't they understand that our fifty new battleships could blow their fleet out of the water in ten minutes? Haven't they the decency to believe that our death-ray can bring down all their aeroplanes almost before they've left the ground? I've told them a hundred times if I've told them once. I've arranged demonstrations. I've had it broadcast. I've given interviews to their Press. And what happens? They turn off their wireless sets. They go to sleep. They wrap oranges in *The Daily Wail*. They are the stupidest race on earth."

"But surely we cannot be discourteous enough to refuse the Loan?" said the Dictator. "Is there no other way to peace?"

"I suppose we shall have to give them something again," replied the

Minister bitterly; "they're too proud to take a loan. '*Inequality of armaments*,'" he repeated, "*is a standing menace to the preservation of peace*.' You said that yourself at the Re-armament Conference."

"And that is still my unalterable belief!" exclaimed the Dictator, his eyes glowing with the light of a high inward resolve. "Summon the Minister of Propaganda! Summon the Minister of Subterfuges! Call a Council of Emergency! Declare a Day of Thought! Order the Churches to pray! If Wash will not re-arm we must make her!"

"Nothing," he continued musingly, "could be more dangerous to the peace of the world than a new Disarmament Race."

"Nothing," he repeated, pleased with himself, "could be more dangerous to the peace of the world than a new Disarmament Race!"

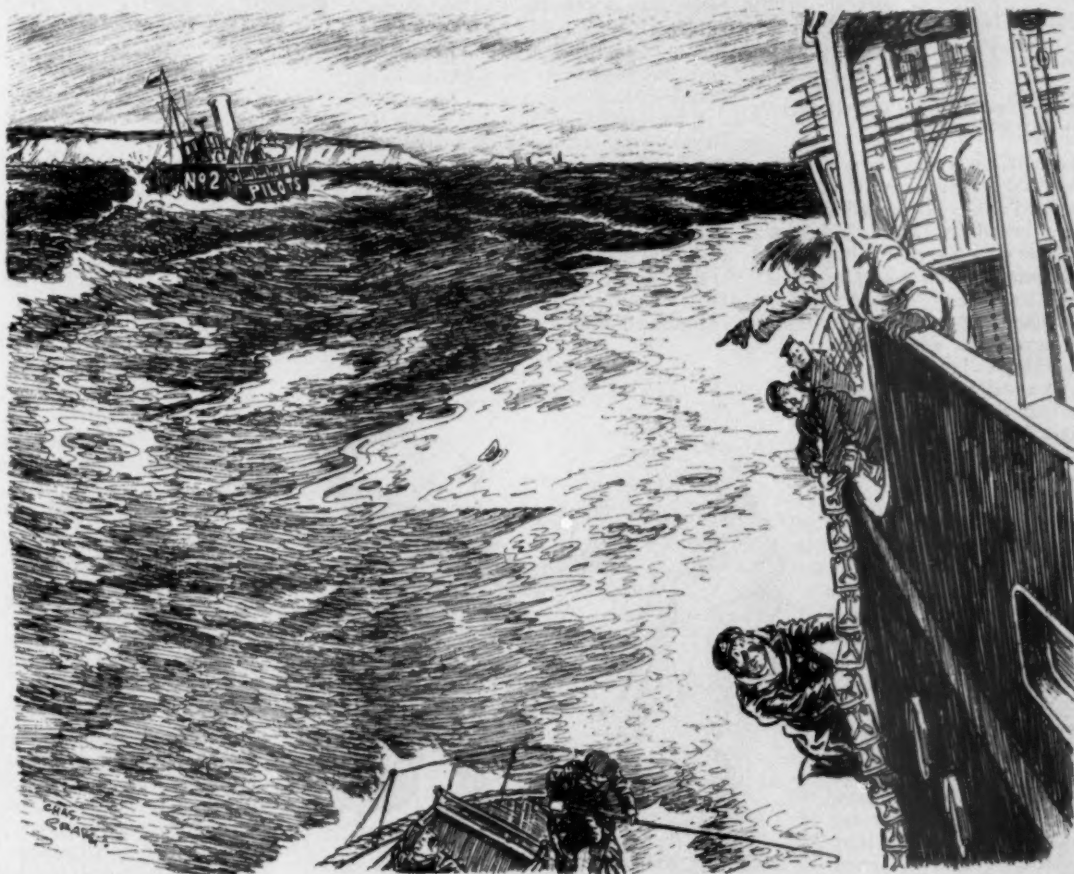
"Have a hundred million copies of that printed in gold," he ordered, "and present it to the Government of Wash."

### Christmas Cards for a Good Cause.

THE Invalid Children's Aid Association, of which Mrs. STANLEY BALDWIN is Chairman, are again issuing their popular "Peter Rabbit" Christmas Cards. These very attractive cards, which cost only 2d. each, may be obtained from the Hon. ANGELA BARRING, Ithen Stoke Manor, Winchester, Hants; and Mr. Punch hopes that his ever-generous readers will not miss this opportunity of solving the Christmas Card problem and at the same time helping a most deserving cause.

"Going to school in those days reminded one of Cowper's words of the 'snail-faced schoolboy creeping unwilling to school.'" Gloucester Paper.

SHAKESPEARE's schoolboy with "shining morning face" is going to take action.



"I SAY, PILOT, WOULD YOU MIND? MY HAT!"

## At the Play.

## "HAMLET" (NEW).

A CANDID eccentric friend (and persistent Shavian) to whom I had confided my evening's errand harangued me somewhat as follows: "Why on earth



OPHELIA (MISS JESSICA TANDY) FEELS A LITTLE MAD WITH HAMLET.

don't you fellows win merit by abandoning your solemn pretence of adoration of the Bard and treat the fellow as you would a brand-new author offering a brand-new play for your criticism and entertainment—something fairly worth three dollars of hard-earned money to the ordinary citizen? If you're bored, dare to confess it. If you can't see anything to laugh at in the *First Gravedigger* or if you squirm at the solid slabs of bombast from *Hamlet* and the *King* and *Laertes* and the *Ghost*, for honesty's sake say so!" And so forth.

Well, so far as is possible I adopted that mood, determined not to be impressed without good cause shown. Let me confess I should have been tempted to blue-pencil the passage following "Angels and ministers of grace," to challenge the *Ghost's* theology (as little defensible as that of the churlish priest at *Ophelia's* funeral); I should (with Mr. GIELGUD) have cut *Voltimand* as superfluous; have been inclined to question *Hamlet's* admiration for that robustious passage from *Aeneas's* tale to *Dido*. And I should frankly have guessed

from the queer change of mood, the curious inconsequence, the preposterous contest in bombast at *Ophelia's* graveside, the futile mechanism of the foils and jorum of poison, and the ludicrous holocaust, that a much-badgered author had finished his play in the devil of a hurry (probably because some theatre was unexpectedly vacant). . . .

But . . . but . . . when all that and more is said, what remains? Stated in concrete terms: An experienced, perhaps a jaded, theatre-goer is swept away clean out of himself by the shining splendour of phrases not even dimmed by glib or flippant quotation, exalted by the exciting crescendo of the action, culminating in the scene between the Queen and the Prince (and then, I sorrowfully admit, queerly going awry), by the wit, the wisdom, the insight, the passion of a noble mind poured perhaps not always into appropriate moulds but poured in glorious superb profusion—all of this and much more of which one is for English decency's sake unable to speak, from a play twenty times seen, as many times read, always able to exert its magic—surely this puts it beyond criticism, not because of conventional subservience but because of the overwhelming dominance of its genius.

I have nothing but praise for Mr. GIELGUD's thoughtful, imaginative and moving *Hamlet* (a little prone to violence of action at inappropriate times, it seemed to me) and his ingenious, unmannered and carefully-studied production, with his really admirable groupings and impressive ceremonial; of a *King* (Mr. VOSPER) appearing well able to enjoy the double rewards of murder—a

crown and a bed-fellow; a *Polonius* (Mr. GEORGE HOWE) interesting in his attempt to represent a conscious wit rather than a bore and meeting consequent difficulties in the text; a passionate *Queen* (Miss LAURA COWIE), resolute



HAMLET CLEAVES HIS MOTHER'S HEART IN TWAIN, BUT HE'S AWFULLY SORRY ABOUT IT.

Hamlet . . . . . MR. JOHN GIELGUD.  
Gertrude . . . . . MISS LAURA COWIE.

to sin and to brazen it out before the world; a brave swaggering chivalrous *Laertes* (Mr. GLEM BYAM SHAW); a *Horatio* (Mr. JACK HAWKINS) who was really a prince's friend; a much more than ordinarily enjoyable *Guiltenstern* and *Rosencrantz* (Mr. ANTHONY QUAYL and Mr. RICHARD AINLEY); the best *Ghost* I have seen in carriage and in speech (Mr. WILLIAM DEVLIN)—all this made a memorable whole.

The sombre magnificence of the Court scenes; the ingenuity (not over-emphasised) of the variable platforms; the flamboyant Dureresque ribboned and cod-pieced breeches and the rich painted cloaks and dresses designed by the excellent MOTLEY group; the impressive pageantry—all this was beyond praise. I could wish the overturned throne had not exhibited four sparkling domes of silence, and that the *King*, before his prayers, had not sat on a presumably sharp-edged sword and before that had not used it rather as one who wields a butterfly-



ESPADA ABOUT TO DESPATCH HIS BULL.

Claudius . . . . . MR. FRANK VOSPER.  
Hamlet . . . . . MR. JOHN GIELGUD.



net. But—all told, a magnificent performance of an imperishable play. My eccentric friend can just go and boil his head.

"FLOWERS OF THE FOREST"  
(WHITEHALL).

MR. JOHN VAN DRUTEN is sincerely and passionately appalled by the futility of war, and in my judgment he has nearly made a very good play about it. His aim is not to suggest practical political measures to ensure peace, but to kindle the imagination of his audience by a retrospective revaluation of the emotions aroused by the Great War.

In this he has succeeded remarkably, giving us a play which makes its points fairly and without hysteria, which is interesting in itself and unlogged by violent propaganda; yet in his conclusion he seems to me to fall somewhat short. For after thorough discussion of the two main issues, wastage of life and the corrupting bitterness which war generates, he ends with an appeal from the death bed of a young war-poet to let the young men live. To tell the truth, I am not quite sure what Mr. VAN DRUTEN intended by this last weighty emphasis on life as against death; for surely the evil of war goes much deeper than mass loss of life, seeing that death, even on a large scale, is by no means the monopoly of war and is implicit in our natural scheme? I think I felt that the rest of the argument had promised to carry us a little further than this; but I suppose it was ungrateful to expect a more clear-cut end to a play dealing with an almost insoluble problem.

After the First Act, in 1934, has shown us two sisters in the forties, *Mercia Huntbach* (Miss Marda Vane), just released by her father's death from a conscious martyrdom, and *Naomi* (Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies), married and cynically at peace with the world, and introduced us to a brilliant young pacifist, *Leonard* (Mr. Stephen Haggard), the Second takes us back to 1914 and the girls' home, a vicarage. *Mercia's* fiancé, *Thomas* (Mr. Guy Pelham Boulton), and *Richard* (Mr. Barry K. Barnes) are having

supper with the *Huntbachs* (was the irony of their German termination meant?) before going out to the Front. *Richard* is a poet and exalted by the idea of heroic death; the *Rev. Huntbach* (Mr. Lewis Casson) is recklessly confident that it is a holy duty to destroy a race so vile as the Germans. These sentiments are echoed by the women, and only *Thomas*, lately returned from a happy year amongst fellow-musicians in Germany, disagrees, pointing out that the propaganda-boasted hatred of the one anonymous individual for the other anonymous individual, without which war could not be effectively

reading of *Richard's* letters (he too was killed) has made her wonder again what it was he was said to be trying to express on his death-bed; and in the end she discovers, when *Richard's* voice takes possession of *Leonard's* body while the boy is in a trance.

These are the essentials of a story to which there is much more—a story admirably handled, beautifully told, and acted with notable restraint and conviction.

The performances of Miss GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES and Miss MARDA VANNE contrast brilliantly, and that of Mr. STEPHEN HAGGARD should enhance still further this gifted young actor's reputation. This is obviously a play not to miss.

ERIC.



THE VOLUBLE VISITOR.

Naomi Jacklin . . . . .	MISS GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES.
Lewis Jacklin . . . . .	MR. HENRY OSCAR.
Beryl Hodgson . . . . .	MISS JEAN SHEPHERD.
Leonard Dobie . . . . .	MR. STEPHEN HAGGARD.

prosecuted, is general to every belligerent country and is therefore false and detestable. He does not deny the undying heroism brought out by the War, but he insists that it is only a by-product of evil. He conceives it his duty to fight for his country, he says, but it is a loathsome duty and he refuses to pretend that it is not. The result of his outburst is that *Mercia* shows him the door; and this I find difficult to believe. He was, after all, on his way to the Front; could even the most imbecile of white-feather distributors, which *Mercia* was not, be so heartless? In the next scene, 1916, he has been killed; and *Richard*, home, wounded and engaged to *Naomi*, is utterly embittered.

The Third Act takes us back to *Naomi's* 1934 drawing-room. A re-

Himself a marionette, Mr. Punch recommends all those amongst his readers who care to see an entertainment in which art and artifice are delightfully and fantastically blended, to make their way to the Puppets of Mr. WILLIAM SIMMONDS now playing their antics at the Grafton Theatre, Warren Street, for a short season only.

"Councillor—said . . . the more money was spent the more was eaten up in expenditure."—*Local Paper*. We had half suspected this.

"Mr. Coward has been staying for the past week, at their farm at Wisconsin, with Alfred Lunt and Lynn

Fontanne (Mrs. Lunt), who will play the deals in the play."—*Daily Paper*.

Wouldn't Mr. and Mrs. CULBERTSON have been a sounder choice?

"7.35.—SCOTTISH—How I Spend My Sunday."—*Wireless Programme*.

We thought the Scotch always kept it.

Ne Sutor Ultra Crepidam

No, Sir, we don't sell socks;  
Watches we sell and clocks,  
Razors or writing-blocks,  
Envelopes by the box.  
We hold exclusive stocks  
Of sun- or sea-bathing frocks,  
Curls, switches, single locks,  
Books full of thrills and shocks,  
Modern or orthodox;  
But no, Sir, we don't sell socks.  
We're Chemists!

### Overdoing the Glands.

THERE is, I learn, a certain gland  
In this weak frame of ours  
Which, worked by a judicious hand,  
Has unexpected powers  
And can produce a rapid change  
Extremely rich and highly strange.

Childhood would vanish in a flash,  
One's schooldays in a shout;  
We should see young men cut a dash

At six or thereabout;  
We could expect a learned line  
Of dons at ten, or even nine.

The same with Army, Bench, and Bar;

Bishops and reverend deans—  
With Ebor, aye, and Cantuar—  
Would go it in their teens;  
One could prolong the list, but here  
You have the meaning, terse and clear.

There is, my learning lets me add,  
Another gland by which  
We get results, unless I'm mad,  
Equally strange and rich  
In lengthening out the mortal span  
Allotted, hitherto, to man.

The youth of fifty years might leap  
Like a young buck in Spring,  
The man of four-score summers keep  
As blithe as anything;  
Nor should the centenarian find  
Much lapse in body or in mind.

Science I hold in high esteem;  
The scientific gent  
Has always struck me as the cream  
Of large accomplishment,  
But if they stick to this, they'll make,  
I think, a serious mistake.

How noble is a life of toil.  
To buckle to one's job,  
To burn a lot of midnight oil,  
To yearn to be a nob,  
And, to that end, to strive and climb,  
Is that not noble? All the time.

And yet, however dear one's work,  
To start at ten and plod  
Steadily on I feel would irk  
Somewhere at eighty-odd,  
Though, being then intensely sound,  
How could one dodge one's daily round?

Better to put such dreams away;  
Better, as I conceive,  
That man should have his little day,  
Morning, and noon, and eve  
A time to sit with folded hands  
And have no monkeying with his glands.  
DUM-DUM.

### Rate of Exchange.

THE Fanling Hounds hunt, or used to hunt, the grey foxes that live among the foothills twenty miles from Hong-Kong. The hunters employed are small ugly China ponies, mostly grey in colour, inclined to be vicious but capable of carrying heavy weights all day. They vary of course considerably in efficiency, soundness and price.

The Midshipman had recently arrived on the station to join the Flagship, and his first burst of extravagance was to spend the sum of five dollars (eleven shillings and eightpence) on hiring a mount for the Saturday meet.

At eight A.M. he was at the stables in all respects ready for action. He was surprised to find that his pony had to be blindfolded before it could be mounted, but decided that this must be a normal procedure with this type of animal, and was not even surprised at the three running bucks which followed the removal of the bandage.

A field of thirty met the Master with his five couple of English hounds, two pariahs, one pointer, two setters and a fox-terrier. The gay throng moved off towards the grassy hillsides, both riders and hounds spreading out like beaters at a partridge-shoot.

After half-a-mile a dusty-coloured fox jumped up in the centre of the line and went off as if bound for Canton, the nondescript section of the pack running to view and the more respectable majority closing in to get their heads down on the line. There was a rush of hard-mouthed and pulling horses with riders looking rather like Carneras on bolting hobby-horses.

The Midshipman's mount yawed considerably in its steering and appeared disinclined to join the glad throng in front. Judicious use of whip and spurs brought the sulky brute close up to the line of tails, which appeared to be following the rest of the leading animals underground. Two quick blows with the whip, a stumble, a slide and a nice acrobatic roll-fall informed the Midshipman that the brute was not worth its hire-money and that, in spite of the absence of fences, hunting in China is not without its thrills.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Skipping four miles of steady gallop, the scene changes to a cluster of panting horses and riders and baying fox-hounds grouped round an absolutely undiggable earth among rocks. The Flag Commander dismounted and slackened his girths.

"That's a good pony you've got, Snotty," he said. "He brought you along well."

"Yes, Sir. He was rotten up to the first nullah, when he put me down, but that did him good, because he went on like smoke after I'd caught him."

"So I noticed," said the Commander, composing his features to the usual naval poker-face. "The Admiral had a fall at that nullah too. I think you'd better ride back very carefully and let him have his pony back."

### "Alas, Poor Ghost!"

*It is reported from New York that Mr. HENRY FORD is transporting ANNE BOLEYN'S cottage from Boreham, in Essex, to the United States.*

Of all our Queens long dead,  
Royal roses white or red,  
Now consorts to King Death,  
I think but few there be  
More jangled of than she  
Who bore ELIZABETH.

Wanton or martyr, which?  
Wild bird or subtle witch,  
True wife or perjurer?  
Who knows? Who shall declare?  
Her ghost creeps here and there,  
And men peer after her.

Sometimes upon Tower Green  
Her flitting wraith is seen,  
At Hampton Court sometimes;  
At Hever, so they say,  
She wends her mournful way  
When winter midnight chimes.

Surely to Boreham too  
She came to scan anew  
A once-frequented place;  
But in that low dark door  
We soon shall see no more  
Her haunted haunting face.

Alas, poor ghost, in vain  
She will win back again  
To that familiar spot!  
For soon what would she find?  
Only the winter wind  
Wailing an empty plot.

To track what she has lost  
Even for a winged ghost  
Would be a weary quest;  
She must adventure far,  
Following each sailor's star  
That beckons to the West.

There, in a land forlorn,  
Where never Queen has worn  
Gold gaud or purple weed,  
Where all is new, all vast,  
All future and no past,  
She were a ghost indeed!

D. M. S.

*Jorgensen*



"YOU REMEMBER, MARTHA—



MY TELLING YOU—



HOW I'D HAD A DREAM—



THAT I HAD TO GIVE—



A VERY IMPORTANT LECTURE—



AND HOW WHEN I GOT THERE—



I COULDN'T REMEMBER—



WHAT I HAD TO LECTURE ABOUT—



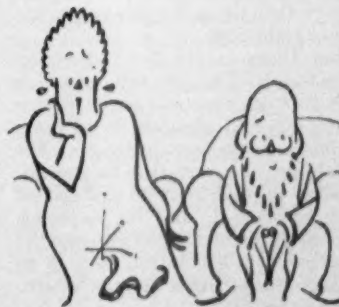
AND SO I JUST GAVE—



A LITTLE SONG AND DANCE INSTEAD.



WELL, I'VE JUST REMEMBERED—



THAT IT WASN'T A DREAM!"



## "I Write to my Watchmaker."

*Lincoln's Inn, W.C.2.*

DEAR SIR.—The amazing simplicity of the British public in buying clocks and watches from you will always be a source of great surprise to me, and for that matter every other person that I know who has ever bought a clock or watch from you. I suppose my own simplicity must be included, but I think the basic reason is that I have been hoping that after so many clocks and watches that would not go the law of averages should provide in time one belated exception to the rule. This apparently is a fallacy.

You remember that I collected a clock from you on Monday which has been left with you months before for attention. The history of this clock was that originally it would not go standing up, but would only go if it were placed flat on its back. Aesthetically this did not appeal to me, and as in addition it was somewhat awkward to peer over it every time I wanted to know the time, I sent it back in order that this might be remedied. I am perfectly satisfied that some work was carried out to it inasmuch as when it came back it would not go even lying on its back. A charge of three-and-sixpence was made for this, and I tremble to think what the clock would have been like if five-and-sixpence worth of work had been carried out on it. Presumably this would have included removing the hands and breaking the face. Of course it may well be that now it will not go for some different reason, but, not knowing much about clocks, except that they should tell the time, I am unable to give an expert opinion. I do not doubt however that there is some very ingenious explanation.

Then there is my Gold Jumping Figure watch. This you will remember began to work overtime about fifteen months ago and commenced to jump two hours at a time instead of the normal one. I returned it to you immediately in order that its enthusiasm might be curbed, and on countless occasions throughout the fifteen months I received detailed information as to its health, its progress and its whereabouts generally.

It has been back to the manufacturers on at least ninety-four occasions, it has been placed in the hands of seven-

teen experts and twenty-six super experts, and was returned a totally different watch in more senses than one. In fact it was a totally different watch, and was not the watch I originally sent to you. This watch was inspired with the same degree of enthusiasm as mine, but expressed its individuality differently. Instead of showing one hour at any particular time it showed two. I returned it immediately (about three weeks ago) and you optimistically sent it back yesterday—untouched.

I am not suggesting for one moment that with the high standard of efficiency for which Messrs. Moss and



*Rejected Suitor (lost with companion on big-game hunting expedition). "WELL, WHAT IF I DID FORGET THE COMPASS AND THE MAP. I CAME HERE TO FORGET, DIDN'T I?"*

Mildew are so justifiably famed it would be possible for the two watches to become mixed, but one of the ninety-four manufacturers, seventeen experts or twenty-six super experts in a moment of inspiration may have considered that the only method of curing the respective troubles from which two watches suffered was to swap them over.

It may interest you to know that an alarm-clock which you sold to Twydel at Christmas shows the same remarkable degree of enthusiasm. The usual procedure apparently is something as follows:—

It is set to ring for, say, eight o'clock in the morning, and, bursting with enthusiasm, a full-dress rehearsal is held at about 1 A.M. A second rehearsal is held at about 3 A.M., and then, becom-

ing sulky under a torrent of abuse, refuses to ring again until 9 A.M. This to me is very funny, but Twydel apparently does not see the joke. I suppose he lacks a sense of humour.

Bettine's Jumping Figure watch you will remember developed a series of mysterious maladies, and when returned to you disappeared completely. However in the first year of her possessing it I believe it did go in odd spasms for a total of nearly three weeks. This I think constitutes a record for any of your watches.

Bettine's watch, you will remember, was replaced some time ago by another watch which also would not go. The movement was exchanged for a different one, but it still adheres to the sulky attitude of its predecessor.

The watch I think looks very pretty on the wrist, but Bettine apparently feels that a watch should tell the time—a somewhat novel outlook.

We have now decided to go in for sundials. If you hear of a good line you might let me know.

Yours truly, V. M. L.

### Shock for Mother Hubbard.

"CORONER AND PILLS FOUND IN CUPBOARD."  
*Heading in Daily Paper.*

"Strong Girl, able to wait on table."—"Wanted" Advt. in *New Zealand Paper.*

Of course she'd have to keep her feet out of the butter.

"One report received by the police was that the beacons were shot at by a motorist, who thrust an air-gun through the car window and fired at the beacons." Police inquiries, however, did not lead to any confirmation of this report. The authorities are inclined to think that the beacons may have been used as targets by someone in a motor car."—*Daily Paper.*

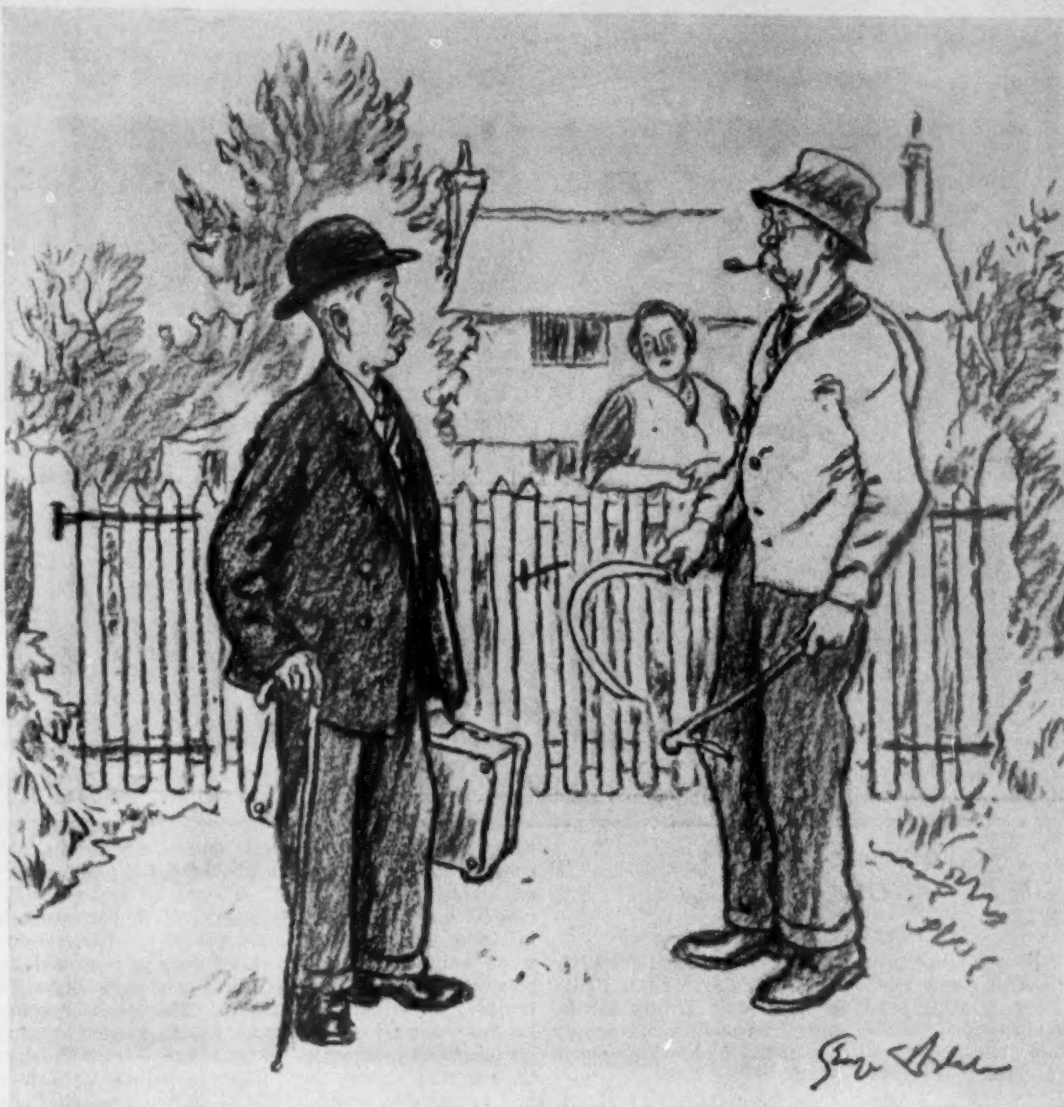
It takes the trained mind to appreciate the vital differences in a case like this.

### Good News for Music-Makers.

(It is announced that a leading English impresario has been greatly impressed by the remarkable skill of an American performer on the mouth-organ, who is equally at home with BEETHOVEN and RAVEL.)

WHEN staid and exact statisticians

By facts and by figures reveal  
The truth that most British musicians  
Are terribly down at the heel,  
To bid them be frugal and thrifty  
Would argue a temper devoid  
Both of logic and mercy, with fifty  
Per cent. unemployed.



"BA GOOM, WILLIE, LONDON BE THE PLACE TO SEE LIFE. AH SEED THREE FUNERALS IN ONE AFTERNOON."

Yet hopes of a speedy revival  
Of minstrels now mute and depressed  
Are stirred by a recent arrival—  
A star from the wonderful West,  
Not renowned for his fiddling, or  
swiping

The keys with a powerful fist,  
But for tuneful and exquisite piping—  
A mouth-organist.

Eschewing the frantic excesses  
Of Jazz, with no labour of lung  
BEETHOVEN he gently caresses  
At will with the tip of his tongue.  
But his mood in a moment he changes  
To "music's voluptuous swell,"  
For his generous repertoire ranges  
Right down to RAVEL.

This portent foreshadows the slumber  
Of Steinways, the scrapping of  
"Strads"

And the cutting of costs that encumber  
Bright musical lasses and lads;  
For, though the fastidious may grumble,  
'Tis now unmistakably clear  
That instruments never so humble  
Can ravish the ear.

Though the cult of the musical glasses  
Is dead, yet the peasant and duke,  
In proof of the fusion of classes,  
Are linked by their love of the "uke."  
There are plenty of cheap concertinas  
All ready to shrink or expand,  
And I've seen, on a stall, ocarinas,  
"Sixpence, second-hand."

Cantatas by BACH, in the scoring  
That rigorous purists prefer,  
Are often conducive to snoring,  
So B.B.C. critics aver;  
But, rendered on tin penny-whistles  
By gifted American blokes,  
Might prove as nutritious as thistles  
To musical mokes.

Hence, to save the profession from ruin  
I cherish the confident hope  
That ALLEN (Sir HUGH) and McEWEN  
Will stretch their curriculum's scope,  
And devote their superfluous dollars,  
Assisted by suitable loans,  
To teaching their talented scholars  
The tongs and the bones.

C. L. G.





"DO THESE DOLLS SAY 'MAMA'?"

"AS A MATTER OF FACT, MADAM, THEY ARE OF GERMAN MANUFACTURE. THEY RAISE THEIR ARMS AND SAY, 'HEIL HITLER!'"

### Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

#### More Riddell.

LORD RIDDELL has turned back to the years 1908-1914 in taking *More Pages from My Diary* (COUNTRY LIFE, 10/6), where those exciting pre-War years come vividly to life again in countless inimitable stories and character-sketches. My fallible memory was already taxed to breaking-point before I came to Professor JONES telling a dinner-party that GLADSTONE'S "conscience was his accomplice and not his guide." The central figure rarely absent from these pages is L. G. in all his moods and phases. In 1912 Lord RIDDELL presciently notes that L. G. "always seems sure that he has taken or is about to take the right course." Yet no political prophet was more swiftly confounded than L. G. in telling Lord RIDDELL, on July 26, 1914, that he believed peace would be maintained, "in fact, he thought so very strongly." For the best story I give my vote to a Cambridge don's brilliant improvisation of a speech addressed to the Almighty by Dr. BUTLER of Trinity after the Last Judgment. It is worth buying the book—the profits go to the Newspaper Press Fund—for that story alone.

#### "All For Charlie."

MR. COMPTON MACKENZIE has not perhaps been well advised in recalling memories of BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE which necessarily entail close scrutiny of his hero's domestic career. He assumes, I gather, that, impressed by the testimony of Hanoverian spies, we have done PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD less than justice. I should rather insist

that, well primed by Jacobite enthusiasts, we have been content to remember the leader of the '45 and given less creditable aspects the go-by. There is no doubt that *Prince Charlie and His Ladies* (CASSELL, 10/6) corrects several misapprehensions, but the temper of the book is on the whole ungracious, and no useful purpose is served by its abusive presentment of CHARLES'S extremely silly wife and her fatuous liaison with ALFIERI. The gallant woman—his mother, a trio of MACDONALDS, his French agents and his mistress CLEMENTINA WALKINSHAW—are well depicted, CLEMENTINA'S story in particular exhibiting a humble and memorable pathos. The most touching letter among a great deal of interesting correspondence is JAMES'S injunction to his son, beseeching him to give CLEMENTINA'S little daughter a Christian education and not to allow either mother or child to share "the uncertain and ambulatory Life you Lead."

#### "Q" the Humanist.

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-ROUCH is the least academic and most companionable of professors. Even his jokes do not betray the don. It must have been pleasant to sit listening to the discourses which constitute the major part of *The Poet as Citizen and Other Papers* (CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS, 9/-). They have the very accent of easy and genial talk. Indeed, if there is a fault to be found with them it is that they would have been none the worse for a little pulling together and tightening-up before they were submitted to the reader's more leisured scrutiny. It seems a pity that sentences which start so well should so often finish in the air. But that is a small and accidental blemish to set against the admirable essence of these papers—the



enthusiasm for good literature, whatever its form or temper, which prompts Sir ARTHUR to insist that the critic, especially the incipient critic to whom he is chiefly addressing himself, should drink deep of the living water of the word before he wanders into the wastes of theory and generalisation; the sanity which maintains that the poet should be regarded as a necessary member of society and not, to his own and others' loss, as an uncomfortable and uncomfortable alien; or the humanity which can so nicely appraise the difficulties and divagations of a young TENNYSON and a young HARDY or the unassuming genius of the ever-young creators of the Irish R.M.

#### Small Somebodies.

Sketches of babies! big ones, little ones,  
Plump ones, chubby ones, bland ones  
and shy,

Most of them sturdy, a few almost  
brittle ones,

Some with the twinkle of a roguish  
eye;

Nestlings, fledglings, some rather older,  
Some that are diffident, some that  
are proud,

Slim ones, prim ones, coy ones and  
bolder—

*People of Importance*, by J. H. DOWD.

This would be cheap at the ten-and-a-  
tanner

Which COUNTRY LIFE is content to  
win,

But words in the wholly delightful  
manner

Of BRENDA E. SPENDER are all  
thrown in.

She, no less than her painter fellow,

Gives us glimpses of childhood's spell

Subtly fragrant, elusive, mellow,

Which tell far more than they seem  
to tell.

#### Crazy-Work from the Peninsula.

Professor WALTER STARKIE's record of vagabondage in Spain reminds me of those trophies of Victorian needle-work in which a little shred of everything is feather-stitched into a quilt and embroidered with nondescript devices. There is a similar rich absurdity about *Spanish Raggle-Taggle* (MURRAY, 10/6), a record of the writer's tramp with a fiddle from Fuenterrabia to Madrid and of his encounters with gipsies, grandes, dancers, ecstasies, painters and *toreros*. The joy of these escapades for their hero lies, I gather, in his escape from the discipline of civilisation into a world where he can allow his "different personalities . . . a little freedom of expression." Perhaps civilisation is growing dearer as it grows rarer and the call of the wild less attractive in an epoch so untamed. At any rate I found the shyly emerging don who collects native proverbs and has the history of his folk-songs at his fingers' ends better company than the rollicking *Sancho*, who is, after all, the commoner portent of the two.



THE PILOT.

"'ERE'S THE KERB ALL RIGHT. NOW I'VE LOST ME BLINKIN' 'BUS!"

#### Further Confessions of an Emperor.

In *I, Claudius* Mr. ROBERT GRAVES gave us an account of the life of this most human of the Julio-Claudians up to the time at which he was proclaimed Emperor, and now in *Claudius the God* (BARKER, 10/6) he continues the story through the thirteen years of his reign. These two volumes represent a very considerable achievement. Mr. GRAVES has spared no pains to assemble the available evidence (the list of authorities consulted is enough to give the hardiest critic pause) and to make his picture of Roman life and times coherent and free from inconsistencies. Whether historians will be pleased with the result remains open to question. They may object that the really interesting developments of CLAUDIUS' principate—the gradual centralisation of

finance, the beginnings of an imperial bureaucracy, above all the new liberal policy with regard to Roman citizenship which was CLAUDIUS' greatest contribution to the future security of the Empire—have not received the emphasis they deserve. But the ordinary reader, caring for none of these things, will be content to thank Mr. GRAVES for an instructive and on the whole very readable piece of work.

#### Mr. Mottram's Dozen.

Books of short stories seem to be having a success just now—or why are publishers producing so many?—and one of the latest, Mr. R. H. MOTTRAM's collection, *The Banquet* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 7/6), will probably share in it. This is not to say that its twelve component parts are equal in quality or even all Mr. MOTTRAM's best, but the least satisfying adds colour and variety to the whole; and it is by that variety and the fact—rare in books of this sort—that the contents have not lost through juxtaposition that it scores. The two items which gave me special pleasure were perversely not stories at all: one was "The Call," a sketch of an old-time music-hall artiste, and the other, "The English Tree," as lovely and sincere an appreciation as one need wish to find of a sight common enough in our countryside, simple and unimportant; but it is an essay that will make the heart of many a country-lover beat high.

#### 1914 and All That.

Probably most people by now have heard that some twenty years ago there was a war. Mr. C. R. M. F. CRUTTWELL has written a book about it—*A History of the Great War, 1914-1918* (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 15/-)—which admirably re-

counts all the movements of armies and the accumulation of casualties, though it is hardly within its scope to be concerned with mutilation and pain and human valour. I have a small quarrel with him for so often relegating his shrewdest points to footnotes, but am filled with satisfaction at his generosity to opponents, sympathy for those who barely failed, and invincible impartiality. One cannot be sure even to the end whether he is "Easterner" or "Westerner"—what, for instance, is his final opinion of FOCH, or how he regards the chances of a German descent on these shores; and the most settled conclusion that his studies seem to have left with him is that, although on the one hand politicians are far from infallible, on the other hand war is too heavy a matter to be turned over to soldiers.

#### Brothers in Revolution.

Only occasionally does M. EDOUARD HERRIOT admit a personal note to his rather objective report of journeyings in Further Europe—*Eastward from Paris* (GOLLANCZ, 10/6). To me this seems a serious loss, for the famous ex-Premier understands flowers and birds and sunshine and, always in the grand or Gallic manner, can evoke a golden landscape with a phrase. He is uninspiring when expending good

enthusiasm on a small girl rendering cornet solos at a school for delinquents in Kiev, for instance, or workers affixing STALIN's maxims in their factories; but because he has decided that a statesman should be absorbed in affairs of State, most of his pages are devoted to descriptions of the social order as presented by his hosts. He is much too polite not to be duly impressed, and in the name of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity is able to swallow an unconscionable deal of pure autocracy, yet it is true that his account leaves one more hopeful for the future of regions now rapidly adopting, though under new banners, most of the characteristics of a civilisation evolved further west. Of course it is always understood, one assures oneself, that the beautiful France remains the centre of the universe.

#### The Invasion.

When Miss BERTA RUCK, on page 185 of *Sunburst* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), asks young women of to-day a direct question, I cannot help thinking that mere males have been consigned to what may be, for all I know, their proper place. The query, however, is sensible enough, because this story of a girl's tempestuous arrival in the midst of aristocratic and hide-bound relations must appeal more urgently to women than to men. Miss RUCK loses neither her *verve* nor vivacity, and as *Patricia Roberts* pursues her career and drops some heavy bricks on the way, shrewd observation is combined with a real sense of the ridiculous. In fine Miss RUCK has again pierced the target at which she has aimed.

#### Business and Benevolence.

To Miss AGATHA CHRISTIE's industry and powers of invention there would seem to be no limit, and, in *Parker Pyne Investigates* (COLLINS, 7/6), she has not only created a brand-new deducer, but has also, in twelve "Cases," given proof of his ingenuity and skill. *Pyne* may lack *Poirot's* flourish and *flair*, but in his efforts to provide happiness for those who consult him he is so kind-hearted and yet so business-like, that my feeling for him is one of affection mingled with admiration. To read "The House of Shiraz," for instance, is to be assured that yet another investigator of the first rank has appeared in the fields of fiction.

#### Mr. Punch on Tour.

THE Exhibition of the Original Work of Living "Punch" Artists recently held at the "Punch" Office will be on view at the Public Art Gallery, Sunderland, from December 4th till January 6th, after which it will be shown at Rochdale, Huddersfield, Dudley, Bristol, Manchester and Gateshead.

Invitations to visit the Exhibition at any of these places will be gladly sent to readers if they apply to the Secretary, "Punch" Offices, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.



Husband. "LET ME SEE—WE DID BRING BABY, DIDN'T WE?"



## Charivaria.

A SCIENTIST says that it is the lower part of the face and not the eyes that give away one's thoughts. In that case the cautious person should keep the lower part of his face closed as much as possible.

Now that Oxford taxis are cheaper some undergraduates are said to be going to lectures in them. Hitherto, we suppose, they have been kept away by considerations of economy

Somebody has remarked that people with keen hearing can distinguish a Highland regiment on the march by the shortswinging step that sets the kilts swirling. Another noticeable little peculiarity is the sound of the bagpipes.

"This country was once entirely covered with gorse-bushes and long grass," states an historian. Many golfers maintain that it still is.

By adopting all-electric streamlined trains, it is claimed, railway time-tables could be cut in half. An even simpler method is to use a good strong pair of scissors.

A correspondent declares in an evening paper that the Crystal Palace "is easily the most significant piece of architecture in London." It is to window-cleaners of course that it signifies most.

Fir-cones are being collected in some parts of the country for winter use. And fur-coats in others.

A poultry expert points out that turkeys will fatten quicker if kept in a cheerful-looking coop. It is unfair, however, to decorate it with holly and mistletoe.

ATATURK, meaning "Chief Turk," the surname given to MUSTAPHA

In order that no grass in Germany may be wasted all lawns are to be grazed by sheep. A further advantage of this arrangement is that sheep require no oiling, sharpening or pushing.

"The fashion to be slim will continue," says an authority. All Underground officials heartily approve.

"It will soon be possible to collect money by wireless," prophesies a writer. But not from us.

Thousands of archaic carvings on rocks in the Maritime Alps are being closely studied. They are regarded as evidence of the antiquity of vandalism.

Railway-porter says that carrying trunks about soon reduces weight. We respectfully draw his attention to elephants.

"Most second-hand cars on sale," declares an expert, "are quite all right." As far as they go.

Certain football partisans protest against the offside rule. We gather also that the law allowing goals to be scored against the home side does not meet with their entire approval.

"Always go to bed with the flu," advises a doctor. Personally we prefer to go there without it.

A correspondent wants to know what one must do to ensure being a centenarian. Just live for a hundred years, my lad—that's all.



"WHY NOT BE IN THE MOVEMENT, SIR, AND 'AVE A BELISHA?"

KEMAL by vote of the Grand National Assembly, is of course a variant of the Western "Attaboy."

The grapefruit is of greater medical value than some people think. Most people who eat them are agreed that there is more in the grapefruit than meets the eye.

New scents are being named after costly furs. Including skunk?



### The Rainbow Book.

A WILD man with glittering eyes came into my room. His hair, which was slightly grey, stood upright on his head. He had under his right arm one of those thinnish but very broad books out of which you might almost make the top of an occasional table.

He planked it down in front of me.

"Look at that!" he said. "I have solved the whole problem of Peace and War!"

I looked at the title of the book. It was called *The Orders, Decorations and Medals of the World*, by Captain ARTHUR JOCELYN. This seemed to be the first part, dealing with the British Empire alone.

"Are you Captain ARTHUR JOCELYN?" I asked.

"Of course not," he said. "But look at *that*, and *that*, and *that*."

He had opened the book and showed me a number of beautifully-embossed sections of ribbon, using, in a host of different combinations, all the colours of the prism and maybe one or two more. I was fascinated.

"What do you want to do about it?" I said.

"Can't you see how many of them are given for military campaigns?" he cried.

"And why not?"

"My good man, they ought to be given for Peace campaigns."

"To the Fighting Services?"

"No, to the Cabinet. New medals and new ribbons, better and more beautiful than these. The Order of Geneva, with or without bar. The Decoration of the Flying Dove. The Olive Branch, with eight berries of bronze. The Gold Cross of International Quietude. All the members of all the Governments in Europe should get a new one every year so long as peace remained. I would load them with ornaments till they could hardly stand up and speak, a thing you may often see in the case of distinguished military men at a big dinner. They give themselves a kind of jerk in order to lift up their load of shining metal and coloured haberdashery, and straighten them out as they rise. These are the kind of ornaments, but granted for Peace and not for War, that I would make our politicians carry."

I stopped him by raising a hand.

"To some extent," I said, "they do. There are glorious insignia for statesmanship, for diplomacy, for—"

"But not enough! but not enough!" he shouted. "For every year of peace I would give the whole Government a new medal for Distinguished Services in aid of the Preservation of International and Domestic Tranquillity."

"The same medal?" I queried.

"If you like. Or different ones for different offices. To the Spending Department the Most Noble and Most Ancient Order of Thrift. To the Foreign Secretary the Most Honourable Order of the Avenue. To the Minister of Transport a golden medal suspended from ribbons of black and white silk in equal parts. Every meritorious negotiation in the cause of Economy, Safety, Security, every conference or conversation that removes the suspicions of foreigners, allays hostility and induces calm should be rewarded by a broad stripe of pink or green or azure, terminating in a silver medallion or attached to a golden star."

And with a sweep of his right hand, induced by the magnificence of his oratory, he knocked my letter-basket on to the carpet.

"After all," I said rather testily as I stooped down to pick it up, "you are not the KING."

"I speak without presumption," said the stranger. "I speak merely as a philosopher and a psychologist. It is honour and glory and the symbols of them that good men seek, rather than mere salaries and powers. And," he went on—"and—"

I looked up wearily.

"And mark this: if ever a war occurred these men would be disgraced. Their medals would be struck off in public, not to be worn again until peace returned. They would be like the Chinese doctors, who get no pay when their patients fall ill but only while they keep healthy and well. Don't you agree with me?"

But I wasn't listening to him any longer. I was turning over the pages of the beautiful book, which, if you are wealthy enough, you can buy for three guineas from Messrs. IVOR NICHOLSON AND WATSON to give to your great-uncle, who, for all I know, may be a Scottish baronet or have the Efficiency Medal (with obsolete ribbon) of the Territorial Forces; until at last I uttered a cry of joy. I had come to the medal of my heart's desire. The ribbon of it was ribbed orange silk, and it bore the title—

*L.C.C. Medal.*

*Zeal and Fidelity.*

What a distinction, I thought, to earn! Was it open to the ordinary citizen and ratepayer? I wondered.

"Listen!" I said to the wild man, rapping my desk sharply two or three times. *Tum-ti-ti, tum-ti-ti, tum.* "I have made a poem:—

I pay my rates  
At the proper dates  
And I leave no litter about,  
I run from the Park  
Before it is dark  
When I hear the keepers shout.  
I keep the hours  
Of the licensing powers,  
I help to pay for the schools,  
I adore the trams  
And the traffic jams  
And I never neglect the rules.  
And there's only one medal  
Alive or dead 'll  
I hope be discovered on me;  
There's only one ribbon  
To go as a bib on  
My neck as I drink my tea.  
It isn't the Thistle  
For which I whistle,  
Not the Bath nor the O.B.E.—  
It's the medal that's given by the London County Council  
For Zeal and Fidelity!

I go to the aid  
Of the Fire Brigade,  
And I understand the drains——"

A draught of cold air blew on my temples. The wild man had gone. Like most fanatics, he had no sense of the beauty of other men's dreams.

I am glad to say that he left the book behind him, so that it is now mine.

EVOE.

### The Stoical Sex.

"This finished, I squeeze out the cotton-wool pad into really boiling water and then, keeping the eyelids firmly closed, I apply it to the eye again until the heat is gone."—*Beauty Chat.*

Thus achieving the hard-boiled look so popular to-day.



### THE MORE WE GET TOGETHER.

["The Japanese Ambassador met Sir JOHN SIMON to talk about the Washington Naval Treaty. . . . There will be further meetings."]

## Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

XIV.

*From Miss Annie V. McWhigg, Secretary of the Ladies Golf Club, Little Stymington.*

Thursday, 18th October, 1934.

DEAR SIR,—As you are the Secretary of Roughover, the biggest golf club in the district, I am appealing to you for a direct answer to the following question:—

"May the Secretary of a Club lay out the putting course for the Annual Putting Competition?"

I did this last year, but now that I happen to be the Cup Holder and Defender a lot of people think that someone else should do it.

Surely it will be quite in order for me to continue my former practice?

Hoping that you will back me up in this matter,

Yours faithfully,

ANNIE V. MCWHIGG,  
Ladies Secretary, L.S.G.C.

*From James Duffit, Secretary Trudgett Magna Golf Club.*

26/10/34.

DEAR PAT,—As between secretaries, do let me know what you think I ought to do in a case like this:—

One of my members here, an extraordinarily decent fellow normally, has an absolute mania for fresh air and comes up to the club about nine each morning to throw open immediately all the doors and windows (even on the foulest and foggiest of days), with the result that when the "difficult squad" arrive about ten I get hell for not having the place properly warmed up.

I've tried everything, from gentle hints to direct remonstrance, but all I get is a charming smile, and next morning he's at it again.

I even called a House Committee meeting to deal with matter last night, but they funk'd the issue as usual and told me I must settle the matter myself.

What would you do? Do make some bright suggestion—nothing rough, though! Reply by return, if possible.

Yours ever,

JIM.

*From Lady Madge Forcursue, The Cedars, Roughover.*

November 6th, 1934.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—I have a great secret for you. I am going to start a tennis club in Roughover next spring,

and I am sure you will be thrilled to know that I shall be the secretary.

Now please, dear Mr. Whelk, will you assist me all you can, as you are such a splendid secretary and would be such a help with the rules and getting in subs and arranging matches and keeping the grumpy ones happy and having the court marked out and the net the right height?

I am so sure that you won't refuse me this tiny request that I am enclosing herewith a list of the things I do wish you would do for me before my first meeting on the tenth of next month.

I am afraid you may think I am asking rather a lot, but it's such interesting work, isn't it?

Thanking you so much,

Yours very sincerely,

MADGE FORCURSUE,  
Secretary Arcadia Tennis Club.

P.S.—I have just been thinking—supposing I made you extra Honorary Secretary, could you let us borrow the Club mowing-machines for cutting the court; also lend us a groundsman or two when required? It would be such a help.

*From Rupert Dudleigh, Secretary, Slogworthy Golf Club, Slogworthy.*

10th November, 1934.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—When I was appointed here three months ago you wrote me such a nice congratulatory letter, offering at the same time to give me a hand with any matter "where two heads might be better than one," and really I seem to be very much in need of some good advice from an old hand just now, as our stocktaker's returns for the last two months have been hopelessly on the wrong side and the committee are threatening me with the most awful consequences unless I can get the matter cleared up before next Friday.

I need hardly say that the affair has upset both the steward and myself a great deal; in fact the former has become so shaky from worrying about it that I am afraid he is verging on a breakdown; and there are times when he has to take to his bed for quite lengthy periods.

Could you come over and have a talk? I shall be in the day after tomorrow, all morning.

Yours sincerely,

R. DUDLEIGH.

P.S.—Would you suspect the stocktaker?

*From Miss Georgina Sands, Secretary Ladies Golf Club, Roughover.*

13/11/34.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—Please come

down here immediately. We are in the middle of our usual monthly Ladies' Committee Meeting and everyone has threatened to resign unless the Captain (Mrs. Harrington Nettle) agrees to abide by the rules and discontinue bringing her dog into the club-house. At the moment the situation is a complete deadlock, both parties maintaining a most belligerent attitude.

I hate worrying you, but in the past you have always been so splendid over these emergencies; and also there are several more things on my agenda that require the committee's immediate attention, and of course if everyone resigns I shall have no proper quorum and will be powerless to get any more business done.

Do come now. We are all waiting for you.

Yours sincerely,

GEORGINA SANDS,  
Sec., R.L.G.C.

*From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., The Cedars, Roughover.*

Saturday, 17th November, 1934.

SIR,—What is this drivel I hear about your giving good advice and assistance to the secretaries of other clubs and acting as a sort of local court of appeal and peacemaker rolled into one? To me the news is fantastic.

If by any chance there is a vestige of truth in the matter, kindly note that you would be very much better employed in attending to your own club first. There are at least six things I have asked you to see to during the past month, each one of which still remains undone, i.e.:—

- (1) Fill up the bunker at the 6th.
- (2) " " " 10th.
- (3) " " " 13th.
- (4) " " " 14th.
- (5) " two bunkers " 15th.
- (6) Fill up all bunkers at the 18th.

I intend coming along to the next monthly meeting to point out to the members of your committee how appallingly incompetent you are.

Yours faithfully,

ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

*From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., The Cedars, Roughover.*

Thursday, 22nd November, 1934.

MY DEAR WHELK,—I was approached yesterday by the British Legion authorities, who asked me if I would start a branch for them here in Roughover, and this I of course readily agreed to do.

I must, however, have an efficient





"I'VE TESTED THIS NEW DRILL, SIR. IT SEEMS TO BE ALL RIGHT."



"No, I'm all right, thanks. The little beast is always doing things like that."

secretary (ex-Service), and naturally my choice falls on you. Please confirm that you will be agreeable to do this.

I am sure we should work most happily together.

Yours very sincerely,  
ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

P.S.—In the meantime you had better disregard my letter of the 17th. It was written before breakfast and should never have been posted.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue,  
K.B.E., C.S.I., The Cedars, Roughover.

Tuesday, 27th November, 1934.

DEAR SIR,—Thank you for your letter, from which I note you will be glad to undertake the job.

Yours faithfully,  
ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

P.S.—Why in the name of fortune have you done nothing yet about those bunkers?  
G. C. N.

#### The Glass of Fashion.

"600 Gorgeous Girls in amazing new Spectacles. Indescribable Beauty."

Cinema Advt.

### Industry in Art.

I SEE that another of these Art in Industry exhibitions is or was in progress. You know the sort of thing—abstract creations in pure line advertising Blotto's Teething Powders and a few impinging planes slung together as a package for bath-salts. Frankly I am a little tired of it. I am tired of exhibitions of something or other in Industry. For some reason or other *everybody*—it doesn't matter who he is or what he does—thinks he can put poor old industry right. We have books and exhibitions and lectures about Art in Industry and Films in Industry and Psychology in Industry, and the effect of Deep Breathing on Industry. Why the Pete can't we let Industry alone? It doesn't interfere with us. It never tells *us* how to do our job. It just goes on its dear old smelly, messy, grimy way and minds its own business. And we run round it in small circles making shrill yapping noises and telling it that if only it would be more artistic or more psychological or more

dramatic or would let itself be psycho-analysed it would get on much better.

I know perfectly well what will happen in the end. Industry will get fed up. At last the worm will turn, and, then, before we know where we are, Industry will take the bit between its teeth and start telling *us* how to do *our* jobs. And, after all, why not? Why shouldn't there be an exhibition devoted to, say, "Industry in Art. The Beneficial Effects of Industrial Methods in Artistic Work"?

I offer this possible method of revenge to Industry free. I'll go further and suggest some of the exhibits:—

#### EXHIBIT A.

*Effect of piece-rate incentive* on poet of the younger school. On the left is seen the slim volume of free verse produced by the subject in a year *before* the incentive was applied. On the right the three volumes of heroic couplets produced in two months *after* application. Quality was affected to some extent, but then the subject's quality always *had* been affected.

## EXHIBIT B.

*Effect of proper selection of personnel.* The Committee on Industry in Art drew up a list of qualifications for reviewers. Here, side by side, we have reviews of the same book written by an ordinary reviewer and by a selected reviewer who was not known to suffer from dyspepsia or sluggish liver and who had proved to the committee that he could read simple prose.

## EXHIBIT C.

*Mechanisation.* For years Mr. — had turned out this portrait for the Royal Academy Exhibition, doing each one laboriously by hand. A simple machine now enables Mr. —'s portrait to be turned out in hundreds, the name of the sitter merely being added at the bottom. Price by old method: 100 guineas; price by new method: 8d. (retail).

## EXHIBIT D.

Playbill designed for a theatre by a first-class business-man. Notice the unique features. The fact that the play is presented by Blank by arrangement with Blank is deliberately omitted. On the other hand the designer has broken entirely new ground by positively saying what the play is about.

## EXHIBIT E.

Chart showing the effect of introduction of foreman on film-star's temperament. Notice how the temperament graph droops after foreman has been present two days.

## EXHIBIT F.

*The Wobblemeter.* Designed by the Committee on Industry in Art for use with Madame —, the well-known soprano. This ingenious machine records the distance the singer strays from the pitch of her accompaniment, and by the use of the ready-reckoner in its base, makes a corresponding reduction in her fee.

## EXHIBIT G.

*Training.* Before training, Mr. — the sculptor, always modelled women with square legs (*see specimen on left*). After a short spell in one of the special schools of Industrial Art Training, however, he got them as good as the specimen on the right.

## EXHIBIT H.

These gramophone records are of Mr. — playing the First Movement of the Sonata Pathétique. In the first record it will be noticed that the



## A LITTLE SHOPPING AT OUR SUPER-EMPORIUM DE LUXE

work of the two hands is neither co-ordinated nor rhythmic. In the second these faults have disappeared. This improvement was brought about by making a slow-motion film of Mr. — and explaining to him the principles of simple industrial motion study.

## EXHIBIT I.

The cheque on the left represents the royalties received by a young author on a book before industrial methods were applied to his publisher. The cheque on the right represents the royalties he *would* have received if proper accounts had been kept.

Well, these are a few suggestions. The number of possibilities is infinite. But for my part I would give them all for Exhibit Z. You know that the Art

in Industry things usually have an exhibit showing the effect of a certain factory colour-scheme on the output? Very well:—

## EXHIBIT Z

shows the effect on one of these fancy colour-schemes when an industrial process is carried out near it.

## Pessimism in the Hunting Field.

"COLLEGE VALLEY FOXHOUNDS.  
Tuesday, Sept. 28, at 8.30 A.M. . . Fleehope."  
\* Instead of Grabbitt."

Scots Paper.

"The bride's younger sister wore a pink dress with a veil and coronet to match, the others were in lemonade."

South African Paper.

It sounds a dullish wedding.



### Curious Influence of Fowls.

Thompson, it ought to be stated at once, keeps fowls. Not just four or five white ones, like Major Dumble and old Mrs. Billington (though one of hers is brown, now I come to think of it, and has a warped beak) and those new people across the road whose name I can never remember, but hundreds and hundreds of fowls of every hue—and, for the matter of that, cry. Exactly how many fowls Thompson has I don't know. He has often told me, but it varies so and one forgets these things. I know there are fourteen separate "houses" (or is it eleven?), and if you reckon fifty birds to a house, besides chicks and those poor old hens who keep going into solitary confinement, you can safely say—well, anyway, hundreds and hundreds. You ought to see them.

Thompson's fowls always seem to me, even for fowls, an excessively stupid lot—and nowhere else, I suppose, not even in the Mother of Parliaments, is quite such a high level of idiocy reached and maintained as in the common hen-run. But to Thompson himself they are practically faultless. Birds without blemish. I don't believe there ever was a man who thought so highly of his hens as Thompson does.

"Now, there!" he will say, leaning against the wire-netting with his eyes on a sad-looking hen in black, who seems to have something on her mind and keeps saying "Wark!" with a kind of angry petulance every five seconds—"that's a fine bird, that is!" And he will tell you all about her birth and parentage and how many eggs she lays and what a time he had sitting up all night with her when she was bad with the rheumatics. And if you get tired of it and tell him that though she may be a very good layer she's got an extraordinarily silly face he becomes quite huffy and goes and shuts himself up in the incubator till you go away.

I used to admire this thorough identification of the man with his work, but now I admit it rather frightens me. He seems so inordinately fowl-minded. One can't help remembering what one has read in books about people acquiring the characteristics of animals with which they are constantly in contact and wondering whether—perhaps . . . ?

One notices little things. He pecks at his food, for instance, and when he drinks, as he often does, he tilts his head back further than you or I and smacks his lips in rather a curious way. Once too I came upon him unawares when he was eating asparagus and he—well, I tell you, it gave me quite a turn. And sometimes, as I have said, he will sit for hours at a time in the incubator with a kind of brooding look. . . .

But it is his extraordinary passion for rubbish that alarms me most. Everybody knows the peculiarity of hens in this respect. Put a nice cabbage into their cage and they will hardly give it a thought; at best they will peck at it one at a time in a desultory sort of way. Even their corn, madly though they may charge forward at the first hint of its arrival (and you should see Thompson run when he hears the dinner-gong; it makes me shiver), is consumed on the whole fairly leisurely and without undue jostling or recrimination. But chuck some foul and rotting piece of garbage over the wire and they will scrap for it until hardly a White Wyandotte is left to tell the tale. The fouler the better. And even so it is with Thompson.

I noticed this about him the first time he came to tea. I had taken him round the garden and shown him the direction the path was going to take and where the chrysanthemums were to be planted and the hole I had dug

for the rose-standard, but it was obvious he was only pretending to be interested. You could see his mind was running all the time on Coops and Egg-yields and Methods of Combating Wireworm in Young Chicks. It wasn't until we came to the rubbish-heap that he became really excited.

"Hullo!" he said, bending down to look at a piece of rusty iron piping that might once have been part of a bicycle, "you're not throwing this away, surely?"

"Why, yes," I said, rather surprised. "It's no earthly use to anybody."

"I'll take it along with me, then, if I may," he said; "I expect it will come in handy for something;" and away he went with the loathsome thing, chuckling over it as if it had been a bar of gold.

After that I always took him round by the rubbish-heap whenever he called. He was a perfect godsend. One is constantly being bothered by bits of unwanted hardware, which refuse to burn and which the dustman is sure to make a fuss about taking away, and these we soon got into the habit of leaving on the rubbish-heap for Thompson. He rarely failed us. Occasionally he would refuse to take something on the ground that it was not, properly-speaking, rubbish. "Any junk-dealer would give you a penny or two for that," he would say, and nothing on earth would induce him to remove the thing. It was the same, too, if one was foolish enough to recommend something to him as likely to come in handy.

"That!" he would cry scornfully, just like a hen presented with a nice fresh cabbage, "what on earth should I want with a thing like that?" And one would have to take him down to the end of the garden and let him come accidentally on the half of a broken pair of hedge-clippers before he was himself again.

I have spoken in the past tense about these scavenging visits of Thompson's because I have made up my mind that from now on there are to be no more of them. However grave the inconvenience to ourselves, we cannot, as I see it, encourage in any way the development of so obviously serious a case of poultry-complex. Goodness knows what it might not lead to. And if anything was needed to harden my resolution, what happened yesterday supplied it. My wife (to whom, naturally, I have not confided my fears) had been over to see Mrs. Thompson and the new baby, and her very first words on her return made me turn pale with horror.

"He's a cheerful young thing," she said. "He's begun to crow already."

Already! It's in the blood, you see.

H. F. E.



"ERATTA."

In line five, for 'enumerates' read 'enunciates,' and in line twelve, for 'and unnatural' read 'not unnatural.'—*Periodical*.

And for Erratta read Errata.

"A procedure formerly adopted by the Adelaide Children's Court was for an official to be ordered to cane youthful delinquents. After the punishment had been administered the case was dismissed. This procedure left no marks against the boy's character."

*Australian Paper.*

That is not where we should expect to find them.



"NOW EMBRACE HER, KEEP HER PROFILE TO THE CAMERA, KEEP YOUR HAND ON YOUR SWORD AND YOUR MIND OFF YOUR WHISKERS, AND FOR GOODNESS' SAKE BE NATURAL."

### Song and Dance.

*(Experts in Census matters have forecast a heavy proportional decline in the numbers of the elderly.)*

In days of my minority a mass of seniority

Lay heavy as a blanket on my likes, who all averred  
That average ability was lowered by senility:

The Army was pervaded by a paralytic herd  
Of Colonels centenarian and Generals pre-Aryan,

With Majors by the million "dug-out" or disinterred.  
We suffered them in sorrow, now, all hail the glowing  
morrow!

The numbers of the elderly must take a sharp decline.  
Oh, my nephews and my nieces, mark the statistician's  
thesis—

If I reach second-childhood fame and honour shall be  
mine!

I shan't be called a dug-out and I shan't be thought a  
waste,

Nor yet by senile decadence shall I be held disgraced;  
I shall figure as a treasure among connoisseurs of taste;  
I'll be very highly valued (as Egyptian mummies can);

I shan't depend on charity,

I see it all with clarity!

I'm going to be a rarity—

A rare old man!

When three more years have rocketed I'll stand condemned  
and docketed,

According to the proverb (if it isn't so as yet).

Oh, wit encyclopædical! a moron or a medical—

I cannot claim the latter, though a fairly decent vet.

But by nineteen-seven-seven (if I haven't gone to heaven)

I shall be your pride and glory—yes, your heirloom and  
your pet.

Oh, much historic bunk'll hover round your aged uncle—

The Centre of a Century, the Portrait of the Past!

Oh, my nephews and my nieces, you will hug yourselves to  
pieces

For pride in owning such a one; you'll honour me at last!

I shan't be called a doctor and I shan't be called a fool,

But, perfect by the strictest of the canons of the rule,

A genuine Old Master of the Prehistoric School;

And, fenced with glass and railings, you shall see me when  
you come,

Protected from the truculent,

Sustained with matters succulent,

The very old, old buck you lent

The Mu-se-um!



"YES, I HAD A DEVIL OF A TIME WITH HIM, AND THE REST OF HIM GOT AWAY."

### A.A., Sir.

IT WAS in a sunny sheltered corner of Ashdown Forest that I was joined in my wayside lunch by one of those friendly officials from whom, at a cost of three guineas a year, we receive salutes. And cheap at the price.

Naturally we talked of cars and drivers, and it was only right that the ladies came first.

"The trouble with the ladies," he said, "is that they don't keep the pace. Some go too fast and some go too slow. The ones who go fast are usually alone. The ones that go too slow have another lady beside them and talk."

"I know," I said, "and then when they're hooted at from behind by someone who wants to pass, they're cross and hold the road. Don't they?"

"I'm afraid it's true," he said. "Ladies don't seem to like the gentlemen in other cars, however much they may like them in their own or anywhere else. It's the ones coming up behind them that they seem to dislike most. And what a lot of ladies drive now! More and more every day. I must say I admire them for it, especi-

ally the very old ones. Grandmothers they look like, but they don't mind being all alone. It's my opinion," he added reflectively, "that all drivers should be alone. No one else on the front seat. The courting couples I see swaying this side and that!"

"Better tell BELISHA about it," I suggested.

"Well, I think he might bear it in mind when he's finished with beacons," he said.

"And horses?" I asked.

"Yes, and horses. They'll have to go, so why not be quick about it?"

"The other day," I said, "the whole of Piccadilly was held up by a van drawn by one old horse; and what do you think the van was lettered? Continental Express. Either horses will have to go or they must be off the streets at the busy times. Lorries too."

"It's bound to come," he said.

"As to lorries," I said, "are you too happy about the way they're driven? Don't they also hold the middle of the road too much and resent the motors behind?"

"That's true," he said. "And again it's worst when there are two men on the box."

"And when there's no mirror," I said. "Mirrors are supposed to be compulsory, aren't they? And signals?"

"Of course," he said.

More work for BELISHA, we agreed.

"And sign-posts," I said. "In West Sussex they've all been lowered from ten feet to four feet so that the roof of a limousine or other closed car doesn't cut off their tops any more. But in most places they're still too high."

BELISHA again, we agreed.

"We all have our special motoring dislikes," I said. "Mine is the driver, usually of a small car in which he is alone, lying almost at full-length, who, when you indicate that you want to overtake and pass, waves his hand. Now since waving a hand, if done carelessly, may mean more than one thing, all he really need do is to deflect to the left."

"I know the ones who lie full-length," said the A.A. man darkly. "They're the ones who cut in on bends too. Some day there will be in every school lessons on driving, with diagrams showing bends."

"BELISHA?" I suggested.

"He might do worse," said the A.A. man.



"In France," I said, "where motor-ing on the whole is safer because every-one goes the same pace and the French are quicker than we in divining what the other fellow is going to do—in France they now have Awful Examples on the roads. We go pretty far in saying 'You have been warned,' but in France now you see beside the roads platforms with smashed cars on them and the words in big letters, 'Be prudent on the route,' and underneath, 'Better get there late than never.' Areal object-lesson. I wonder if that would help things here at all?"

"Not so long as they sit two on a box and talk," said the A.A. man.

Before we parted I asked him his name. "Not Major Road?" I said.

"No," he replied, "nor Major any-thing. I don't want to be a major. What I should like to be is Private Means."

E. V. L.

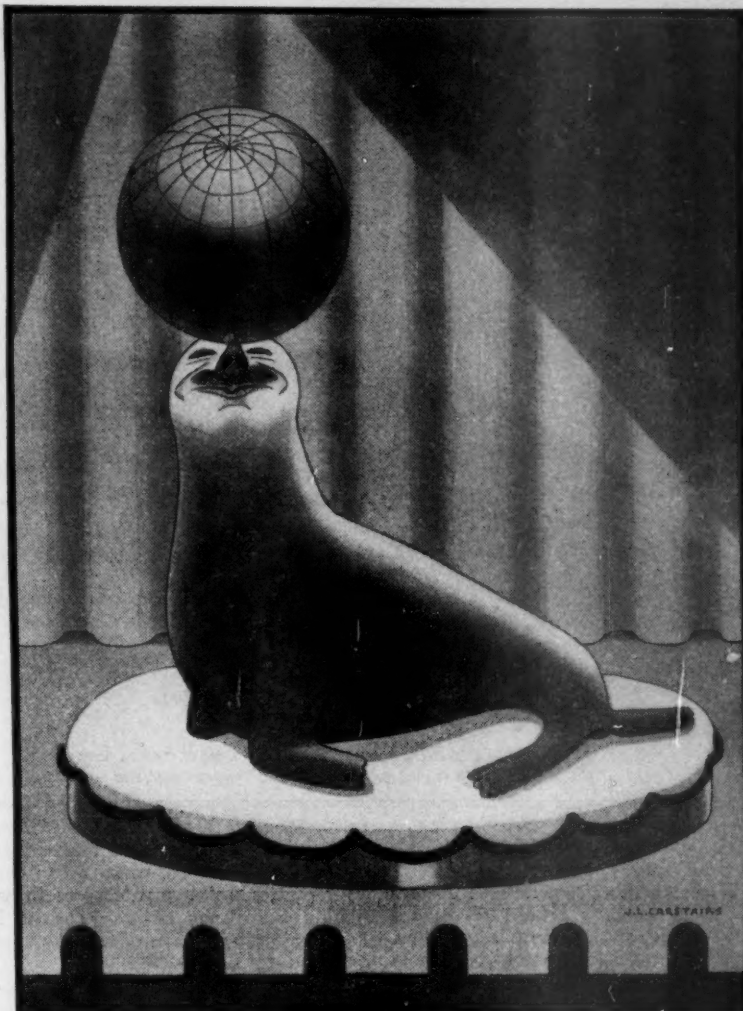
### The Literary Cad.

THE question raised by a speaker at *The Sunday Times* Book Exhibition, namely, "Why are Authors Cads?" is one to which every earnest inquirer will demand biological, anthropological and psychological answers. No doubt a scientific Commission will be appointed, but in the meantime the im-patient citizen looks as usual to this journal for something to go on with.

What then is it which makes authors, or (if we accept the speaker's somewhat timid qualification) "some authors," cads?

Are authors born cads? This ques-tion, a satisfactory solution to which would doubtless enable modern science to grapple with the whole horrid prob-lem, unfortunately eludes investigation in the most exasperating manner. In the first place the most powerful thingumbobs fail to detect definable signs of caddishness in the new-born babe; and, secondly, no one save its own dithering parents can assert that any given infant will emerge into authorship.

Professor Lymekylne, whom I found deeply engaged in heating cocoa over his Bunsen burner, ascribes the malady to a germ developed in the gizzard or uvula by reactions of the self-drama-tization complex, but only becoming active when fed by impurities in the blood caused by acceptance of the author's first manuscript. The author carries the germ into publishing offices and literary clubs, where it escapes in the course of excited conversation and waxes fat amid the thick dust and viti-ated atmosphere, thus spreading the contagion.



MR. H. G. WELLS THINKS IT OUGHT TO BE QUITE EASY.

"In this way," I said, "a perfectly genteel author may suddenly become a cad even after reaching maturity?"

"Easily," replied the Professor, rinsing out his cup and drying it on his beard. "Haven't you noticed it?"

He admitted that the problem of an anti-toxin was engaging his attention and he was at that moment awaiting a report from a tracking squad of the local Boy Scouts.

At the headquarters of the "All Out for Decency League" I was told that the Committee had under consideration an ingenious mechanical invention for kicking young authors in the pants, and a house-to-house canvass for orders would be put in hand as soon as possible.

An official at the Ministry of Trans-

port was fully alive to the risks which the public ran from cads of authors roaming uncontrolled about the streets but could promise no immediate action.

"At the moment," he said, "our hands are full of Belisha beacons." He dropped one in his agitation as he spoke, and I hurried off to call upon Mr. JULIAN HUXLEY.

Mr. JULIAN HUXLEY was out.

The rest is up to you, my readers.

D. C.

"MONSTER WITH HORSE-LIKE HEAD.  
SCIENTIST'S CABLE TO 'DAILY MAIL'  
THIRTY FEET LONG."

*Daily Paper.*

It must have taken a deal of sub-  
editing.



*Ticket-Inspector. "THERE'S A BOY UNDER THE SEAT."  
Ma (equal to the occasion). "STOP PLAYING AT DETECTIVES, TOMMY."*

### My Ballot.

WHERE is this Peace Ballot? It does not seem to have penetrated to our little Borough. No one has asked me whether I prefer the trenches or a warm bed, bombs in the bathroom or a quiet night. I would gladly give a definite answer to this difficult question.

But I hope that no one will think it necessary to bombard me with questionnaires, with green, blue or yellow papers. I am kept quite busy enough filling up Inland Revenue forms about the number of persons I employ otherwise than by way of manual labour not exceeding £125 except those employed at a weekly wage including any leases or hereditaments incurred since the last Quinquennial Assessment (but see paragraph 45).

Nevertheless, provided nobody bothers me, I am all for plebiscites, referenda and what-not, for it is interesting to know what the other fellow thinks (assuming that that can ever be clearly ascertained). A Betting and Lotteries Act Ballot, for example, might be highly entertaining, and I rely on the Peace Ballot organisers to have a go at that sort of subject as soon as they

have finished their present business. The questions could be few and simple and thoroughly in tune with the "international" sympathies of those behind the Peace Ballot. Indeed I could get the whole matter into one question—or two:—

(1) *Is it your opinion that the English law and practice relating to Marriage, Gaming and Betting, Licensing, Theatres, Censorship, Sunday, etc., should be brought into line with the law and practice of the majority of the civilised countries of Europe?*

(2) *If so, is it your wish that the League of Nations should be requested to draft a Protocol or what-not in order to standardise the laws of Europe in these matters and amend the laws of England accordingly?*

I should answer both these questions with a loud "Yes!" But I am afraid that many of my internationally-minded friends, who regard me as a hide-bound insular Englishman, would sooner perish than do the same. They are all for my butting into Europe's dogfights (for the general good); but take a lesson from Europe in peacetime—as to the relations between State and Theatre, for example—no.

They keep on telling me that we are no longer an island—but in the next breath they are raving against the "Continental Sunday." I must be Europe-minded, they insist, "a citizen of the world," forget that I am English, and be ready at any moment to take up arms for Holland, Belgium, Switzerland or France; but if I tell them to be Europe-minded, forget they are English, and accept the decent and humane marriage laws of Holland, Belgium, Switzerland or France, they have a fit. Well, you put a few questions to some of these "progressive" internationalists and see what they say. You will gather from the answers that Europe is a barbaric mass of atheists, libertines and drunkards whose social laws and habits could never be admitted into this superior land. The answer to which is, "Well, that may be so. But if so, do you really expect me to go and fight for one of these wild beasts when assaulted by another? If you are unwilling to enter a Continental casino or beer-garden you can understand a certain reluctance on my part to enter a Continental war."

In other words (I speak with caution, not yet having received my P.B.—and far be it from me, in any case, to say

anything that might upset the Collective Peace System), it seems to me that you and I (as usual) are going to be had both ways. The argument is that this little island is now an inextricable part of Europe; so much so that if some crazy Sluzo-jug throws a bomb at an elderly Sauer-Kraut at Mosch and the Sauer-Krauts march into the Schplotch Valley in consequence, I must be ready to take up arms at once, cross the Channel and march into the Schplotch Valley myself (or send my son) to turn the Sauer-Krauts out.

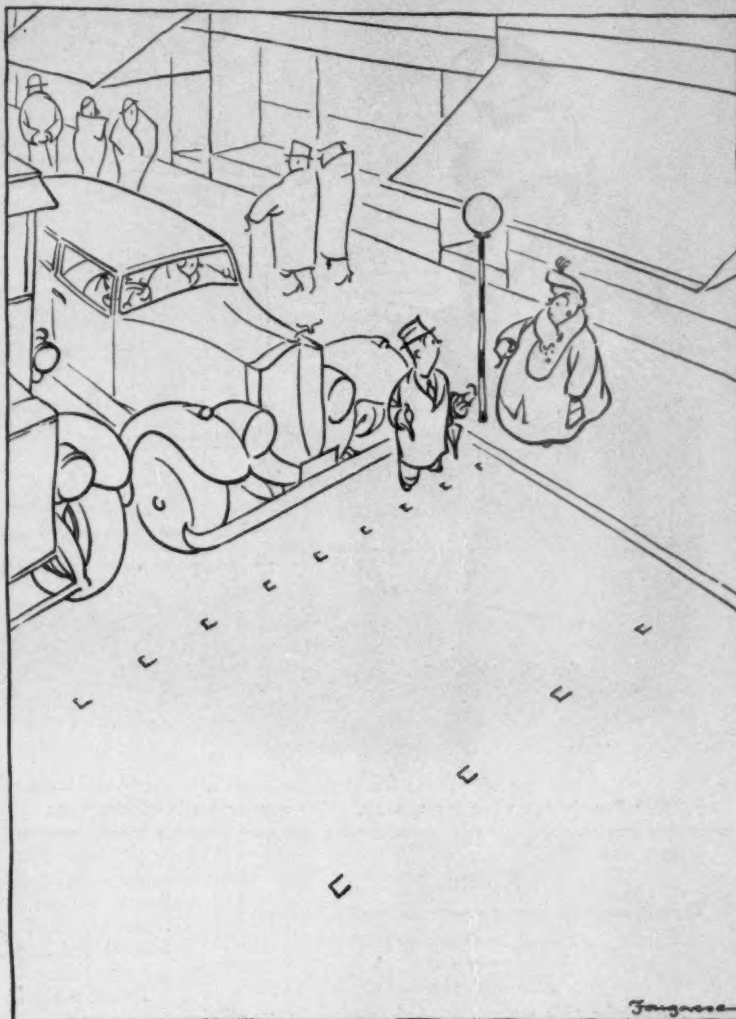
Well, it may be all right. This will be a just piece of warfare competently and nobly conducted by the League of Nations instead of by corrupt and bungling national Governments. There will be none of that ineptitude and muddle in the relations of statesmen, generals and armies which are now being so dismally advertised in *The Times* and elsewhere, though why the said generals and armies should do their job better when they are under the orders of other nations' statesmen than they do under their own is not clear to me.

That is the argument, and who are we to question it? My frontier is now the Rhine (or the Vistula?); the Sauer-Krauts, I now perceive, are as dear to me as the men of Kent; their quarrels are my quarrels, and who strikes a Sluzo-jug strikes me. For the benefit of humanity (or Europe) I give up some of the advantages of being English and residing on an island, and Britain, I understand, is even to abandon some measure of sovereignty by embodying in an Act of P. a promise to go to war whenever so desired by the League of N.

Right. I say "Yes" to all that, provided that the internationalists say "Yes" to my two questions. If not, I shall remain an island and adopt an attitude of friendly isolation. They can have it which way they like. But if I am going to suffer the unpleasantness of being part of Europe in war-time I must enjoy the advantages of Europe in time of peace. To put the thing in the simplest terms, if my frontier is the Rhine, as Mr. BALDWIN tells us, I will not be badgered about passports at Dover—and we must have French wine free of duty. If I am to be a "citizen of the world" I may surely be permitted to take a ticket in an Irish lottery, or be divorced according to the Laws of Switzerland (not that I want either).

The above, being in my opinion the only sensible, consistent and genuinely internationalist statement of policy yet made upon this difficult subject, is copyright everywhere, but may be set to music.

A. P. H.



"BUT, MY DEAR BOY, I CAN'T WALK ON THOSE THINGS!"

### The New People.

THEY 've bought the house beside the green  
Where none but country-folk have been

For twice a hundred years or so—  
Where none but country-people know  
The secret and unfailing way  
To get the bees to swarm in May,  
And how the oven-dampers roar  
Unless you close the dairy-door,  
And how the children used to swear  
A goblin had his dwelling there  
Who called to them through shadowy lips

And kissed his shadowy finger-tips.  
They've lopped the walnut-tree that laid

A greenness on the garden's shade

(And country-folk will spare their breath

To tell them walnuts bleed to death);  
Where drake and dilly used to run  
They've built a parlour for the sun;  
They've drained the stream where cattle drank

Into an antiseptic tank;  
They widened this and added that,  
They've pushed the billowy ceilings flat,  
They've raised the roof and scraped the stones

And filled the place with telephones.  
They've done their very best and worst.

I hope they burst—I hope they burst!  
I hope the ceilings sag again;  
I hope the roof lets in the rain;  
I hope the empty rivers rise  
And I hope they're haunted, — their eyes!





"NOT READY YET! WHY, I'VE BEEN DRESSED A QUARTER-OF-AN-HOUR AGO."

"THAT'S ALL VERY WELL, MUM. YOU FORGET MEN'S CLOTHES ARE MUCH MORE DIFFICULT TO GET INTO."

### Kultur.

Typical english Conversations for nordic Students.

(Made in Germany.)

#### IX.—SHOPPING.

*Lord Smith.* In this shop are goods copiously supplied. One can verily purchase all and sundry that one is disposed to.

*Lord Robinson (to a Vendor).* Are you willing to show me linen?

*Vendor.* With much pleasure, Milord. Of which quality?

*Lord Robinson.* Of the best. I will it for shirts.

[He chooses the linen.]

*Vendor.* Shall I rap it for you, Milord, or shall it be despatched to your place of residence?

*Lord Robinson.* Despatch it.

*Viscount Brown.* Now in this department one can procure jewelry, precious stone and various knick-knacks. As for me I shall choose that beautiful diamant neck-chain for my good wife, who remains at home. She dotes on diamant neck-chains.

*Lord Smith.* Have you cigarette cases in tortoise-skin and silvery tobacco-jars?

*Vendor.* Indeed, Milord, we have a wide assortment.

*Lord Smith.* Then I will return at a later time and pick and choose.

*Lord Robinson.* And this department is the one which deals in edibilities. Groceries and such. But examine that sugar. It is thick. It is not ground very mincely, indeed!

*Viscount Brown.* No matter, I require jam. Let the sugar pass. Show me pray some boxes of marmalade and jam of abricot. (He views the good things.) How nice! Do three boxes of such for me up. Have a care, my good fellow! Ei! Rap it, I say, more gingerly or you will injure the fine jam.

*Lord Smith.* Let us travel sky-high by the lift!

[They enter the lift.]

*Lord Robinson.* How marvellous is science! One is here at one halt no sooner than one is there at the one higher. What a quickness!

*Viscount Brown.* We are now in the room of the small refreshments. What about some? I shall stand the treat. Tuck in!

*Lord Smith.* I thank you so much. Indeed I could do with a small snick-snack. A bon, say, and a glass of stouter.

*Lord Robinson.* And I a sandwich and some ale.

*Viscount Brown.* How splendid it is being able to obtain everything in one establishment and partake in the meantime!

*Lord Robinson.* Yes. I am fatigued with buying. This ale makes me feel very refreshing. Here is to you!

#### Our Invidious Contemporaries.

"Admission: Gentlemen 5/-; Ladies and Motor Cars Free."

Race-Meeting Advt. in Rhodesian Paper.

#### Fun and Frolic in the West Country.

"RED LETTER DAY AT WESTLEIGH.  
EXTENSION OF BURIAL GROUND."

Somerset Paper.



ADOLF IN THE LOOKING-GLASS.

HERR HITLER. "HOW FRIGHTFUL I LOOK TO-DAY!"





## Impressions of Parliament.

### Synopsis of the Week.

**Monday, November 26th.**—Commons: Further Debate on Address.



"They all believed in the institution of marriage. But they did not always find ladies who were ready to co-operate."

SIR ROBERT HORNE.

**Tuesday, November 27th.**—Commons: Further Debate on Address.

**Wednesday, November 28th.**—Lords: Statement on Housing of London Police. Judiciary (Safeguarding) Bill read Second time.

Commons: Debate on Imperial Defence.

**Monday, November 26th.**—If Government fondly imagined that, with Third Reading, Betting Bill would be conveniently forgotten, they were much mistaken; HOME SECRETARY is likely to meet with embarrassing inquiries at Question-time for an indefinite period. To-day Mr. LEVY asked him how he reconciled legality of sending ten shillings to Ireland for sweep-stake ticket with fact that, when ticket is sent back, it is to be stopped by P.M.G.; and Sir JOHN was driven to reply, not very effectively, that "it is quite clear that the intention of Parliament is to stop this practice, and that will be done." That the doing will entail official excursions into the illogical seems not to matter.

FIRST LORD announced that "M" class of new cruisers, originally to be called after mythological monsters, are now to take their names from English towns, first being *Southampton* and *Newcastle*. Might it be possible,

Mr. P.'s R. wonders, when the major boroughs are satisfied, for some of the more resounding English villages to have a look in? H.M.S. *Stow-in-the-Wold*, H.M.S. *Wig-Wig* and H.M.S. *Stogumber* would surely be happily named.

Resumption of discussion of Labour Amendment to debate on the King's Speech was marked by anxiety expressed by several supporters of Government lest on its record of achievements it should slacken its programme, especially as regards unemployment; and by Sir ROBERT HORNE's eloquent attack on Labour Party's position. He poured ridicule on resolution passed at Labour Conference proposing law to make Englishmen citizens of world before citizens of their own country, pointing out that when people's allegiance was separated from their country it was equally separated from their country's laws; admitted that National Government had had better chance than Labour Government in being in on rising market, but insisted that National Government had created this condition by instilling confidence throughout world, and suggested that Labour Party differed from BOURBONS in that they learned nothing and forgot everything. As for international co-operation, he said that, although they all believed in marriage, it was not always possible to find ladies willing to co-operate in that institution.



"'O oysters,' said the Carpenter,  
'You've had a pleasant run!  
Shall we be trotting home again?'  
But answer came there none—  
And this was scarcely odd, because  
They'd eaten every one."

## Sparks from Flint.

**Tuesday, November 27th.**—House welcomed Mr. RUNCIMAN's announcement

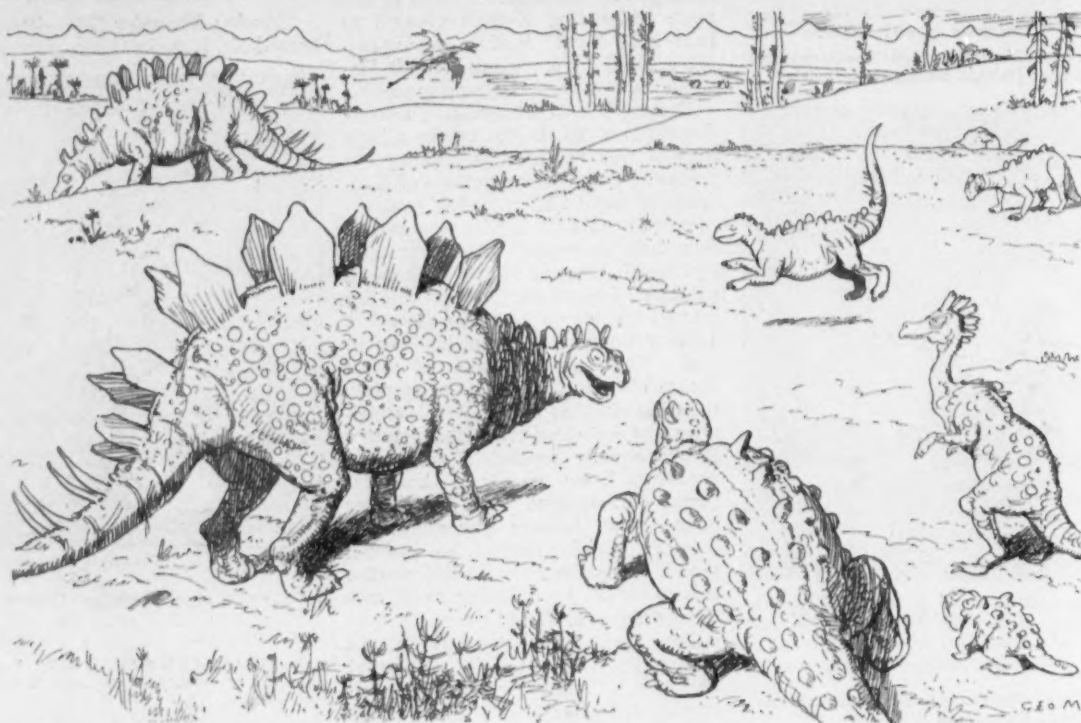


LL. GEORGIUS CINCINNATUS ONCE AGAIN LAYS ASIDE THE PLOUGH AND TAKES UP THE SWORD.

that White Paper will be produced this week describing terms of subsidy to tramp shipping, for condition of this industry is generally regarded as of first importance; and showed signs of depression while Mr. LLEWELLYN-JONES painted poignant word-picture of rickety condition of platform at Flint railway-station. Mr. HORE-BELISHA was only able to offer his moral support, and Mr. LLEWELLYN-JONES seemed doubtful as to whether this would prove sufficient prop to make platform really safe for democracy.

Considerable alarm is likely to be felt in Northampton at Mr. LIDDALL's statement that in first ten months of this year 681 tons of pumps have been imported into this country, presumably with a view to flooding Christmas dancing market. While there is still time, movement might be countered by some widespread slogan, such as "Rumba British!"

Liberal Amendment to Address was then moved by Mr. DINGLE FOOT, who is upset by what he views as Government's encroachments on liberties of subject and of Parliament. If Mr. FOOT and his Cromwellian parent showed a greater respect



"I'M SO HAPPY! THE LITTLE DARLING HAS GOT MY FEATURES, AND HE PROMISES TO BE EVEN MORE CRENNELLATED THAN HIS FATHER!"

for liberty of subject on lighter side of his life their position would gain a logic which at present it lacks; but such as it was, he presented his case with eloquence. He objected chiefly to increase in Government by regulation, and his main target was MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE, who, he said, had dealt private enterprise the death by a thousand cuts. Debate which followed was uninspired, except for lively reply by imperturbable Mr. ELLIOT himself, who gave much more than he got. Early in evening Mr. P.'s R., counting only seventeen occupants of Opposition—and only seven of Government—Benches, was driven to conclusion that Parliament is not seriously exercised about its dwindling liberty.

Wednesday, November 28th.—Lords, who have been enjoying a few days off, met to-day for an hour and listened with pleasure to Lord FEVERSHAM'S announcement of Government's proposals for re-housing Metropolitan Police; two-thirds of existing stations will be rebuilt and one-third replaced. Present conditions sound appallingly uncomfortable, and it seems a pity, as Lord SNELL suggested, if pressure of business in Commons delays the necessary Bill.

#### Beyond the Rhine?

On resumption of debate on Address Mr. CHURCHILL moved Amendment calling for more adequate defences, particularly in the air. He presented graphic forecast of destruction which might reasonably be expected to result from future air-raids, emphasising incalculable possibilities of incendiary bombs, and submitted that at all costs our Air Force must, for next ten years, be kept substantially stronger than that of Germany, whose secrecy about her air expansion he described as mystery which for everyone's sake should be cleared up.

He was followed by Mr. BALDWIN, who agreed that one of foundations of *malaise* in Europe was ignorance outside Germany and secrecy inside, and admitted frankly that Germany was in course of transforming her regular army into short-service force of 300,000 men. But in regard to the air he found no ground for panic in present position; Germany was certainly creating an air force, but it was not true to say that it was approaching equality with our own, or that it would surpass R.A.F. during next two years; beyond that it was impossible to

prophecy, but he viewed menace of convertible civil aircraft as much exaggerated. In conclusion he assured House that Government was determined not to accept position of inferiority to whatever air force might be raised in Germany, and he made a powerful appeal to rulers of Germany to come back into comity of nations.

For Labour Party Mr. MORGAN JONES attributed responsibility for prevalence of war talk to Government and its supporters, defended idea of international air force, and demanded policy of Allied disarmament inherent in Treaty of Versailles. Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR denied that Liberal Party was opposed to maintenance of proper state of defence, but deplored suggestion that armaments should be multiplied; most urgent need of world to-day he believed to be co-operation of United States.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE said that he could not imagine that any party would wish to reduce us to condition of garrulous ineptitude, but he considered that greater safety lay in disarmament than in re-armament; and he predicted that in a year or so we should look to Germany as Europe's chief bulwark against Communism.



### Advice to Egg-eaters.

(Suggested by a recent police-court action.)

SHOULD you happen to be saddled  
With an egg that's clearly addled  
And are naturally anxious to protest,  
And prevent reiteration  
Of this painful visitation,  
'Tis hard to say what method is the  
best.

An egg that is not *novum*,  
But a bad, or *malum ovum*,  
Is a plague that often swims into  
our ken;  
But to trace the fowl that laid it  
Is hard, and I'm afraid it  
Is impossible to prosecute a hen.

For she might reside in China,  
Or in the Argentina,  
And, apart from any question of  
expense,  
As a point of strict legality  
Extra-territoriality  
Might probably be urged in her  
defence.

But if, at quarters closer,  
You go and ask your grocer  
To give you, free, another better oof,  
The ensuing altercation  
May lead to litigation  
And the magistrate's impartial  
reproof.

Since little satisfaction  
Can be gained from any action  
Concerning eggs that comes before  
a judge,  
It is best to give or sell them,  
After asking him to smell them,  
To a party politician with a grudge.  
C. L. G.

### The Stitch in Time.

#### Pills.

I'VE been a little wretched, for my system was upset, and though I'm somewhat better now, I'm far from sprightly yet. The music in my head was mute, I had to stay in bed, in sadness serenaded by the singing in my head. I felt a sour misanthropist, cantankerous as could be; I fear I even snapped at friends who called to comfort me! But when my darling doctor came, a man of kindly skill, he ordered for my benefit a three-times-daily pill; and presently those sugared spheres, or else the doctor's smile, made joy once more seem possible and life again worth while. Then with my frightful cheerfulness remarkably renewed, I thought this pretty thoughtikin of love and gratitude: "If nobody in all the world should ever be unwell, why then these



#### MODESTY.

"YES, I HAD NO DIFFICULTY AT ALL IN BEATING BERT COSH, THOUGH HE IS IN MY OPINION THE GREATEST FIGHTER THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN."

precious little pills of course would never sell! Then what would poor pill-makers do, benevolent and good, forbidden by our selfish health to earn a livelihood?"

So when you're indisposed, dear friend, and hear the doctor say that you had better take a pill three times or four per day, embrace the oppor-

tunity; don't make a foolish fuss, but blithely do as you are bid, reflecting gaily thus: "Suppose that nobody at all should have to swallow pills, whatever would the makers do to pay their household bills?" And now and then indulge yourself—extravagantly take a pill or two too many for the manufacturers' sake!

W. K. H.



## At the Play.

"THE MOON IN THE YELLOW RIVER"  
(HAYMARKET).

MR. DENIS JOHNSTON'S fantastic tragi-comedy is remarkably interesting and genuinely exciting. The excitement has a true dramatic quality. It is by no means a perfect play according to the accepted canons. It does indeed observe the unities, or as near as is possible; but a long discussion, interesting and logical in itself, coming after the true peak of the play, has the effect of anticlimax. Possibly also the humour is of a slightly too play-boyish character. There may be some subtle suggestion in this, but the point is not made subtly.

*George*, the feckless, witless, whisky-tipping idealist, might conceivably associate with that curious widower, *Captain Potts*—a queer sort of W. W. JACOBS' character seen through Irish eyes—in the making of a trench-mortar and some half-dozen shells against the time when it will be necessary for the Cause; but it does not seem possible that the revolutionary idealist, *Darrell Blake*, for all his own addiction to the barley brew, would be so foolish as to assume intelligence in such corner-boys or in the quarter-wit, *Willie* (MR. GERARD TYRRELL), who was always ready to neglect his duty if there was something to gape at or when his mother threatened, with coarse anatomical references, to deal with him if he didn't make himself scarce.

But these are trivial matters. The play has matter, movement, crescendo. Its characters are alive, even if they be not characters of our particular world.

There is *Dobelle*, the sardonic tortured engineer, broken by his wife's death—due to the stark Catholic doctrine that in childbirth the mother's life must be sacrificed for the sake of the soul of the child: a fine piece of logical and theological inhumanity—who in a fine passage begs the gods for the gift of tears instead of laughter—a gift most incident to thoughtful Irishmen. The character is finely built up by Mr. CHARLES CARSON. The German engineer, *Tausch*, a great admirer of *Dobelle*, with his passion for his job, his keen respect for law and duty and music and his unqualified horror at the murder of *Blake* by the

grim commandant, *Lanigan*, is very well done by Mr. BRUCE BELFRAGE. Mr. DONALD WOLFIT always studies his characters with great intelligence, and here he has excellent material. In *Darrell Blake* you have exposed the epitome of the Irish tragedy. It is not for us to mock but to attempt to understand.

That fine actor, Mr. FRED O'DONOVAN, who produced the play, was extraordinarily effective—sinister, pitiless, honest according to his lights—as the commandant who shot his friend for an idea. A gunman's idea. Although the intrusions of *Aunt Columba* (MISS NAN MUNRO) and *Blanaid* (MISS JOYCE CHANCELLOR), *Dobelle's* daughter—whom he could

hope, Mr. GEORGE ZUCCO's "*Uncle Osborne* and Mr. ROBERT SPEAIGHT's malingering *Hibbert* in the mind, it did not seem likely that one would be able to accept new interpretations; but, though I still prefer Mr. CLIVE's *Stanhope*, there are moments when Mr. REGINALD TATE surpassed him, particularly in the emotional breakdown following the explanation to the shocked *Raleigh*, horrified by the bubbly binge while "poor Osborne is lying out there"—"To forget, you bloody little fool, to forget!"

Mr. BASIL GILL's performance was only not better than Mr. GEORGE ZUCCO's because it couldn't be. But Mr. GILL, who becomes a finer actor as he grows older—probably because he has escaped from romantic tush—and toshery—gave a profoundly moving interpretation which will remain in my memory—the memory of an *embusqué* who was in England on St. Crispin's Day—as the epitome of that elderly heroism which was so much finer than the high and careless gallantry of youth.

It seems to me difficult to understand why Mr. ROBERT SPEAIGHT was not asked to repeat his superb performance of the shirker, but I gladly testify that Mr. ALEXANDER ARCHDALE's study was in its own different way a little gem of sensitive and intelligent characterisation.

Mr. S. VICTOR STANLEY's *Mason* brilliantly showed us the humour which must have been worth many Army Corps to the Allies and equally

inexplicable to Allies and enemy alike; and Mr. NORMAN PIERCE's admirable solid sixteen-stone, friendly, aitchless *Trotter* struck me as more lifelike than that of his predecessor. Mr. DAVID HORNE as *Hardy*, the slack officer of the Company, frying his socks over the candle, grousing and gibing, and Mr. H. G. STOKER as the firm and friendly *Colonel*, covering his dismay at the futile tactical orders of battalion headquarters with babble about putting up a good show, are the two veterans that give the new production continuity with the old. Mr. REGINALD SMITH was such a *Company-Sergeant-Major* as Company Commanders delight to entrust with orders; and to consult.

If this be a tiresome catalogue of unstinted and uncritical praise it is no more than the play demands. It breaks through the defences of the critic. . . .



TESTING A FUSE—IRISH METHOD.

*Captain Potts*. . . . . MR. WILLIAM HEILBRONN.  
*George*. . . . . MR. HARRY HUTCHINSON.

only see as her mother's murderer—were perhaps artistically unjustifiable in this play, we should have been very sorry to miss two excellent performances. The rich clowning of *George* (MR. HARRY HUTCHINSON) and the sodden humour of the Englishman, *Potts* (MR. WILLIAM HEILBRONN), if they risked damping the fires of the tragedy, were in themselves commendable and entertaining performances. T.

## "JOURNEY'S END" (CRITERION).

The revival of this significant play, which, after being seen at a Stage Society performance by all the important managers of London and rejected—such is their flair and capacity for decision—made the fortune of its then obscure backer and its entirely unknown author, tempts one to comparisons. With the remembrance of Mr. COLIN CLIVE's *Captain Stan-*

The general production, the sense of tension conveyed by the well-planned "effects," did not seem to me anything like so impressive as in the former production by Mr. JAMES WHALE. T.

#### "MARY READ" (HIS MAJESTY'S).

If *Mary Read* had been of our generation she would be a shining bull's-eye of the Women's Police Force and probably the first woman to spend her holidays pedalling an aqua-cycle over the Sargasso Sea. That was her kind. But in 1712 a female could not so easily come by such golden opportunities for adventure, and *Mary*, having arrived at a hard judgment of life after being towed round England by a trollop of a mother, and having successfully tested her impersonation of a boy on her grandmother, had to enlist.

The male hair-dressing style of the period was in her favour, her voice, kindly loaned by Miss FLORA ROBSON, came satisfactorily from her boots, her hand seemed made for a cutlass, and the other obstacles to her enterprise she surmounted so readily that in a short time she found herself *Corporal Read* and engaged in a cavalry campaign in Flanders such as Mr. LLOYD GEORGE would emphatically have condemned.

Who knows to what brass-hatted eminence she might not have risen if she had been content to pursue the policy of the lone hand, and if in Bath she had not lost her heart to a nice philosophic young portrait-painter and dragged the unfortunate fellow off to the wars with her? Alas! poor *Edward Earle*. It was a bad day for him when he first encountered and fell for this tough, compelling child.

When, after two uncomfortable years, he deserted and was shot through the head in consequence, we were all exceedingly sorry at the sad end of this promising young man; but prematurely so, for Messrs. JAMES BRIDIE and CLAUD GURNEY had arranged to resuscitate him miraculously and to despatch him again in the wake of his turbulent sweetheart, now become a pirate in the West Indies. There, as a Government spy and

a lover, he redeemed his earlier lack of courage before being shot (for the last time) by *Mary* to save him from the fury of her shipmates. In the last scene *Mary*, who has given birth to his child in a Jamaican prison, murmurs a very beautiful little statement of her pirate creed, and dies.

The play re-echoes with fine bygone oaths and reeks of gunpowder and ozone. It progresses with such speed and gusto that there is little time for more than a surface development of character, and if, as I understand, it is intended for the screen, I think it will be found to be better suited to that

tively, and Miss BETTY HARDY provides as fetching a pirate's mistress as ever sailed the main.

All the numerous company of buccaneers, skittle-sharpers, thimble-riggers and filibusters are most competently filled out; special mention must be confined to Mr. WILLIAM FAY's glorious Irish *Sergeant* and to Mr. CRAIGHALL SHERRY for his alcoholic Anabaptist. ERIC.

#### A Protest.

*Any, Ware, Herts.*

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Accustomed to rely upon your usual unflinching accuracy, it is with no little annoyance that I put pen to paper, as they say, to point out a grievous error. I refer to your picture of a modern orange grove on page 534 of the current volume. As a pedestrian, I am one of those who have welcomed this new beverage—this Orange-Aid of BELISHA'S. I dice with death at the orange groves as part of the daily round, and I've stood for so long by these same picnical posts that I've had time to study their markings carefully. Seven black and white segments—yes. But the black at the top and at the bottom, please. Turn again to page 534. To correct you is a rare experience, so a compliment in closing. You've succeeded where BELISHA has failed—you've made me cross!

Your humble servant,  
X. Y. Z.



THE "HE" MAN AMONGST THE PIRATES.

*Mary Read* . . . . . Miss FLORA ROBSON.

technique. For all that it should be welcome Christmas fare, and the settings and costumes which Miss MOLLY MCARTHUR has devised for it are as varied as they are effective.

Miss FLORA ROBSON's performance is an admirably robust piece of objective acting; the part does not greatly extend her, except in the short passages of real emotion when *Mary* forgets to play the man. For the errant portrait-painter Mr. ROBERT DONAT wins not only our sympathy but our respect—a feat he achieves with a pleasing ease of manner; while Miss IRIS HOEY, Miss BEATRICE WILSON and Miss ISABEL THORNTON skilfully present the contrasting graces of *Mary's* mother, grandmother and landlady respec-

[Having now made a personal tour of all the orange beacons in London, we find that some of the posts are black at the top and some are white.—ED. PUNCH.]

"MAN PRACTISES MANIPULATIVE SURGERY IN WINE VAULT."  
Caption in Sunday Paper.

Would this be the "Beaune" setter?

"His Royal Highness made a common reply to the 26 addresses."  
Australian Paper.

We just don't believe it.

"Lady in Bath requires experienced Chauffeurs."—Advt. in Daily Paper.

What a pity she's too late for the Lord Mayor's Show.

## As Others Hear Us.

## In the Crisis.

"ANY luck?"

"None whatever. I went to five places, and most of them hadn't got any cooks at all, and one place where they knew of a woman she wasn't free for a week, and one other had only got one who wanted permanent."

"And of course when one wants to find a permanent they all say they're all temporary."

"Telegraph to London."

"It's ruinous. Besides, where to?"

"Well, we'll just have to manage, that's all. I've done the beds."

"How marvellous you are! You see, if only one could get somebody from the village."

"I know. It's because of the factory."

"There used to be a woman once, quite plain, but she'd have done."

"Where is she?"

"Oh, I tried her ages ago. She's in hospital. And the only other one has an old great-aunt or someone who can't be left."

"Well, I've done the beds. And Miss Chick says she'll dust."

"Oh, does she really? How splendid!"

"Miss Chick says she'll do anything except cook."

"Oh, so will I, do anything except cook."

"I can do sausages. Or tinned apricots."

"That'd be something, of course, but I don't think William will ever put up with sausages and apricots for every meal for a whole fortnight."

"Are you absolutely certain that Cook will be back in a fortnight?"

"Oh, dear, no. She only says Perhaps. It depends on the doctor."

"Is there any chance of the twenny?"

"Hilda? Oh, not the slightest. It might easily be a month—or perhaps never. She's always been thoroughly unreliable."

"It wouldn't matter so much if it weren't for William and the children and Miss Chick."

"Miss Chick's frightfully good. She'll do anything except cook."

"In Australia they never have any servants at all, I believe. Everybody cooks."

"In the colonies everybody cooks."

"Everybody cooks in America too. Or else they just eat out."

"It isn't like London here, is it? If we were in London we could eat out too."

"Did you try him?"

"Yes, I went three times, but he wasn't ever in."

"Did you try the couple who were on the telephone?"

"Yes, I tried them. At least, I think it was the lady of the house, and she said they'd decided to stay on. She sounded so pleased. I could have killed her."

"Odious woman! Then I suppose we shall have to manage somehow. We can all help with the washing-up."

"Miss Chick says she'll do anything."

"It's frightfully good of her. I suppose she can't cook?"

"No, she says she can't cook."

"If that girl who used to lodge with Mrs. Baker in the village just opposite the post-office was here I believe she'd have come. I know she once cooked at the vicarage for weeks and weeks and they all said she was marvellous and could send up savouries and everything."

"My dear, can't we get hold of her?"

"Oh, she married years ago and went out to India."

"What a pity! And such waste too, because everybody in India has native servants and they all cook too beautifully for words."

"Of course there's that temporary cook who drinks, who goes out to oblige; we've often had her before, but she's no good now. I tried her yesterday."

"We can all help with the washing-up."

"That'll be marvellous. You see, I'm afraid if it goes on much longer like this the housemaid will give notice, because it's so unsettling."

"Yes, I quite see. Well, I'll do anything except cook."

"So'll I."

"And Miss Chick says she will too."

E. M. D.

"The greatest thrill of the game came when Tilson made a scintillating run half the length of the field centred squarely, but Brook hkekdkekd over the bar."

Sunday Paper.

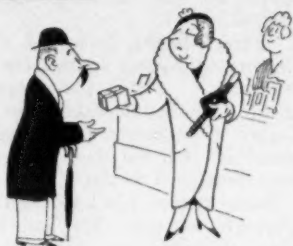
And that was that!



"THEN WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH THE SAAR?"  
"I AM SURE I DON'T KNOW, DEAR—YOU ADVISE ME."



FANCY



STATIONERY



BOOKS



GLOVES



HOSIERY



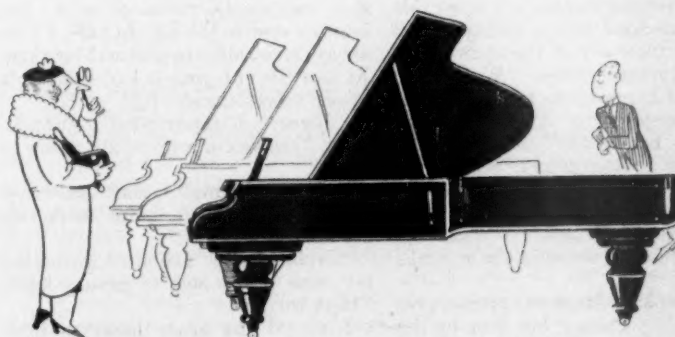
TOYS



TABLE GAMES



CHINA & GLASS



ROCEWELL

THE LAST STRAW.

## The First Ride Together.

NEITHER Joyce nor I had ridden since we were nine years old. We told that to everybody a great many times and they did not seem particularly interested. They occasionally looked up from their books and said, "Marvelous!" or "Bad luck!" and then went on reading.

They didn't make any of the right faces or any of the right noises. They didn't tell us how brave we were or how nice we looked in our husbands' plus-fours. They didn't leap from their chairs and run to the window at the sound of hooves on the gravel drive.

They were, in fact, maddening.

So Joyce and I, piqued, were reduced to telling one another again and again that we hadn't ridden since we were nine. We patted each other on the back and gazed into each other's frightened eyes and cooed and were much comforted.

"For after all," as I said to Joyce on the way out, "they're such tiny ponies."

"Tiny," she agreed, her lower lip quivering.

"I mean, if one *did* fall off one wouldn't have far to fall, would one?" I asked pleadingly.

"No distance at all," she answered, twiddling her handkerchief nervously. "Just a couple of feet or so." Suddenly she gave her nose a pathetic little blow. "I believe I was only eight-and-a-half," she murmured wistfully. "I haven't ridden since then, have you?"

"No," I replied for the hundredth time; "but they're such *tiny* ponies."

And they certainly were.

Only, quite unaccountably, they seemed to have grown since last we saw them.

"You're the taller, so you must ride Rufus," decided Joyce, giving herself a painful blow across the shin with a borrowed hunting-crop. "Wow!" she cried, and hopped reluctantly towards the smaller pony.

"Hold her head!" she squeaked agitatedly to the groom, seizing the saddle in both hands. "I haven't ridden since I was nine."

The groom smiled. "Old up, Polly!" he said, stroking the animal's nose.

Joyce looked almost as apprehensive as she felt. Placing her foot in the stirrup she began to heave herself off the ground. The saddle very slowly oozed over Polly's back and came to rest like a brown fungoid growth on the long-suffering creature's side.

"A pity," said Joyce, picking herself up off the drive and rather smugly

brushing the seat of her trousers—"my first fall."

Meanwhile Rufus and I were dancing a stately pavane together. Each time I approached him on the port side and grasped the reins in one hand he would execute a coquettish *chassé* to starboard. This was intolerable and I told him so.

"Rufus!" I commanded sternly, looking him straight in the eye, "stop it!"

In reply Rufus merely sucked his bit in a meditative manner and then, baring his teeth in a supercilious sneer, once more executed a *pas du tout* to the right.

At last, assisted by the groom and the under-gardener, Joyce and I found ourselves seated precariously in our respective saddles and began to ride sedately down the drive, quite frozen with fear.

"I keep on imagining," said Joyce, "that I'm returning from a hard day's hunting with the Whaddon, trotting down the high road to a tea of eggs and muffins."

"So do I," I agreed, standing up in my stirrups with some difficulty.

Suddenly I was struck by an appalling thought. "Do you think we ought to trot?" I asked, trembling.

"Trot?" breathed Joyce, her mouth falling open in amazement.

I nodded bravely. "We can't very well go home without trotting, can we? I mean, that's the first thing they'll ask."

"But how does one trot?"

"You go up and down in the saddle and count," I replied authoritatively. "If you count right, you're trotting, and if you count wrong, it's—well, it's most unpleasant."

Joyce gave a deep sigh. "How lovely it looks over there, doesn't it?" she remarked, pointing with her hunting-crop to the distant hills. "I've always loved hills covered with bracken. At this time of year it looks like soft brown velvet, doesn't it?"

"Joyce," I interrupted reproachfully, "are you or are you not going to trot?"

"I'm thinking," she answered crossly; "I haven't quite made up my mind about it."

"Well, I have," I shouted, gathering my reins into a sort of granny-knot. "Here we go!"

I waved my spare hand as nonchalantly as I could above my head and at the same time sang a bar or two of BEETHOVEN'S Ninth Symphony (or it may have been KETÉLBEY'S "In a Monastery Garden"—I forget which) just to show the world that I wasn't afraid.

At the sound of my golden voice Rufus stopped and stood spellbound in his tracks. Pricking his obviously musical ears, he leant ecstatically against the nearest tree and closed his eyes. It was flattering but inconvenient.

"Tchk! Rufus, tchk!" I shouted, clicking my tongue against the roof of my mouth. "Stop this nonsense at once! I shall tell James that you're sloppy, ill-behaved and thoroughly disobedient. I'll see that you get your bran unmashed to-night."

Rufus turned his head and smiled pityingly at me. He had a large piece of beech-tree suspended from his lips, and this made him look very roguish, as though he were smoking a cigarette.

"Strike him," said Joyce. "Kick him! Spur him on!"

"I can't," I replied peevishly, "unless I take my feet out of the stirrups I can't reach his tummy."

"Let me have a crack at him with my whip then?"

I was appalled. "Really, Joyce, you have a dreadfully cruel streak in you," I said.

"Nonsense!" Joyce retorted; "it doesn't hurt the horse."

"That," I said severely, "as you well know, is not the point. The point is that if you strike my horse on its posterior it will do something unexpectedly violent and I shall get out of control. Probably," I added, "meeting my death under its thudding hooves."

Joyce smiled. "You couldn't get more out of control than you are now," she said sweetly, letting go of her saddle for the first time that morning and disentangling her crop from amongst the jungle of reins. "Heavens!" she sighed, getting thoroughly tied up, "there *do* seem to be a lot of things to hold!"

"Here, let me help," I offered, dropping my own reins and leaning over towards her.

In a flash both ponies had grasped the situation perfectly. "This obviously," said they, "is the time to trot. The grass is green and the way straight and narrow. The air is cool on our brows and the ground soft beneath our feet. These kind ladies have brought us to this delectable spot for the express purpose of trotting. Let us therefore trot," said Rufus to Polly, turning his face towards home.

And he trotted; she trotted; we trotted, all four.

"One . . . huggah . . . humph," breathed Joyce just behind me. "Two . . . hugg . . . huggy-one . . . humph . . . hell . . . humph-one-two . . . dashitall . . . stop! . . . one . . . humph . . .



"THE LADY WANTS A REGIMENT OF COLD CREAM GUARDS."

"COLDSTREAM, YOU MEAN."

"SHE SAID 'COLD CREAM,' BUT PERHAPS COLDSTREAM WOULD DO."

huggah-huggah-one . . . woa! . . . stop! . . . humph . . . one-two . . .

This, roughly speaking, was what Joyce said to me during our swift ride home; and this, more or less, so she assures me, is what I said to her.

On catching sight of their stable-roof the ponies broke into a canter, and as I bounded even higher than before into the air I had before me a mental picture of twin gravestones which said:—

"HERE LIE TWO FRIENDS  
RATTLED TO DEATH RIDING."

During the last lap Joyce drew level. For some unaccountable reason she was holding her reins above her head and her lips were set in a grim smile.

"You cad, Ravensworth!" she cried as she passed me. "Never shall Lucy de Crespigny be your bride!"

"I'll race you for her, Captain Montmorency!" I shouted back, losing both stirrups. "Remember the mortgage on the farm."

"It shall be paid in full, you guggy guggy craven wretch!"

"How come, you swob?" I leered, with hardly a breath left in my body. "The maiden shall be mine!"

We bounded up the drive like kangaroos, and at the entrance to the stable-yard the ponies suddenly stopped dead.

"You've won!" cried Joyce, falling off into a bed of geraniums, where she lay panting.

"Oh, Captain, my Captain," I sobbed, looking down at her prostrate form. "our fearful trip is done!"

"Thank heavens!" said Joyce. V.G.





Bohemian. "HAIR-CUT, SINGE, MOUSTACHE CLIPPED, BEARD-TRIM AND WET SHAMPOO, PLEASE."  
New Assistant. "YES, SIR. SHALL I GET OUR MANAGER TO GIVE YOU AN ESTIMATE?"

### Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

#### The Offensive Against War.

It should, Viscount CECIL maintains, be sufficiently obvious that only a determined effort to reinvigorate the machinery of peace will avert war; yet this, the common desire, is frustrated by ignorance and inertia. Neither should survive the perusal of *Challenge to Death* (CONSTABLE, 5/-), whose sixteen collaborators, most of them actors in the last War, deal with the next, its causes, its conduct, its results and—heart of the whole matter—its prevention. Among causes we have the official and expert mind, described by Mr. PHILIP NOEL BAKER and exemplified perhaps in Professor JULIAN HUXLEY's desperate apology for scientists. We have the armament firms, no more venal than other traders but more lethal, and we have the "advocates of war," armchair and otherwise. Mr. GUY CHAPMAN and Mrs. MARY AGNES HAMILTON cope with imperial isolation and unworkable forms of pacifism, and a series of highly practical chapters includes "A National Air Force No Defence" and "The International Air Police Force." Mr. J. B. PRIESTLEY stigmatises the failure of peace (the present direful product and the average propagandist's ideal) to inspire the man in the street and provide the popular backing, failing which our international representatives are unable to do us credit.

#### "Pet Marjorie" Comes into Her Own.

The youngest subject in *The Dictionary of National Biography* is MARJORY FLEMING, who died in 1811, at the age of eight, to rise into posthumous fame as the "PET MARJORIE" of Dr. JOHN BROWN. Her Journals and Poems are now Scotland's property, and, being safely housed in what MARJORY called the "conspicuous" town of Edinburgh, have been admirably edited, with her remaining letters, by Mr. FRANK SIDGWICK. *The Complete Marjory Fleming* (SIDGWICK AND JACKSON, 5/-) will need no urging on those who have ever encountered their heroine in however piecemeal a fashion. Here she is unbowdlerized: "I now sit down on my bottom to answer all your kind and beloved letters," she writes to ISABELLA KEITH, her adored cousin-mistress; and we have all the Journals *verbatim*, with the author's spelling and "Isa's" corrections. Those who have never met the child have a treat in store, and may be trusted to follow her from "the bustel of the nosey town" to "rural felicity," and on, alas, to the death-bed that was the earthly end of so much innocent drollery and unbounded zest for life.

#### The Colonial Secretary.

The third volume of *The Life of Joseph Chamberlain* (MACMILLAN, 21/-), covering the period 1895-1900, moves forward in the massively classical fashion of the earlier instalments. It includes so much new material of prime historical value that it is fortunate Mr. J. L. GARVIN has

developed a way of handsomely giving notice when he is about to quote something unusually telling—a habit just a little reminiscent of the famous red flag before the traction engine. He is wonderfully concerned to prove that his hero, now the incarnation of a policy of sane imperial expansion, was above all men prescient, and most especially to show how in spite of abuse and misunderstanding he laboured to prevent the Boer War. This book records a succession of personal triumphs, yet ominously there is throughout a suggestion of underlying failure. Mankind is already just a little off the rails, and the inner story of the jumble sale of Africa is important mainly as part of the record of CHAMBERLAIN'S persistent attempts to come to terms with Germany. The dimming of his splendid vision of universal peace founded on Anglo-Teutonic friendship was half realised by him to be a prelude to the world conflict still to come.

#### "Irish R.M."

Here's a book that surely will

Please Diana's happy-starred  
Votaries; Dr. SOMERVILLE,

Hunting through each hunting bard,  
Anthologically binds  
Quite a lot of happy finds.

Notes (she calls them) of the Horn;

MARSHALL, STUBBS, SARTORIUS,  
ALKEN, to the manner born,

Illustrate her choices. Thus

Art and Poetry enlink  
To perfection in the pink.

MASEFIELD, OGILVIE and YEATS,

RICHARDSON, WHYTE-MELVILLE,  
BLUNT—

Lighter pens and welter-weights,

Fliers of the Winged Horse Hunt,

All are here; yet what, in short,  
Throws out BROMLEY DAVENPORT?

So I lose my "Lowesby Hall,"

My "Meltonian" I miss;

What's the odds? I'm ingrate all

Cavilling at that or this

When a cavalcade so brave is

Issued here by PETER DAVIES.

#### Beverley Brook.

Mr. BEVERLEY NICHOLS continues to earn our admiring congratulations, having lately discovered a sort of composition that makes no great demand upon the brain but is assured of popularity. And let us admit at once that his books are eminently readable as well as perfectly harmless—an uncommon but fortunate conjunction. He poses first of all as an amateur gardener, thereby appealing at once to a large and growing circle of enthusiasts, for the public has become decidedly "garden-conscious" of late years. Furthermore he puts on no airs; he would not think of irritating possible readers by offering advice from the professorial chair; rather he invites them to laugh with him at his infantile ignorance. Then again he makes his little



"AN' DON'T YOU FORGET, OPPORTUNITY OFTEN COMES DISGUISED AS HARD WORK."

"YO' WRONG. NO WORK NEVER FOOLED ME. NOT IN NO DISGUISE."

group of neighbours quite interesting, extracting out of them plenty of good-humoured laughter and not forgetting to squeeze the pathetic lemon for all it is worth. Always is the name he has chosen for his little village—*A Village in a Valley* (JONATHAN CAFE, 7/6)—and out of its inhabitants he has contrived to weave a sort of story. It is novel-writing made easy, but it is done with a gaiety and lightness of touch that make up for the occasional patches of fine writing and the somewhat sugary sentiment. I see no reason why this book should not rival in sales its two predecessors.

#### "King Hudson."

There is no doubt that Mr. RICHARD S. LAMBERT sympathises with *The Railway King 1800-1871* (ALLEN AND



UNWIN, 12/6), to whose lineage we owe so much. In this "study of GEORGE HUDSON and the business morals of his time" he is as satirical about local political life (wherefrom HUDSON "could not but deduce that irregularity with money in a good cause was but a venial offence among gentlemen") as about "Society's desire for a scapegoat"—other officials had reason to be tranquil and there was no criminal prosecution. As regards HUDSON's character one gathers that he, like most other large-scale swindlers, was very ingenious, a little ingenuous, generous and, when the crash came, childishly pathetic. He (not we) might have been happier had he continued to measure yards of linen rather than men's gullibility. Still we can be grateful to him both for expansion of railways and for tightening of laws. Not so many as in SURTEES' time will have "their fingers burnt at the railways." As Mr. Punch sang in 1848:—

"There's a bad time going, boys,  
A bad time going;  
Lines which used to quarrel then  
Shall be controlled by honest men;  
Wait a little longer."

Our thanks are due to Mr. LAMBERT who has so amusingly recalled HUDSON to these pages—perhaps for the last time but by no means for the first. So *Ave* (for he had his points!) *atque Vale*, "Jupiter," Monarch of York.

### A Spectacular Retreat.

*A Retreat from Glory* (PUTNAM, 10/6), lasting ten years, filled with all kinds of adventures, can only be called spectacular. My one cause for surprise is that Mr. R. H. BRUCE LOCKHART survived to tell his personal tale so brilliantly and amusingly. The breathless pace at which

Mr. LOCKHART lived his days—and nights—has left upon my mind a sort of whirling impression of an unreal world in which statesmen and financiers, actresses and cabaret-dancers and gipsy musicians jostle one another against a quiet background of trout-streams and mediæval castles. It is this very feeling of unreality that paradoxically gives verisimilitude to Mr. LOCKHART's kaleidoscopic panorama of the Central European scene. For there was in those early post-War years an astonishing atmosphere of unreality in cities like Vienna and Budapest and Prague. Mr. LOCKHART's indiscreet self-revelation awakens old memories and confirms seemingly incredible impressions.

### Hector Berlioz.

In his study of *Berlioz the Man and His Work* (DENT, 10/6 net), Mr. TURNER commands respect by his industry, research and enthusiasm. Unfortunately the value of his book is seriously impaired by his provocative attitude. Not content with claiming for his hero the qualities of originality, distinction and sublimity, he cannot resist the temptation of emphasising at every turn the inferiority of WAGNER in these crucial tests of greatness. Dislike of WAGNER the man is common even among those who idolise

his works, but Mr. TURNER's hostility is based on his music, which he finds noisy, vulgar and second-rate—compared with BERLIOZ—and condemns as exercising a corrupting influence on modern musical feeling. Equally vehement are his attacks on WAGNER's champions and supporters, notably the late EDWARD DANNREUTHER, whom he describes as a "clodhopper," an "academic fathead" and a "Wagner-sodden musician." Converts are not made by abuse, and in this instance the abuse is ludicrously inept. Of all the German musicians who have made their homes in England, none exerted a more stimulating or beneficial influence as a teacher and educator than EDWARD DANNREUTHER. He was a man of catholic tastes—a great Brahmsian as well as a great champion of WAGNER; he lent valuable encouragement to British composers and is still held in reverence and affection by his pupils.

### The Countryside.

Mrs. MURIEL MARSTON's *Garden Magic* (METHUEN, 7/6), though more discursive than her *Garden by the Avon*, is as attractive both in texture and in tone. Enthusiasm and

a real appreciation of beauty carry Mrs. MARSTON happily upon her way, and if her books add little to the knowledge of gardening experts they are of distinct help to many of us who are in need of gentle guidance. But in this volume she does not confine herself to gardens and flowers. For instance, the chapter on Donegal is not only excellently written, but also explains why Ireland, come what may, can never lose its charm for those born and bred there.

### The Long Trail.

In *The Tale of Two Horses* (HEINEMANN,

6/-), Mr. A. F. TSCHIFFELY has, at any rate, helped to solve a problem which will shortly be perplexing many amiable uncles and aunts. Here we have again the story of his marvellous "ride" from the southern end of South America to New York, and with almost uncanny skill he has put the telling of it into the mouths of his remarkable horses, *Mancha* and *Gato*. Boys and girls who like horses and adventure—and there can be few who do not like one or the other—will love this instructive and exciting book, and Mr. TSCHIFFELY's two communicative companions will be their friends for ever.

Mr. Punch extends a Christmas Greeting to the following collections of drawings taken, in whole or in part, from his pages:—*Fun Fair* (HUTCHINSON, 9/6), by "FOUGASSE"; *Line and Laughter* (METHUEN, 5/-), by RIDGEWELL; *Considered Trifles* (HUTCHINSON, 6/-), by H. M. BATEMAN, and *Mr. Punch Among the Children* (METHUEN, 5/-), a series of Pictures by "Punch" artists illustrating the sayings and doings of young people. He also welcomes *Much Ado* (METHUEN, 5/-), by H. F. ELLIS, with illustrations by G. S. SHERWOOD, and *An Irish Medley* (THE QUOTA PRESS, 3/6), by Mrs. D. M. LARGE.



"LUMME! YOU DIDN'T 'ARF GIVE ME A TURN. I THOUGHT I WAS NABBED."



## Charivaria.

"In the New Year," says a banker, "the demand for money will not be so great." Somerset House is smiling at this.

On the other hand the Free State Government has been sincere in its promises to make things easier for the taxpayer. No Erse is used by their Income-Tax Department.

An eighty-two-year-old Hampshire man claims that he has been fishing off South-end Pier for seventy years. He does not say whether he has had a bite.

On reading that there is again likely to be a shortage of new silver coins for putting into Christmas puddings, we are reminded of the numismatist's wife who had the charming idea of using very ancient ones for this purpose.

"A good cold shower is the best livener at Christmas-time," says a writer on health matters. Though waits don't take very kindly to it.

Things have now got to such a state that people are shopping early to avoid the rush of people who shop late to avoid the rush of people who shop early.

Amateur steeplechase riders complain that there are not enough horses to go round. Those we back never go round.

According to a medical writer, men with big beards often carry disease-

germs about with them. It sounds as if we shall have to fumigate our chimney on Christmas Eve.

Policemen recently entertained prisoners with a concert. We are not sure whether this is part of the Brighter Prisons or the Sterner Discipline movement.

a customer recently on a restaurant table. Apparently the waiter realised that it was a mistake.

One of our gossip-writers assures us that he sees more notables in our hotels in a day than in our clubs in a week. This quite explains why fewer gossip-writers are seen in our clubs than in our hotels.

At a London theatre a Christmas-tree is to be erected on the stage for the chorus-girls, who of course have no stockings to hang up.

It is stated that only one weather-forecast in every ten is completely wrong. Judging by what most people say this must be the only one they ever look at.

The theory is now advanced that cigarette-smoking is beneficial to athletes. Another view is that athletics are beneficial to cigarette-smokers.

A film-actress aged seventeen is to be married to an American multi-millionaire. Her jealous colleagues attribute her success to beginner's luck.

Another bride arrived at the church in an old Ford van last week. She was shaken before taken.

A beauty-expert informs us that a mud-bath makes the skin soft, smooth and silky. We must go down to the Zoo again and have another good look at the hippopotami.

It is stated by a critic that the modern woman is outspoken. By whom?



Reviewer. "COME IN, JOBSON. YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO SEE THE DRAW FOR THE BOOK OF THE WEEK."

Two Cambridge scientists have succeeded in photographing thought, but confidence is felt that this will be beyond the powers of Press camera-men.

A bird sanctuary has been laid out just outside London. It is not true, however, that turkeys are flocking there in large numbers.

Bonds worth £10,000 were left by

### Ratepayer Again.

I DISLIKE a resentful man. It seems to me that is it better to bear the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune than to rely too greatly on the sense of justice through which the eternal heavens are fresh and strong and make a beastly fuss about every little thing that occurs.

"You see that dog of mine?" said Carruthers.

"No," I said, "I don't."

"Lying over there."

"Oh," I said, "I thought it was a ruck in the mat."

"You can tell when it gets up," he explained. "I have no doubt you would think it a far cry from the First Gentleman in Europe to that little dog of mine?"

"I not only would," I said, "I do."

"You can't understand what I'm going to tell you until you realise the situation of my house. When you look out of any of the windows, what is it that you see?"

"More houses," I said. "Lamp-posts. Motor-cars. Men and women. The usual muck and *frou-frou* of the Metropolis."

"Quite so. But according to the numbers I live in the last house of a row of buildings which the wild fantasy of our forefathers has nicknamed Montmorency Terrace. It is a mere freak of mathematics and nomenclature. I don't belong to Montmorency Terrace. I don't look out on the front of it. I can't even see it. Between the front of this *soi-disant* Terrace and the main road there is a strip of mouldering shrubs about a hundred yards long by eight yards wide. The shrubs are black with soot and grime. They are no use to me. They don't protect me from the road. I never walk up the drive that separates them from the mob. For all the good they are to me they might be in Xanadu or Yucatan. And the other day I discovered that I had to pay about four pounds a year for their upkeep. I don't want them upkeep. They form no part of my life at all. So I wrote to the Powers that Be—"

"Rather neatly worded," I broke in. "I've never seen that on an envelope before."

"I wrote to the Powers that Be," went on Carruthers, ignoring me, "and said that I objected to the payment. And the Powers that Be replied like this:—

'DEAR SIR,—Your letter sent to the Collector relative to Montmorency Terrace Ornamental Enclosure has been transmitted to me for attention.

Rates for the maintenance of the garden at Montmorency Terrace are levied under Act of Parliament 5 Geo. IV., cap. 100, sec. 19. Your premises are included in the provisions of the section in question.

Yours faithfully,

THE POWERS THAT BE."

"Had you sent them the money?" I inquired.

"Under protest—yes."

"Then I think it was rather a snappy come-back. Judging by the programme of work in front of the National Government for the present session, you haven't much chance of upsetting 5 Geo. IV. just now."

"Nevertheless," said Carruthers with a bitter smile, "I answered the Powers that Be."

"How?"

He handed me a facsimile of his strong note to the Powers:—

"DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for your kind letter which has been submitted to us by the Postmaster-General for our consideration. We should like to take this opportunity of apologising for our misguided protest, for we

now recollect that our little dog, Wilkie, habitually enters the Montmorency Terrace Ornamental Enclosure and scratches up the nasty place with his hind feet, thus availing himself duly of the privileges provided under Act of Parliament 5 Geo. IV., cap. 100, sec. 19, in respect of which we no doubt contribute our due share of the rates. Sorry to have made this fuss.

Yours obediently,

J. CARRUTHERS."

"Childish," I said, "if you want my opinion, and a waste of time."

"It satisfied my lust for revenge," said Carruthers.

The ruck in the mat got up and yawned. EVOE.

### Revisit of a Veteran.

THERE is a house I used to know  
And love in days of long ago;  
I was, as one may say, acquent  
Well with its lady and its gent,  
Its daughters too, a pleasing three,  
Who often asked me up to tea,  
A schoolroom meal, and let me break  
An iron rule and start with cake;  
If Katie was my favourite, all  
Were always darlings, grown or small.  
The butler greeted me with smiles,  
So did the worthy gardener, Giles,  
And all the others.

First and last,

How many a golden hour I've passed  
Beneath that roof I couldn't tell;  
I only know I loved it well.  
And most, where welcome ruled supreme,  
I loved the windows' cheery gleam,  
The friendly door that opened wide  
As though to bid one step inside,  
The stairs that asked their guest to climb  
With promise of a happy time.  
If ever house felt warm and glad,  
And had a soul, that old house had.

To-day I saw it once again.  
Its heart lay open to the rain;  
The hospitable door was wide  
And showed the rotting stairs inside;  
The windows, too—their kindly glow  
Had gone; they faced me in a row  
Sightless and hollow, vain and null,  
Like empty orbits in a skull:  
Old Giles's pride had run to seed,  
And all that wasn't mud was weed.  
Neglect and long despair had spread  
About that house. Its soul was dead.

A cocktail. Then to Katie. She  
Or her young Katie'll give me tea.

DUM-DUM.

"The red carpet was lined with beef-eaters."

From a B.B.C. description of the Royal Wedding.

Wouldn't vegetarians have been softer to the tread?

"The choice of Mr. Howard Marshall as B.B.C. commentator on the Royal Wedding can be highly commended. He got his 'Blue' for Rugby football at Oxford."—Daily Paper.

All the same he didn't seem to notice us in the back row of the scrum at the Abbey.



### THE WEARY TITAN.

"I'VE CARRIED YOU SO LONG. I THINK IT'S ONLY FAIR THAT YOU SHOULD GET DOWN AND HELP ME NOW."





Burglar (re frantic lady at telephone). "IT WOULD BE JUST OUR LUCK IF SHE GOT THE POLICE."

### The Infallible Cure.

THE Emperor Wang (says the historian), awaking from sleep one morning in the cedar and sandalwood pavilion called Bliss, experienced a sharp sensation like the commencing witticism of a torturer in his left shoulder-blade.

"Go Long," he said to his Chancellor, who entered and prostrated himself at that moment, "the rheumatism has arrived."

"This sniggering nincompoop, who is overwhelmed with sorrow," replied Go Long from the floor, "will promptly notify all Government departments that their staffs may suitably mortify themselves."

"No doubt," said the Emperor sharply, "but I wish for practical advice, not for polished generalities on the sympathy of subordinates. Draw out a plan of action immediately."

"Certainly, Miracle of Patience," replied Go Long humbly. "I shall call a mass meeting of the faculty at once."

"What will the mass meeting do?" demanded the Emperor, wriggling his shoulder-blades.

"They will construct a chart on vellum, in crimson, of the Imperial

back," replied Go Long. "From official information supplied by me they will then mark in purple ink a number of arrowheads pointing to the seat of the pain. Arrowheads, I understand, are considered highly suitable by the faculty in a case of rheumatism."

"Will that take long?" asked the Emperor.

"With the help of the Imperial cartographers, under the direction of the faculty," replied Go Long, "it will be accomplished at an early date."

"And what then?" asked Wang.

"Then, Mountain of Long-sufferingness," replied the Chancellor, "they will invite suggestions."

"Thank you," said the Emperor. "I think I may invite suggestions myself without the aid of crimson charts or purple arrowheads. Be so good as to accompany me."

So saying, he went out into the street called the Street of Much Misery. Here they found an Imperial scavenger plying his trade.

"Tell me," said the Emperor, pausing, "have you ever suffered from rheumatism?"

"This unfortunate wretch is gratified to be able to answer in the affirmative," replied the scavenger, straightening his back with difficulty.

"And do you know of a cure?"

"As this effete sycophant has had rheumatism for thirty years," replied the man proudly, "the Backer of Certainities may be quite sure that he knows an infallible cure. The sufferer from this distressing complaint must allow himself to be enthusiastically stung by bees."

"The bees of the Empire are at Your Majesty's service," volunteered Go Long. "They will be overjoyed to play their part in restoring Your Majesty to health."

"I am deeply touched," said the Emperor sourly. "However, what I desiderate in a bee is not enthusiasm but accuracy. Can this be guaranteed?"

"Not at present, your Majesty," replied Go Long, smiling. "But the Imperial Institute of Apiculture will be happy to breed a special bee whose loyalty will be tempered with exactitude."

"Let us pass on," growled the Emperor. "Here is a coppersmith who looks sad. Let us question him."

"Rheumatism?" said the coppersmith mournfully when questioned. "I have had it for thirty-five years."

"And you doubtless know an infallible cure?" remarked Go Long.

"Certainly," returned the copper-smith, gently massaging his back. "The rheumatic subject must employ an assistant to strike the affected part many times with a bunch of nettles."

"May this disgusting animal offer himself for the post of Imperial Nettle?" inquired Go Long eagerly.

"Not at present," replied the Emperor, shuddering. "Let us interrogate some more sufferers."

They then interrogated in turn a merchant who recommended ant-bites, a purveyor who advised a poultice of thistles, a blacksmith who had heard hot irons well spoken of, and a shoemaker who deposed that there was nothing like vitriol. All these had been victims of rheumatism for forty years and upwards.

"This," said the Emperor definitely, "will not do. I am not examining candidates for the post of Head Torturer. What do you suggest now?"

"This deplorable half-wit would again put forward his original suggestion," said Go Long gently. "The faculty are to be trusted. They are men of scientific training, not quacks."

"Very good," said the Emperor, sighing. "Let me know the result of their deliberations as soon as possible."

Accordingly the physicians of Peking assembled. The crimson chart was prepared and marked with purple arrow-heads. At the expiry of six months, during which they had been in almost continuous session, the physicians approached the pagoda called Health in procession, beating gongs, discharging fireworks and signifying in expressive pantomime that a milestone of medical science had been passed. The senior physicians entered the pagoda and kowtowed. The doyen of the profession crawled forward on his hands and knees and presented a phial to the Emperor, who was lying contorted with pain on a couch of agate and the wood of the cherry-tree.

"What is this?" asked Wang.

"This, Promoter of Salubrity," replied the Head Physician, "is the infallible cure for rheumatism. It represents the collective wisdom of the profession."

"Will it really cure rheumatism?" demanded the Emperor eagerly.

"There is not a shadow of doubt," replied the physician. "I stake my professional reputation on it."

"Good!" said Wang. "Rise, that I may decorate you."

"This worthless quack regrets that he cannot rise without help," replied the physician sadly.

"Why?" asked Wang.



THE WOOD-CARVINGS OF M'BONGO M'BONGO.

NO. X.—A NARYAN OR FETISH.

"Solacer of the Uncomfortable," replied the physician, "it is on account of my rheumatism. I have had it for fifty years." W. G.

### The Last Gale.

DANCE, leaves, dance!  
Tuck up your stems and spin;  
Twirl November out,  
Whirl December in!  
The boughs are wearing thin;  
You will not have much longer  
To twinkle down the street  
On little red-veined feet.

Dance, leaves, dance!  
Burst from your twigs and fly!  
This is the last great gale

To tear across the sky  
Before the sap runs dry;  
It will not blow much stronger  
On chimney-pot and tree  
While you are there to see.

Dance, leaves, dance  
Upon your toes and shake!  
These are the last wild steps  
That you will ever make.  
To-morrow they will take  
Their brushes to the highways  
And softly, softly go  
Sweeping the fallen snow.

### Pessimism In Our Parish.

"Our readers will be shocked to learn that Mr. — has gone to his reward."

Church Paper.

## The Word War.

DID we dream it? Or did we read the other day that someone had complained in public that someone else had "sabotaged the Peace issue"?

It is very uncomfortable to be of those who worry about words. We may be wrong to do it; and we may be wrong in our choice of words to worry about; and we may often ourselves use words that worry others. We know all that; and we know that we should be much happier if we could read without a twinge Mr. Brown's complaint that Mr. Smith has "sabotaged the Peace issue" and pass on contentedly to the next column, in which Mr. Robinson tells us that the M.C.C. "have finalised the body-line issue." We know, we admit, or very nearly know, what Mr. Brown and Mr. Robinson mean, and therefore, we admit, we might be content. For if we understand clearly the signals of a policeman we do not think of complaining that his movements are not graceful or elegant (though, by the way, they generally are). And it may be said, we admit, that the chief purpose of words being to convey meaning, to transfer thought, if that be done efficiently there is no cause of complaint. But though the chief purpose of a motor-car is to convey or transfer bodies, those who manufacture, market and purchase it use increasing care to secure that it shall be elegant and graceful as well; and in like fashion we think it right to go on worrying about words, however much it wearies ourselves or others.

Further, we think that this is the time to declare a new and ruthless Word War; and we invite our readers to buckle on their dictionaries and enter the fight, whether on our side or against us. We shall often, we know, become casualties (What a word! What a phrase!) ourselves, as we have before; but this will make us fight more carefully and not less keenly. So, readers, lay on!

Piratical, ruffianly, masked, horrible words invade our language and lay waste our thought every day. "To sabotage the Peace issue . . ."! Let us have it done in capitals—

**"TO SABOTAGE THE PEACE ISSUE."**

There!

But, mind, readers, we are not, in a superior manner, distributing blame to those who use these unseemly expressions. Nay, we have a Christian understanding of the real cause of offence, which is that those who use the most numerous words in public—that is,

politicians and journalists—have the least time in which to choose their words. The Cabinet Minister who speaks for an hour or more in the House of Commons (interrupted from time to time) can hardly be expected to make every sentence perfectly obedient to the laws of elegance or even grammar; and when, after a long day in his Department and the House, he comes to a public dinner the wonder is that so often he speaks so entertainingly and well.

The special reporter or dramatic critic, writing with one foot in the telephone-box—and two minutes to go—and even, in a crisis, the leader-writer, have the same defence. The orator on the soap-box, back to the wall, has no time to polish his retorts to the shower of abuse or cabbage-stalks which he has drawn upon himself, and from his excited mind emerges easily some parrot-phrase about "sabotaging the Peace issue."

But though we are Christians we must be just and firm, we lonely fighters in the word war. Without condemning any individual we can throw such odium upon the offensive words that they will cease to come naturally to any pen or tongue. The mind of the orator, however many cabbages fly round his head, will unconsciously reject these inelegant weapons just as, in most cases, it would refuse to discharge an indecent or blasphemous reply.

But how is this to be brought about? Very simply. Indeed the machinery exists already. We poor professional writers receive by every other post advice and criticism from strangers, not only about what we say but about our manner of saying it—hyphens, split infinitives, relative clauses, "if and when," etc. Sometimes the strangers are very wrong; but often they are right and helpful. In either case they show a healthy interest in the use of language and encourage care in the writer. I suggest that the same attention be paid to the language of politics and public life, in which more words are flung about in a single day than all the longest novelists by massed contemporaneous effort could discharge in a whole year. The PRIME MINISTER himself has been criticised for the form as much as for the substance of certain speeches. Whether that is just or not we do not know (and it might be argued that some of the critics were heaving boulders in a glass-house), but the principle is sound. If interruptions are permissible at public meetings, let us from time to time have this sort of thing:—

*Speaker.* I say that by his speech at the Corn Exchange my opponent is deliberately sabotaging the Peace issue!

*A Voice.* Why?

*Speaker.* Because the League of Nations—

*Interrupter.* I meant, "Why do you use such extraordinary language?"

*Speaker.* I use the language of idealism, the language of hope, the language of the toiling masses—

*Interrupter.* No, you don't. The toiling masses have more sense. You use the language of a lunatic—

*Voices.* Chuck him out!

*Speaker.* My policy, Sir, is to consolidate the Peace Front by uniting the forces of the Left—

*Interrupter.* Your policy's all right. I shall probably vote for you. But you are making a speech; and a speech is made of words; and your words are pestilent.

*Voices.* Chuck him out!

*Interrupter.* What exactly do you mean by "sabotage"? And, anyhow, how can you sabotage an issue?

*Voices.* Chuck him out!

*Interrupter.* And what's all this nonsense about "Fronts"? I've noticed that the more peace-loving you are, some of you, the more you talk about Fronts and forces and militants and all that.

*Voices.* Chuck him out!

*Interrupter.* You mean, don't you, that you don't agree with your opponent about the best way to secure Peace?

*Speaker.* I do, Sir.

*Interrupter.* Then why the — don't you say so?

We sympathise, we repeat, with the speaker. But it is expedient that he should suffer once for the general good; and if our interrupter reached the end of the dialogue alive (which is not, we admit, likely) we think he would have done some good for the speaker as well. If the incident were reported he might even sabotage the verb "sabotage" off the Word Front altogether. Some people like it, we know, because it arose from the throwing of French shoes or *sabots* into machinery; and so it can be used to suggest malicious damage, even where there is no malice and no damage is done. But that is only to say that its use is unfair as well as unsound and unlovely. At any rate we place it high on our Black List. We know, alas! that there is a bad precedent in *garage*, which we have also weakly promoted to a verb. But no one yet, I think, has garaged an issue. Indeed, that is almost the only thing which has not been done to an issue. Last week one was capitalised.\*

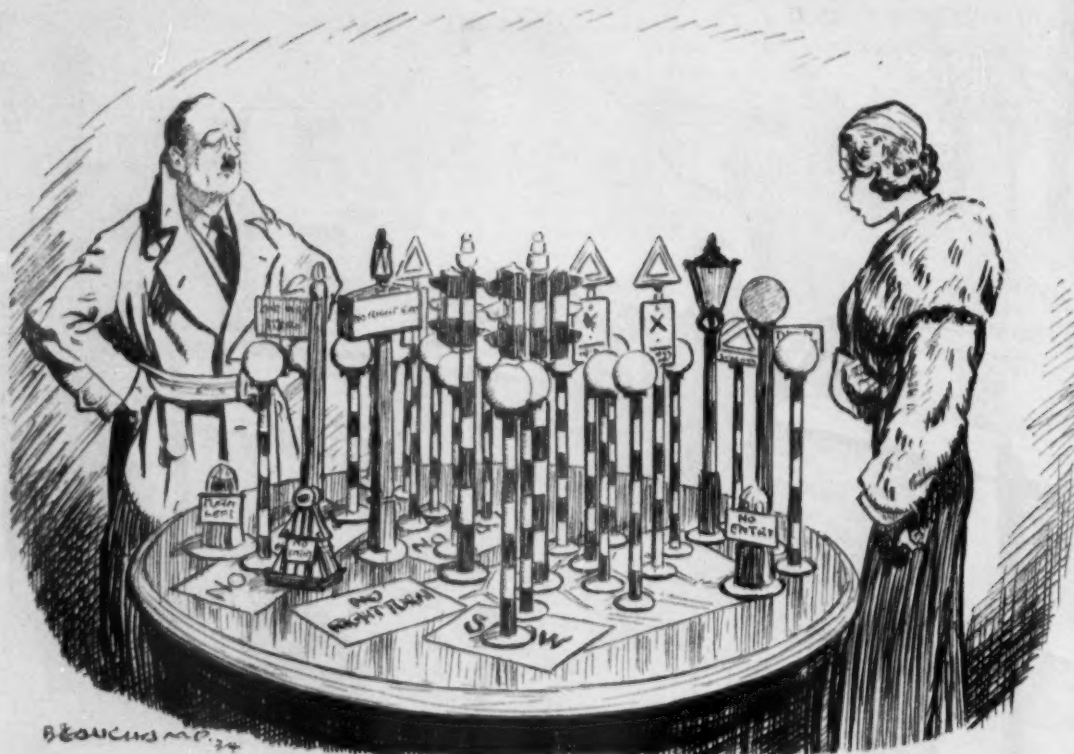
Then there is the pompous verb to

\* "Labour is doing its best, as it is fully entitled to do, to capitalise politically the outstanding issue of Peace."—*Mr. A. J. CUMMINGS.*





Lorry-Driver. "SORL RIGHT, CHUM, DON'T GET WINDY. SHE WAS LOADED WITH 'EALTH-SALTS.'"



THE MOTORIST BUYS HIS SON A CHRISTMAS PRESENT OF AN EDUCATIONAL NATURE.

"implement," which is strutting about politics rather offensively to-day. Not a new one this, I know; but not to be encouraged. Knock it on the head. Write to your Member about it.

"Reaction" too, and "reactionary." Ask the fellow what he means. He means something offensive. But why? "Reaction" (politically) means (according to the O.E.D.) "a movement towards the reversal of an existing tendency or state of things"—"a return, or desire to return, to a previous condition of affairs." Thus, when we suggested during the past five or six years that the speed of motor-cars had increased and ought to be checked we were described as reactionaries. And those who maintain that the income-tax has increased and ought to return to a former level are reactionaries. But those who maintain that national armaments are increasing and ought to be restored to a former level are not reactionaries! On the contrary, they are progressives—and are fonder than any of calling others reactionaries! Why is this? Kill this word, for it is imbecile, malevolent and dangerous.

And "liquidate" and "sophistication." Ask them what they mean!

That will do for a start, brothers of

the Left Word Front, for you will have your own pet enemies. Write to them—write to them! Ask them what they mean! Let none of these long, lone, easy-going pirates escape without scrutiny. Attack me too if you will, but send me your own Black Lists and let us fight the Word War together. For together, brothers, we can do a great work for the English—I mean the British—language.

As I lay down my pen my eye catches, in one of the Very Serious Weeklies, the following:—

*"Are we quite sure that newly-emancipated woman has yet acquired a sound biological status, or secured for herself a harmonious psycho-physiological equilibrium?"*

Speaking for myself alone, the answer is in the interrogative. A. P. H.

#### Things Which Might Have Been Better Expressed.

"A farmer handed the collection-plate to the Duke and Duchess. Large crowds from all parts of the Black Country cheered them as they drove away."—*Daily Paper*.

"If you want this dish in the time of year when there are no peas, leave them out."

O.K. chef. *From a Recipe in Periodical.*

#### As Others Hear Us.

##### Meeting the Traveller.

"How nice of you to come and meet me—and Charles too—and how are the dear little people? I'm afraid I've got a most fearful amount of luggage."

"Let me—"

"Thank you, thank you. Very carefully, Charles, if you don't mind; it's all full of things with glass tops. Porter!"

"The car's just outside—"

"Perhaps we could manage, only I hate to bother you. No, no, dear, don't touch it; I'll take that one, it's most frightfully heavy."

"Mother, you really mustn't—"

"Yes, really, dear, I can manage it quite well. It's books, that's why it's— Charles, I'm so sorry! Don't say it was on your foot?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter a bit."

"Perhaps we'd better have a porter. Oh, just a minute; I had a paper with me—it must be in the carriage still—"

"You can see the paper at home, Mother."

"This has an advertisement I wanted to— Now, which carriage was it? There was a woman wearing a red hat sitting in one corner."



"Here, this was you."

"Oh, was this me? Thank you so much, dear."

"Is this your umbrella?"

"Charles! How clever of you! I must have forgotten to take it down from the rack. Now, is there anything else? I'm *longing* to see the chicks."

"Mother, Charles says is there anything else?"

"No, darling. At least, I'll tell you in a minute. Two—three—five, and the flowers, only I'm afraid they've not been improved by the hot carriage."

"Then that's all, Charles. Shall we come?"

"Just a minute, dear. My ticket. I had it all ready. I wonder if you would hold *this* for me a minute—and *these*—and just *this*—"

"Is it in your bag?"

"No, it's not in my bag."

"Or inside your purse?"

"No, I haven't got a purse."

"It's quite all right, Mother, there's no hurry. What about your coat-pocket?"

"No, it's not in my coat-pocket. Oh, there goes my hankie! I'm so sorry—thank you so much, dear. How dirty the platform must be! . . . Never mind, I've got a clean one in my bag—I can get at it in a minute if you wouldn't mind just holding on to *this* a minute—and *that*—if you don't mind."

"Mother, is that your *wireless*?"

"Yes, darling. I had to bring it, you see, because of going on to Aunt Ada's—you know what a boon it is there. Don't attempt to touch it, darling, it's much too heavy. Porter!"

"Now, is this all?"

"Except for the— There's that ticket all the time! I remember now I put it in to mark the place. Have you read this, dear? It's excellent."

"No, not yet. Now, Mother, wouldn't you like to come to the car? Charles can quite well—"

"Porter! Will you be very, very careful with that wireless? Just carry it *carefully*, I mean."

"Is this all, lady?"

"There are two suit-cases in the van. One of them is *green*, rather large, and the other is *brown*, with a leather strap. They were put in at Waterloo; I saw the man do it myself. They've got *white* initials—just 'J. F. L. P.' in white lettering."

"All right, Mother, Charles will—"

"Darling, I'm so sorry I've got such quantities of luggage, but you see how I'm placed; I've got to go to Aunt Ada's straight from you, and then straight to Brighton, and it seemed



Host. "I ALWAYS SAY IT'S NOT SO MUCH THE CUE AS THE MAN BEHIND IT."

simplest to bring *everything* I had in the world with me."

"Yes, of course."

"Is there a hamper waiting for me at the station by any chance? It's just one or two things I had sent on by goods train."

"I don't think— But we could go round that way and ask."

"Only I don't want to give you and Charles any trouble. How are you all, darling? You look thin. Wait a minute—the *little blue hat-box* isn't here!"

"Mother, it must be! Did you start with it?"

"Yes, I know I did, because it kept on falling over in the taxi. I'm afraid it must have got left behind at the Junction."

"Is it in the luggage-van?"

"No, because here he comes. How very tiresome! We shall have to go to the Lost Luggage place and telegraph or something. I am absolutely positive it was there as far as the Junction."

"Was it labelled, lady?"

"Oh, yes, I *know* it was labelled. At least, it may have been. I think it was. But it might not have been."

"Better come this way, lady, and inquire."

"Mother, why not let Charles see about it and come and get into the car?"

"No, darling, I shall do it better myself. Only, *si tu as un sixpence pour l'homme—ou crois-tu qu'un shilling serait mieux?*"

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E. M. D.

## At the Pictures.

### ROMANTIC HISTORY.

THERE used to be a joke about HERBERT BISMARCK to the effect that, in contradistinction to the stern ingredients of which his father was composed, he was a man of bread-and-milk. Although one would not quite say that of GEORGE ARLISS's *Wellington* in *The Iron Duke* at the Tivoli, he is certainly not ferruginous. "A nice old gentleman for a tea-party," is the phrase that comes most naturally to mind. As however the dice are always loaded in his favour, and his word, however uttered, is law, his chirpy manner does not really matter except that we did not expect it and never quite lose our surprise. If WELLINGTON was like that, we ask ourselves, whence came the epithet, the legend?

Better, perhaps, forget the IRON DUKE altogether and take the film as a new and original story of a mythical general and a mythical (and very confusing) battle and a mythical female admirer and a mythical newspaper reporter, and sit back and enjoy it: not at all a difficult operation, for the story is well told and well produced and the photography is masterly and the central figure always has his own charm. In fact, has he not just been

compared with those of plays, have to work!—and he is always true to type and therefore entertaining; but to my mind the best acting is that of GLADYS COOPER as the implacable *Duchess d'Angoulême*, or "Madame" (with the accent on the last syllable), and of



Shade of the IRON DUKE: "SO THIS IS ARLISS!"

Duke of Wellington . . . GEORGE ARLISS.

ALLAN AYNESWORTH as *Louis XVIII.* Miss COOPER, superbly gowned, carries high her insolence and scorn, and Mr. AYNESWORTH really persuaded me that the vacillating monarch looked just like that and vacillated just like that.

The cast as a whole is a meeting-place of old friends, both A. E. MATTHEWS and GERALD LAWRENCE, although with nothing characteristic to do, making reappearances, and ELLALINE TERRISS returning to the glimpses of the arc-light to be incredibly domestic and sweet as the *Iron Duchess*. What perhaps struck me most about the subsidiary war-winners was the rapidity with which *Blücher*, in Paris, learnt English.

It is odd, passing from the Tivoli to the London Pavilion, where *The Count of Monte Cristo* is being shown, to find ourselves again in 1815, with *Napoleon* (seen but not heard) again in *Elba* and *Louis XVIII.* again refusing to accept facts: this time a shorter and fatter Bourbon than Mr. AYNESWORTH would have him, slightly more infirm and given to chess, but still irascible. There is also some fighting on June 15th, but I am prepared to maintain with a considerable wager that in 1815 there never was a milestone that said "3 kilometres to Waterloo." These, however, are details; the play's the thing;

and once the ill-fated *Edmond Dantes* (ROBERT DONAT) has been carried to the Château d'If and the *Abbé Faria* (O. P. HEGGIE) has tunnelled his way into his cell instead of into the Mediterranean we are breathless with excitement. The suspense was in fact too much for some neighbours of mine, who cried, "Don't speak so loud—they'll hear you!" "Don't hammer like that—you'll be heard!" "Look out or you'll burn his beard!" and finally, when *Edmond* too slowly is transferring himself to the dead *Abbé's* sack, "Hurry up with that sewing—they're coming back!" All, however, is well: *Edmond* gets into the sack and sews himself up in time; is flung into the sea; extricates himself in the depths before our eyes and sets forth on his implacable quest.

It is then, I think, that the film fails, for as the Count Mr. DONAT, hitherto persuasive enough, taxes our credulity. He is, for one thing, too young, with no trace of the effects of imprisonment. He is also too jaunty. DUMAS makes him stern, inscrutable, mysterious, as a man might well be who had spent all those years in a dungeon plotting revenge and had then come into millions. In short, and for partly the same reason, we don't believe in him any more than we believe in Mr. ARLISS's victor of Waterloo.



FRESH FROM FOURTEEN YEARS IN A DUNGEON.

*Edmond Dantes* . . . ROBERT DONAT.

As a matter of fact DUMAS' magnificent romance moves too slowly, is too comprehensive and unrelenting, to be packed into the dimensions of an ordinary film. It should either be left untouched or be presented in a series. This picture is but a synopsis. E. V. L.



THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE.

*Madame* . . . . . GLADYS COOPER.

*Louis XVIII.* . . . ALLAN AYNESWORTH.

acclaimed, by a plebiscite of cinema audiences, the most popular screen actor of all? ARLISS the supreme, but not WELLINGTON, not the IRON DUKE.

The World's Choice is almost never out of the picture—and this reminds me how hard the heroes of the films,



## War 2034.

"WELL," said the Minister for Defence, rubbing his hands, "I think my Department has at last succeeded in getting things straight."

"Really?" said the Prime Minister. "Affairs look very black on the Continent?"

"They always do," said the Minister for Defence. "And I am not such an idiot as to think it possible to *prevent* war or even to defend the nation in case of attack. But never before has England been so well equipped to meet all possible emergencies. You will agree, I suppose, that our Continental enemies are unlikely to attack us from the air—aerial warfare being definitely out of date, since the invention of the super-range projector that can bomb London from Berlin or Paris or wherever it happens to be?"

"Quite so," said the Prime Minister. "And you have found some means of minimising the effects of the super-range projector?"

"Not exactly," said the Minister for Defence; "as I mentioned before, I have long ago abandoned the idea of protecting the civilian population. If one of our Continental neighbours cares to attack us he can without difficulty reduce our principal cities to ashes and kill the whole population. But do not let that disturb you."

"I confess that I cannot regard the prospect with equanimity," said the Prime Minister, who was a kindly man and whose only vice was a tendency to verbosity. "But go on. You say that you are ready for any emergency?"

"Certainly I am. When I first took on my present job I examined the situation carefully. The nation, as you know, takes the armament question very seriously. The vocal section of the population may be divided into two parts—those who want us to be so well armed that the other nations will be frightened of us, and those who think we should scrap armaments altogether. Every time we build a battleship or a new super-range projector the first section crows so loudly that our Continental neighbours believe we are meditating offensive warfare, and the other section moans so loudly that the suspicion is confirmed."

"I am inclined to think," said the Prime Minister, "that the great majority of the non-vocal members of the community approve the middle course."

"That may or may not be," said the Minister for Defence impatiently, "but you will hardly suggest that we should cast aside the tradition of more than a



"WELL, WHAT COULD WE EXPECT WHEN WE GIVE AN O'RAFFERTY THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY?"

century and treat the extremists with the contempt they deserve?"

"I apologise," said the Prime Minister with a sigh. "But tell me how you have solved the problem."

"I have decided to let the armament question just drift, acceding to the demands of whichever vocal section happened to be most vocal at the moment and to concentrate on another branch of activity. As I saw it, war was inevitable, and the consequent destruction of the population was no less inevitable than war."

"Quite so," said the Prime Minister. "But what is this other branch of activity of which you speak?"

The Minister of Defence smiled

smugly and rubbed his hands. "I have rationalised the undertaking industry," he said. "I have caused colossal bomb-proof cemeteries to be laid out all over England. I have ordered forty million best-quality coffins, which are stored in bomb-proof shelters out in the country, and a fleet of a hundred thousand armoured hearses is ready for action at a moment's notice."

"Marvellous!" said the Prime Minister, clapping him on the shoulder, "but who is going to drive the hearses and dig the graves?"

"You can't expect me to think of *everything*," said the Minister for Defence reproachfully.



"BLIMEY, SAL, 'AD YER 'AIR WAVED AGIN?"  
 "WELL, I CAN'T GO ABAHT LOOKING LIKE LAST MONTH'S CABBAGE."

### Abnegation.

["Whenever you visit Mr. (Beverley) Nichols you will find a litter of kittens."—"The Rambler" in "The Daily Mirror."]

AMID a world controlled by luck,  
 Where best-laid schemes come oft unstuck  
 And none with certainty can speak  
 Of what they'll do to-morrow week,  
 Of one thing I am sure enough,  
 That, whether smooth my path or rough,  
 Through flowery meads or thorny prickles,  
 I shall not visit Mr. NICHOLS.

I shall not see the unfailing litter  
 Of kittens, since the scribes who twitter  
 About their Bloomsburys *in rure*  
 Fill me, I fear, with nought but fury.  
 I do not like their rustic pose  
 I do not like the winsome prose  
 That from their pens so archly trickles:  
 I shall not visit Mr. NICHOLS.

The prettily imperious grace  
 That keeps the neighbours in their place,  
 Their daintily upholstered cots,  
 Their darling flowers, give me the botts.  
 I like, if anything, still less  
 Their calculated naughtiness,  
 Although suburban taste it tickles:  
 I shall not visit Mr. NICHOLS.

Though MAXTON joins the Carlton Club  
 And CRIPPS and OSWALD noses rub,  
 Though HITLER lauds the Hebrew race  
 And LABWOOD bowls at FREEMAN's pace,  
 Though, lapped in universal peace,  
 The world from all contention cease  
 And beats its bayonets into sickles,  
 I shall not visit Mr. NICHOLS.

## The General Shows Them How.

General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., Mr. Lionel Nutmeg (Malayan Civil Service, Retd.) and Admiral Charles Sneyring-Stymie, C.B., belong to the die-hard rabbit company of golfers, and until last Tuesday afternoon their daily rounds had been comparatively humdrum affairs—humdrum, that is, from the point of view of doing a hole in anything like par figures. But I expect you know the sort of thing: "Well, I'm down in twelve, Nutmeg," or, "Must see that fool of a pro. about this wretched socketing of mine," or, "All right, Forcursue, you've only played eight. I'll give you that."

But on Tuesday—well, it happened in this manner:—

Having the entire Roughover course to themselves, Forcursue, Nutmeg and Sneyring-Stymie arranged to play a three-ball match, Commander Harrington Nettle, their usual fourth, being indisposed. They took no caddies, and for the first six holes nothing very remarkable happened.

But off the 7th tee (the hole is a bogey "3" by the way), Forcursue, in

playing first, pulled his ball into a shallow bunker which lies rather to the left of the pin and below it. And a very bad example it was too, for Nutmeg and the Admiral, overcome no doubt by that hypnotic influence to which most golfers are subject, forthwith played similar strokes, with the result that the three balls lay a few feet from each other well and truly bunkered about a dozen yards from the pin.

There is nothing really very remarkable in this, but when S.-S. (whose ball was furthest from the hole) went into the "pit" to do battle he rather staggered himself and his two friends by straightway holing out for a birdie "2"; and when Nutmeg followed him a few seconds later also to send his ball careering into the tin, things became definitely dramatic and everyone remained speechless—which in itself gives you some idea of the abnormality of the situation, Forcursue, at any other time, being an almost certain starter for "Dam fluke, Sir!"

Hardly daring to move and so break the spell, S.-S. and N. looked at the General. It was up to him. Local fame (and more) was apparently his and theirs for the asking, for the Admiral

and Nutmeg had by this time not the slightest shadow of doubt that the three of them had been bewitched and that all F. had to do was to go into the bunker, take out his niblick, let fly at the ball any old how and it would come to rest in the hole.

For a time, however, the man of war seemed to hesitate and his face wore a look of uncertainty.

But even as his friends stared at him a glint of determination stole across his features, and before either of them could stop him he had walked resolutely down into the bunker, where he picked up his ball from its sandy resting place and slipped it into his pocket.

The spell was broken.

"What the devil did you do that for?" blurted out Sneyring-Stymie and Nutmeg in unison.

"Because," retorted the General quietly, "nobody is going to believe us in any case." G. C. N.

"PENNY-A-MILE  
Return Tickets.

USE THEM FOR { BUSINESS  
PLEASURE  
Or DAY TRIPS."

Railway Announcement.

What are we going to do on the day trips?



COOK IS EXTREMELY GOOD ON THE DRUM, BUT OF COURSE ONE HAS TO THINK OF SOCIAL DISTINCTIONS.





*Jealous Swain.* "ERE—NOT SER MUCH OF IT—BE'AVE YERSELF!"

*Damsel.* "WOT D' YER MEAN—BE'AVE MESELF? WHY, I KNOW 'IM SOSHERLY."

### Dénouement.

"WHAT was the show like?" asked Pamela.

The previous evening I had assisted my old friend, George Harcourt, to celebrate his return from the East.

"Eh?" I grunted.

"Have lots more coffee," suggested Pamela kindly. "The point is," she continued, "Aunt Emily has invited me to lunch and a matinée to-day, and I wondered if the piece you saw last night was any good."

"Very good. *Two and Two*, it was."

"That's a detective play, isn't it?"

"Best I've seen for years. The villain—"

"Don't tell me," interrupted Pamela; "I can always guess the end of detective plays, anyway."

"You wouldn't guess the end of this one."

"I bet I would."

"I bet you wouldn't. In fact," I said boldly, "I'm prepared to lay you five shillings to one that neither you nor Aunt Emily spots the villain until the Third Act."

"In that case," said Pamela, "I'll ring up Aunt Emily at once."

Pamela returned from the orgy in excellent spirits.

"It was wonderful," she said, fluffing her hair out before the mirror.

"Did you notice that green evening frock in the Second Act?"

"No. Did you notice the villain before the Third?"

"I thought he was rather a lamb."

"But did you guess he was the villain?"

"Of course," she replied, continuing to study herself in the glass. "It was perfectly obvious directly the curtain went up."

"He wasn't on the stage when the curtain went up."

"Well, as soon as he came on. Do you think a green frock like that would suit me?"

I sighed. "A bet is a bet," I said. "Women have no sense of decency."

"I needn't have it *quite* so cut away at the sides."

"Pamela," I said, "don't try to wriggle out of it."

"I haven't had a chance to wriggle into it yet."

"Did you and Aunt Emily, or either of you, detect that the villain was—?"

"I tell you that directly he came on we spotted Lord Percy."

"You mean Lord Cuthbert—and he

wasn't the murderer. Lord Cuthbert was the detective. You owe me a bob. Pay up."

"Lord Percy——"

"Lord Cuthbert——"

"Don't be too silly," said Pamela. "Here's the programme."

"Pamela," I said, "this is a programme of *Three's Company*."

"I know."

"The play I went to with George Harcourt was *Two and Two*."

"Oh, was it?" said Pamela. "Then that explains it." She frowned at the glass. "Not that green is really my colour," she murmured.

"WOMEN'S HOCKEY.

SOUTH WALES DISAPPOINT.

FORWARDS FAIL TO KNIT."

Welsh Paper.

Perhaps they lost their wool.

### People in "Punch."

Included with our next issue will be found a coloured cartoon of Sir John Reith, Director-General of the British Broadcasting Corporation.



### THE FAT BOY FOILED.

THE FAT BOY (leaving the Mother of Parliaments undismayed in the Arbour). "I DON'T CARE WHAT ANYONE SAYS; HER FLESH OUGHT TO HAVE CREPT."





## Impressions of Parliament.

### Synopsis of the Week.

**Monday, December 3rd.**—Commons: Depressed Areas (Development and Improvement) Bill read Second time.

**Tuesday, December 4th.**—Commons: Debate on Shipping Subsidy.

**Wednesday, December 5th.**—Lords: Debate on Collective Peace System.

Commons: Electricity (Supply) Bill and Money Resolution of Depressed Areas Bill Considered in Committee.

**Monday, December 3rd.**—Question-time reveals some pretty rumours. To-day Mr. COCKS, deputising for Mr. DOBBIE, asked FOREIGN MINISTER what he knew about proposed agreement by which Germany should send Japan explosives, chemicals, machine-guns, aeroplane-engines and pilots, while in return Japan should give Germany beans—not the beans of ingratitude, but soya beans—and received from Mr. BLINDELL (who is Chief Lib. Nat. Whip and had a busy afternoon representing both Sir JOHN SIMON and Mr. HORE-BELISHA) reply that Foreign Office were not aware of any such proposition.

Should Post-Office vans continue to have their side- and tail-lights at roof level? Hot duel on this point took place between P.M.G. and various Members, who claimed that here was great source of danger to drivers of baby-cars with low angle of vision. Sir KINGSLEY yielded nothing, insisting that by this means lamps were saved from damage while vans were being loaded, and that no accidents had been traced to such a cause; but Mr. P.'s R., who nearly suffered his final impression the other night at the hands of an apparently unlit scarlet monster, begs him to think again.

Ribbon development goes on unchecked. It has steadily been ruining countryside since War, and now that mention of it has been made in King's Speech without certainty of an early Bill it is obvious that jerry-builders will be tumbling over each other in their efforts to deck as many miles as possible with salmon ribbon before Government take action. Sir WILLIAM DAVISON and others put this point to P.M., but he replied regretfully that his

pledge must remain provisional. His regret is shared by many.

### Less Depressed Areas.

In moving Second Reading of Depressed Areas Bill Mr. OLIVER STAN-

LEY if rumour could be true that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, descending for once from the Generals to the particular, was going to attack measure. Altogether he scored several good points at expense of Socialists, for he declared that since he had been in House there was hardly a seaside resort which had not given its name to some Socialist programme or other which, like one before it, was destined to fade away like "CRIPPS that pass in the night." In outlining provisions of Bill he emphasised fact that Treasury grant of £2,000,000 was only preliminary advance, and prophesied that Commissioners would in time be able to shed new light on better uses of that leisure which machinery was constantly giving us.

Bill met with rather mixed reception, but got its Second Reading with comfortable majority of 223.

**Tuesday, December 4th.**—Much interest has been aroused by success

of Messrs. BOOTS' trial of five-day week in their factories, and to-day MINISTER OF LABOUR declared that he regarded it as of very great value. Although, he said, there were special factors in this case (presumably he meant that this firm is a self-contained unit), he considered that it justified detailed examination of each industry with a view to similar experiment. He might have added that, after all, House of Commons is bound in common decency to approve five-day system, from which it itself has benefited for so long.

Candidates for Civil Service exams. will be comforted by Mr. DUFF COOPER's assurances that there is no risk of Welsh becoming a compulsory subject. It is all very well for Mr. DAVID EVANS back to urge its adoption, but he himself presumably lisped in bardic numbers from his birth.

There is a lot of difference between a present of £2,000,000 which is only preliminary pocket-money and the same present when it has got to last; it is just the difference in the positions in which Mr. OLIVER STANLEY and Mr. RUNCIMAN stand in relation to the CHANCELLOR's recent subsidies. Mr STANLEY's is by far the more agreeable, and this afternoon Mr. RUNCIMAN had to appear ungenerous in refusing assist-



WALTER. "THANKS AWFULLY FOR YOUR PRESENTS, UNCLE, AND IT'S NICE THAT THEY MATCH SO WELL; BUT WHY COULDN'T YOU LET ME HAVE AN EXPANDING SUITCASE?"

UNCLE NEVILLE. "THAT, MY LAD, IS BECAUSE I HOPE THAT YOU WON'T BE—LIKE OLIVER—ASKING FOR MORE."

MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, MR. RUNCIMAN AND MR. OLIVER STANLEY.

LEY taunted Opposition with having evolved stock Amendment with which they opposed every Government measure, whether it was Loyal Address or Diseases of Fish Bill, and wondered



QUESTION AND ANSWER.  
LORD CECIL OF CHELWOOD.



BUSINESS ENTERPRISE IN ANGLO-SAXON TIMES.

ance to tankers and passenger liners. These, he said, being organised within themselves, were not in such desperate plight as tramps, which competed in open market; but it was condition of subsidy that tramp-owners should now regulate internal competition. Other conditions were that greater employment should be given to British ships and British seamen, and that ship-owners should press for adjustment of world-tonnage.

#### Reactions to a Subsidy.

Mr. GREENWOOD was angry with Government for neither consulting lower deck nor bothering about its conditions, and for doing nothing about fifty thousand alien seamen in British ships; Mr. GRAHAM WHITE presented academic Liberal view, as it were on a salver; Sir ROBERT HORNE declared that a subsidy, objectionable as it was, was the only hope; while of the shipowners who spoke, Sir HERBERT CAYZER insisted that subsidy could only be effective if given to all classes of cargo-boats, Sir CHARLES BARRIE seemed really grateful, and Colonel ROPNER was strongly opposed to scrap-and-build policy.

Wednesday, December, 5th—Peers met to-day to consider Lord CECIL's motion on collective peace system; he wished to be reassured that nothing in recent

speech of Mr. BALDWIN's was to be taken as indicating that Government intended to abandon Article 16 of Covenant as it interpreted collective ideal. Lord LOTHIAN was hopeful that revision of present international structure would keep collective system on its feet, and that assistance of United States, which need not be far off, would make it possible to restore peace organisation to greater power than ever. In reply Lord STANHOPE denied that there was any change in Government's international policy, and assured House that Mr. BALDWIN had used phrase "collective peace system" in its narrowest sense and had gone on to say that he would never agree to armed blockade of a country by British Navy until he knew what United States was going to do.

Many touching tributes were paid to late Lord BUCKMASTER, who, as PRIMATE said, had been generally agreed to be most finished orator in Upper House and had brought to it a single-minded devotion to the causes which he had at heart.

Commons is enjoying a lull before the Indian monsoon breaks over it. To-day it exchanged some gloomy conversation about electrical undertakers, and put the Commissioners' £2,000,000 a little further along the road to the depressed areas.

#### A New Name for an Old Complaint.

[At a recent match between Oxford University and the Worpleston Golf Club, one of the Oxford players, according to an evening paper, was obliged to stand down by an attack of "influenzo."]

In pathologic nomenclature,  
Although 'tis contrary to nature,  
The terms of widest application  
Are feminine in their formation—  
Witness anæmia, cirrhosis,  
With enteritis and thrombosis.  
And yet, though nothing could abate  
her

Devotion to her Alma Mater,  
Oxford, by women students raided,  
By undergraduettes invaded,  
Stoutly refuses to surrender  
Completely to the female gender;  
And if requested proof to offer  
I cite a leading Oxford golfer  
Who, as an evening paper stated,  
By "influenzo" was prostrated.

#### ENVOI.

Let Cantabs keep the common cold  
And cherish their COLENSO,  
Oxford decides henceforth to hold  
Fast to her influenzo. C. L. G.

"HALL FULL OF SILENT PIGS."  
Daily Paper.

Oh! those re-union dinners.

### The Legacy.

Mr. Batten built and sold every house on the Fairview residential estate. It was the great final task of his life, undertaken, he said, to make provision for his daughter.

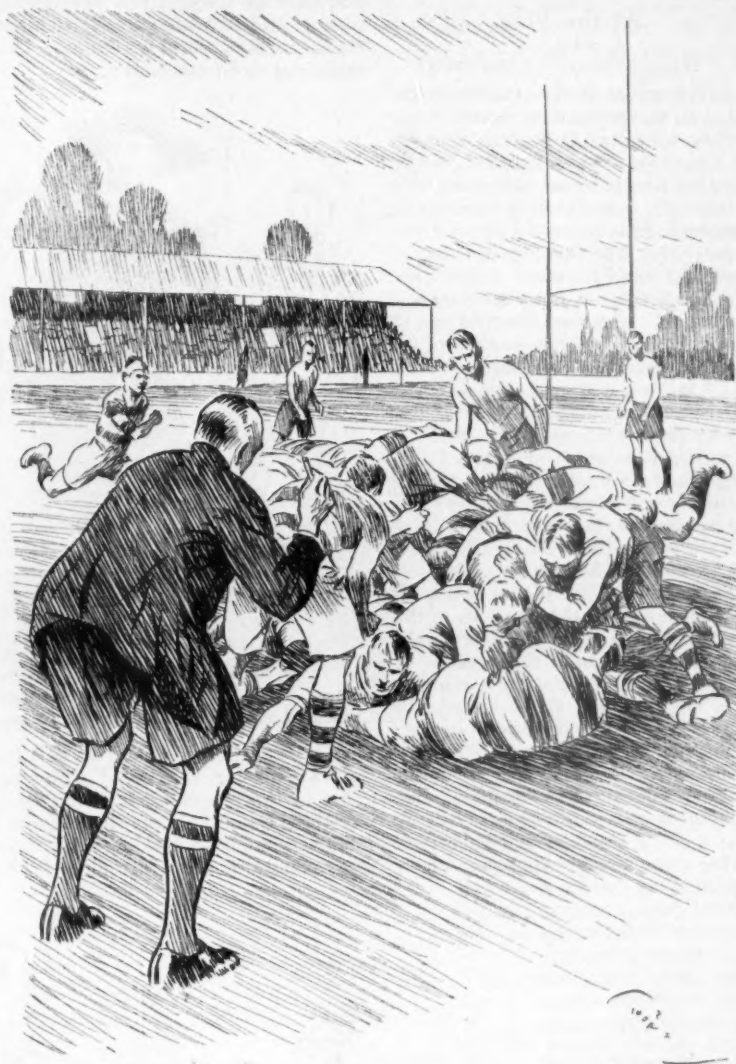
Rival builders, developing rival estates, used to swear that the old blighter was losing money hand over fist. His prices, they used to say when house-hunters made captious comparisons, hardly covered out-of-pocket expenses and left no room for the reasonable profit which they as honest tradesmen were bound to make. Their criticisms were not unfounded. When Mr. Batten died his daughter inherited exactly fourteen shillings and tenpence. But as he had the satisfaction of selling his two-hundredth and last house, he was able to pass away with the assurance that he had done his best for the girl.

His estate, although he could not bequeath it to his daughter, is in all other respects a credit to his name. Approached by a single main road, which all Fairview residents must use, the two hundred houses are cunningly planted in a well-planned block of roads, crescents and avenues. The houses, pleasantly diversified as to their exterior, are uniform in their suitability for young married people.

Each, for example, has one *really big* room—a room, that is, where sixteen persons can play bridge at a pinch or, the carpet being rolled back, six couples can make some pretence of dancing. Mr. Batten would point with some pride to the floors and jocularly speak to prospective purchasers of "the ballroom." And then he would expatiate on the selectness of the neighbourhood. Not a single shop on the estate, he would say, and a definite prohibition against them in the conditions of sale. And the little P.P.'s would wag their heads knowingly and exclaim: "How nice to feel sure that there won't be a shop just across the road!"

But when they became actual purchasers and had come back from their honeymoon and were full-blown residents and had run out of sugar or soap or toothpaste, they would say, "Oh, bother!" and put on their hats and coats and go round the crescent and down the avenue till they came to the nearest shop. Which was and is Mrs. Smythe's.

Mrs. Smythe's shop is not on the estate itself, but stands at the very spot where the main road from the town runs into it. She makes a point of stocking everything that anybody could possibly run out of. She does not



Voice from the depths. "REF, CAN'T YOU START THE NATIONAL ANTHEM?"

sell lawn-mowers, for instance, because people don't usually run out of lawn-mowers. But if you happen to find yourself short of flour, paraffin, peppermints or shaving-soap, if your guests have forgotten to pack their tooth-brushes or their face-cream, Mrs. Smythe will always be happy to oblige. Should you ever ask for anything that she does not keep, you will find it on her counter when you next drop in. She sells every kind of sweet there is and does a roaring trade with the junior residents—a trade that is bound to increase when the occupants of a hundred perambulators are promoted to pocket-money.

She always greets you as if your packet of cigarettes were her principal

transaction of the week. She gladly gives you all the news of the estate, in which she is as keenly interested as if it were her own—as in a sense it is. Secure in the position of nearest shop, she levies a weekly tribute of some ten shillings on each of two hundred households.

Mrs. Smythe, I need hardly add, is Mr. Batten's daughter.

"ANGLING NOTES.  
COARSE FISHERMEN'S OPPORTUNITY."  
*Sunday Paper.*

But ought they to be encouraged?

"MINISTER WANTS TO AVOID CONFUSING  
MOTORISTS."  
*Sunday Paper.*

Don't we all?



## At the Play.

"HALF-A-CROWN" (ALDWYCH).

If it were not for the explicit information on the programme that this was a farce by DOUGLAS FURBER, founded on a play by ARNOLD RIDLEY, I would have bet twenty to one that it had been a musical comedy with the music removed. This removal I decided was a vast pity. The function of music as a softener of misfortune is well known. The late SEQUAH of noisy memory had his brass band whose function was to drown the cries of the victims of his painless surgery. And somehow jokes which in their nude state are far from pleasant seem to pass muster if discreetly swathed in nonsense music. . . . Here is a Ruritanian plot with Palladian-Crazy trimmings which seemed positively unbearable except—and it is a notable exception—when Mr. SYDNEY HOWARD (*Mr. Walter Hunnisett* the grocer, later *King Walter I.* of Messonia, later still *Mr. Walter Hunnisett* the grocer) was in the forefront of the business—being taught golf in a pull-over of unbelievable disharmony of colour with a handolier containing some hundred tees about his grossly distorted middle; or describing a group of sham-sinister persons of obviously foreign extraction approaching over the links as "a gaggle of undertakers" and treating them with a business-like and British and grocer-like contumely; or, having come into his kingdom, which happened to be in a state of comic anarchy, posturing thoughtfully above the smoking fuse of an about-to-explode bomb or drilling a fatuous squad of Messonian militia under a pot-bellied Peninsular sergeant.

There was much play with physical protuberances in this rather mournful affair. For myself, I was not greatly diverted by the sight of a row of medals on a king's back or the cleaner's label attached to the seat of royal trousers: but my neighbours were in less of a kill-joy mood. "Look at the label on his behind!" said a bright young fair in an adjacent stall, with accompanying gurgles of happy laughter. This only means that for every man and maid

and matron there is the appropriate meat. And it takes all sorts to make the merry mad world we live in. This happened to be my poison.



A SHADY CUSTOMER.

Herbert . . . . . Mr. ELIOT MAKEHAM.  
Count Nicholas Povah Mr. MALCOLM KEEN.

What that competent and essentially serious actor, Mr. MALCOLM KEEN, was doing in the preposterous part of an intriguing Count I simply don't know. I know what he was doing with it—just exactly nothing at all. It is



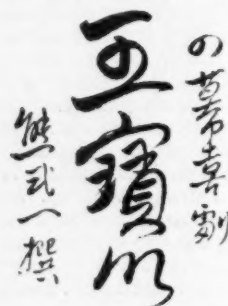
TESTING THE ROYAL SANDWICH.

King Walter the First . . . . . Mr. SYDNEY HOWARD.

entirely outside his range. I don't think even Mr. W. H. BERRY could have made it funny. The fault was not his.

The whole of this business, excepting, as I say, the irrelevant diversions provided by Mr. SYDNEY HOWARD, who could make an angry cat laugh, fell flat on me and crushed me. I left, a broken, disillusioned T.

"LADY PRECIOUS STREAM" (LITTLE).



—Having made these few critical remarks on this enchanting little Oriental piece, perhaps I can best convey to you the nature of the Chinese stage conventions it follows by applying them to the First Act of one of our native crime plays:—

SCENE—The stage, which is bounded by three plain curtains, is bare except for a bathroom-chair in the centre and two Property-men, sitting on extreme L. and R., dressed in corduroys and smoking clay pipes.

Enter the Reader.

Reader. Messieurs Mesdames, Sirs and Madams, we are about to witness a most thrilling drama in which a man of title is monastically done to death, the Arm of the Law is extended to the full, and the forces of evil are finally brought to book. My job is to make doubly sure that you understand absolutely everything, and I shall therefore appear between each Act and give you the latest low-down from the Yard. Thank you. *[Exit.]*

Enter an Old Gentleman in a dinner-jacket.

[All characters enter R. and exeunt L., a fixed rule. Entries are marked by an asthmatic bag-pipe starting up from cold, accompanied lightly on a drum.

*O.G. (amiably, to audience).* My name is Hugo Pippinthaite. I was partially educated at Harrow and Trinity, Cambs. I am a widower and the tenth bart. and there is unfortunately no h. I own five thousand acres and am the author of three plain d.'s and a little monograph on Byzantine jewellery, of which I possess the finest collection in Europe. I am now on my way to my study, having consumed the best part of a bird and a bottle of Haut Brion, to recline on my sofa and exult over my new specimen, for which I have just paid the trifling sum of ten thousand pounds. The fact that the baronetcy is about to snuff out does not interest me, for I am totally unaware of it.

*[He bows, goes through gestures of opening and shutting a door, walks up to chair and sits down. Property-man (L.) brings him a Woolworth necklace, which he examines with relish.]*

*Enter a Very Tough Egg in a beard.*

*V.T.E. (to audience).* You wouldn't know me, but I'm Pimply Jake, no ancestry, no future, and I'm after them pearlys the old basket's just bought. That's his study, all lit up—I'll climb the drine-pipe and 'op in at the back-window. So long, mates.

*[He walks as if round the Pippinthaite mansion, and after making climbing movements, begins very slowly to open an imaginary window. Property-man (R.) produces loud squeak from two bits of wood.]*

*Sir Hugo. What the devil's that?*

*V.T.E. Only me, guv'nor.*

*[He takes a revolver from Property-man (L.) and shoots Sir Hugo, who falls limply to floor. Having handed revolver back, V.T.E. pockets necklace and makes off through window.]*

*Enter Butler.*

*Butler (to audience).* I am Montague, the butler, and I should have been happy to inquire if I might tempt you with a glass of the old Manzanilla were it not that I suspect foul play in the study. Excuse me. *(He bows and enters study, making necessary gestures.)* By Heaven! I was right.

*[Property-man (R.) runs forward with a telephone and Butler calls up police. Hardly has he replaced the instrument before six motor-*



HONOURABLE PRIME MINISTER UPSET AT PROSPECT OF  
HONOURABLE GARDENER BECOMING HONOURABLE  
SON-IN-LAW.

*His Excellency Wang Yun . . . MR. ESMÉ PERCY.  
Heich Ping-Kuei (his gardener) . . . MR. ROGER LIVESEY.*



EXEMPLARY FILIAL ATTITUDE OF THE YOUNGEST  
WATER DAUGHTER.

*Madam Wang . . . MISS LOUISE HAMPTON.  
Precious Stream . . . MISS MAISIE DARRELL.*

*cycle-policemen rush in. They paddle broomsticks, but both Property-men make loud exhaust-noises with their mouths.*

*Chorus of Speed-cops (to audience).* We are P.C.'s 101, 33, etc.—

—and so on, but by now you will have got a sound grip on the peculiarities of Chinese technique, which Mr. S. I. HSIUNG employs with amazing effect. His story is of the slightest, of how the youngest daughter of the Prime Minister of China outraged her family by marrying the gardener, who deserted her for eighteen years (during which she lived proudly in a hovel) and then returned in triumph as King of the Western Regions to claim his *Lady Precious Stream* and put it across her family. The charm of the piece lies in its absurd simplicity and its deliciously unveiled pretences. It contains some agreeable philosophising and its humour runs in a nice strain of self-mockery, though occasionally it smacks a little of the pantomime. The cast, which includes Miss LOUISE HAMPTON, Mr. ESMÉ PERCY, Mr. MORRIS HARVEY, Mr. ROGER LIVESEY, Miss MAISIE DARRELL and Miss FABIA DRAKE, are all incredibly Oriental and obviously enjoy themselves very much.

This is a theatrical curiosity which I recommend warmly but not generally. ERIC.

#### The Truth About Germany.

"The Mayor maintains that the position in Germany has been exaggerated, and that conditions there are not what they have been made out to be. 'You can take it from me,' he said, 'that there is no danger of war where Germany is concerned.'"

*Local Paper.*

So we can all breathe freely again.

#### "POWER BEHIND THE SWITCH."

*Daily Paper.*

Smith Minor declares there is no need to remind him.

"Wanted to Buy, any quantity passion delivered in sugar-bags."

*Advt. in N.Z. Paper.*

Would a dozen novels do—in asbestos?

"A Manual for all, with hints on grammar. A book that will enable its possessor to really 'rise to the occasion.'"—*Bookseller's Catalogue.*

And to completely transcend syntax.

### Mr. Shagreen's Political Anecdote.

"OH, the twelfth day of December—" Mr. Shagreen began to sing as we walked through the fog.

"In what year?" I asked alertly. If it was a question of either a song or a reminiscence I preferred the reminiscence.

Mr. Shagreen replied: "As it happens, I remember nothing particular about the twelfth day of December. But on the eleventh, in 1905, there was a fog like this—only much worse. It was so thick that men took to looking at their hands before their faces and doing their best not to see them. Only in a fog does anyone look at his hand before his face."

"Did you look at yours?"

"Well, no; but I was preoccupied. I was looking for a barber, and a barber was even more difficult to find. I was looking for one on behalf of a friend who took politics seriously."

"Did such men still exist as late as 1905?" I asked in wonder.

"Certainly. It is such men," declared Mr. Shagreen in ringing tones, "who have made this country what she believes herself to be. I repeat, he took politics seriously. When I first met him, in the year 1902, he already had a beard and his hair

was sufficiently long; and throughout the whole of our acquaintance till that day he had never shaved or had a haircut. He was a staunch and even fanatical Liberal but also a keen amateur photographer. Had my friend any objection to posing for his photograph 'before' and 'after' shaving? My friend said he had none; so the barber photographed him, with the aid, I fancy, of a bit of magnesium ribbon, and then set to work on his hair and beard, talking the while in animated fashion about the inclusion of Mr.

"From what you have told me at various times I judge that most persons you met in your younger days," I said, "were odd in the extreme."

Mr. Shagreen admitted that this was true. "I have often wondered what it was about me that attracted them. But I must point out that going to extreme lengths for one's political beliefs—I shall give you another instance in a minute—was less uncommon then than it is now. The fact remains that Mr. BALFOUR had resigned the week before, and that on this Monday, December 11, the list of the new Cabinet, submitted to the KING on the previous day, was made public. Indubitably the

Conservatives were no longer in power, and to celebrate the occasion my friend proposed, in spite of the fog, to have a haircut and shave. I forget how it was that we were together that afternoon, but anyway I was helping him to find a barber."

"In a fog," I said, "two heads are not much better than one."

"Precisely what my friend observed," said Mr. Shagreen. "He maintained that if I had not been with him he would have found a barber in ten minutes. However, we found a shop at last in a narrow street neither of us knew, and went in. The barber was overjoyed to see us, for he had been expecting no customers at all in such weather; but he was a good deal astonished by the aspect of my friend. It became necessary to explain the situ-

that what was behind them was so—shall I say?—catastrophic. I must confess that when I now for the first time saw those areas of his countenance that had been exempt from public taunt for five years my instinct was to call out to the barber, 'Stop, stop!' and to demand the instant application of hair-restorer. From the barber's face, reflected in the mirror, I could see he was of the same mind. But consideration for my friend's feelings restrained me."

"And what restrained the barber?"

"Ah! I have told you he was another strong Liberal; and I have no doubt that the idea he afterwards carried out was even now taking shape in his mind."

"What was this idea?"

Mr. Shagreen replied with another

question. "You have heard of the great Liberal landslide of 1906? My friend, however unwillingly, may be said to have played a large part in it."

"Unwillingly? But he was a Liberal."

"Certainly. He approved of the majority but not of the methods by which it was obtained. Indeed more than once afterwards he went out with a horse-whip looking for that barber's shop; but we could never find it again."

"But why the horse-whip?"

"Well," said Mr. Shagreen, "I told you about the two photographs,

'before' and 'after.' The barber, financed by someone or other, had copies of these printed on a handbill which was distributed all over the country in a few days' time. On this he declared that my friend was a Conservative and had sworn never to shave until the *Conservatives* were in power again. . . . The rest is history. The country, as might have been expected, voted overwhelmingly for the Liberals in order, as it thought, to keep my friend behind his beard. Good-bye."

Mr. Shagreen had for some time been showing a tendency to sidle off into the fog, and with these words he disappeared completely.

"Hi!" I said, "why does nothing of all this appear in political memoirs of the period?"

There was no reply. I cannot imagine what reason he could have given, and no doubt that was his trouble too.

R. M.



THE BRITISH CHARACTER.  
ABSENCE OF THE GIFT FOR COOKING.

ation to him, and as soon as he grasped it he revealed himself not only as another staunch and even fanatical Liberal but also as a keen amateur photographer. Had my friend any objection to posing for his photograph 'before' and 'after' shaving? My friend said he had none; so the barber photographed him, with the aid, I fancy, of a bit of magnesium ribbon, and then set to work on his hair and beard, talking the while in animated fashion about the inclusion of Mr. JOHN BURNS in the Cabinet."

For some moments Mr. Shagreen was plunged in thought.

"In due course," I spurred him on, "portions of your friend's face, of the existence of which you were aware, but—"

Mr. Shagreen said, "Exactly. To be frank, no one who had first met the man after his hair and beard were in full blast, as I had, would have dreamed





### Serena Sings.

In March I loved a farmer's boy  
When lusty winds were blowing;  
Upon the downs we took our joy  
Where violets were growing.  
I said, "When springtime's left the  
hill,  
When rose has routed daffodil,  
Sweet shepherd, will you love me still?"  
He answered, "There's no knowing."  
*No knowing,  
No knowing;*  
He answered, "There's no knowing."

In June I loved a soldier lad—  
We kissed without delaying;  
I swear as bold a way he had  
Of wooing as of slaying.  
I said, "When skies have lost their  
blue,  
When summer bids us all adieu,  
Sweet soldier, will you love me true?"  
He answered, "There's no saying."  
*No saying,  
No saying;*  
He answered, "There's no saying."

When autumn came I loved a man  
Who had nor trade nor dwelling;  
In Nonepass Wood our love began,  
And, oh! 'twas all excelling.  
I said, "When autumn's red and  
gold  
Are trodden into winter's mould,  
Sweet gipsy, will your love grow cold?"  
He answered, "There's no telling."  
*No telling,  
No telling;*  
He answered, "There's no telling."

Now she who'd 'scape a broken  
heart  
Must love to suit the season;  
And when two lovers come to part  
Let neither talk of treason.  
Who knows that winter may not  
bring  
As good as left you in the spring?  
For love's a light and chancy thing  
That's got no rhyme or reason.  
*No reason,  
No reason;*  
That's got no rhyme or reason.

JAN.



Ernest H. Shepard

## The Nursery Bookshelf.

"To

MY DARLING

MUMMY AND DADDY

Who are paying sevenpence a week

to keep my white rat

I dedicate my  
first book."

WAS there ever a more delightful dedication or a better reminder of the stern economics of childhood? I gladly give my first salute to its twelve-year-old author, Miss PATRICIA ROBINS, whose *Adventures of the Three Baby Bunnies* (IVOR NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 5/-) should be found in a great many of the rather smaller stockings this Christmas. The illustrations are by Miss GRIZEL MAXWELL, who is only fourteen, and both these young ladies are to be congratulated on their skill and on their rare knowledge of life below-ground.

Another young authoress is Miss SARAH BOWES-LYON, whose new book, *Harum Scarum* (DENT, 7/6), launches her in fiction with the biography of a mare who was in turn an officer's charger, a greengrocer's nag and the envy of the Sheikhs of Arabia. And very readable it is. Her illustrations, particularly her coloured frontispiece, show as great a promise as her writing.

An analysis of the vast pile of new children's books shows that the pendulum is still swinging towards sophistication. The modern hero is less likely to call for his horse than his helicopter, and if in these days a wicked uncle looks up a heroine at the top of the dark tower she has only, if she is at all an educated girl, to grope for the electric fire-escape to do the old gentleman in the eye. Since modern children want to know about these things and even more about the way in which the world is being run, there could no better present than *\*News for Children* (IVOR NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 5/-), Commander STEPHEN KING-HALL's collected letters from *The Evening Standard*. These, which I have starred, seem to me to be quite the best thing that has happened for children in this generation, a brilliant exposition of every kind of national and world problem, tremendously informative and yet fascinating. Godparents who feel in the least vague about the Gold Standard or the Spanish Republic can give this book in the confident certainty that it will go down well and afterwards be worth borrowing.

There is plenty of good fiction, and my own selection for, so to speak, the middle-aged child hovers between Miss EILUNED LEWIS's *Dew on the Grass* (LOVAT DICKSON, 7/6) and HERT ERICH KASTNER's *The Flying Classroom* (CAPE, 7/6). The first of these is a beautifully-written description of the uncomplicated lives some fortunate children are still enjoying in remote districts; and the second, by the gifted author of *Emil and the Detectives*, is one of the liveliest and most charming school-stories I can remember. It is exciting and sad and funny, with a kind of inspired simplicity which makes one read it straight off the reel.

Fans of the Children's Hour are affectionately familiar with Miss W. M. LETTS' character, *Pomona*, and here she is in a full-length novel, *Pomona and Co.* (NELSON, 5/-), which is packed with good incidents; children of all ages and tastes will find much to please them in Miss ELEANOR FARJEON's short stories, *Jim at the Corner* (BLACKWELL, 5/-); *Patagonian Holiday* (ROUTLEDGE, 3/6), by Mr. M. I. ROSS, is a rollicking tale of a family of children who were taken

on a voyage of scientific exploration, and who somehow managed to return from it; and for those young readers who like a strong spice of mystery I can thoroughly recommend Mr. R. J. MCGREGOR's *The Young Detectives* (BURNS OATES, 3/6), who were lucky enough at the start of their career to come on as pretty a nest of smugglers as can still exist.

I must also mention a little book which will please older children, including parents, *\*A London Child of the Seventies* (OXFORD, 6/-), by Mrs. M. VIVIAN HUGHES. This is a very wise and witty account of a childhood in which the authoress and her four brothers learned to amuse themselves, of Sundays so fantastically strict that she was, she says, led to welcome a joke as though it were a jewel, and, later, of an enviable growing-up in the spacious days of the countryside. I star this book because it will bring home to our young both what they have escaped and what they have missed, and that is very good for them.

Also, before we get to fantasy, there is *Six Stories from Shakespeare* (NEWNES, 7/6), retold with a varying degree of success by six eminent persons, the best, from the child's point of view, being Miss CLEMENCE DANE's *Taming of the Shrew*; and there is an excellently-produced series of separate short stories by well-known writers, published by BASIL BLACKWELL at one-and-threepence. These are most alluring. So far I have only read *Sergeant Poppett* and *Policeman James*, by Mr. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD, but if they are all as good as that they should bulge endless—or almost endless—stockings.

Somewhere near the top in the fantasy section comes *Alice in Orchestra Land* (COLDEN-SANDERSON, 3/6), a partial parody which sets out to let small people know about odd things such as tubas and double-bassoons, and does this very entertainingly. I say "partial" because Mr. ERNEST LA PRADE has borrowed CARROLL's framework without trying to imitate his magic lunacy, which mitigates the heresy of his act. Mr. A. L. GIBSON's *\*The Tail Tale* (RICH AND COWAN, 5/-) is also in the first bunch and also smacks of CARROLL. I think it too must have a star, not only because it shows marked originality and humour but for the sake of its verses, which are quite the best I can find this Christmas. Mr. H. R. MILLAR's drawings are in just the right spirit.

Mr. BEACHCOMBER MORTON's entry into fairyland, long anticipated by readers of his column, is made the more impressive by the fact that Mr. GEORGE MORROW leads him by the hand; the twenty-two stories in *The Death of the Dragon* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 6/-) are so good and their illustrations so charming that one hopes these two will make this an annual excursion. We exult over a similar victim in *The White Dragon* (RICH AND COWAN, 21/-), a magnificent piece of production and a very remarkable book, for Miss LOGI SOUTHEY has written it in a beautiful saga style and has decorated it exquisitely in colour; in *Mr. Never-Lost Goes On* (CHAMBERS, 3/6), by Mr. A. TURNBULL, we have the privilege to be conducted on an astounding luxury cruise in a kind of rubber bathysphere, and of meeting the Great Bear in person; and in *Heath Robinson's Book of Goblins* (HUTCHINSON, 6/-), a wide selection of Central European folk-lore demands and receives brilliant decoration.

Two Zoo books head the animal list. The first, which gets my fourth star, is Mr. L. R. BRIGHTWELL's *\*Zoo Calendar* (HUTCHINSON, 6/-), and I emphasise it not merely because its animal drawings are amusing, as I expected, but because Mr. BRIGHTWELL's very full commentary on Zoo life month by month is extraordinarily entertaining and his intimacy with back-cage life is phenomenal; the other is *Infants of the Zoo* (DENT, 7/6), fifty excellent



"I'VE CALLED FOR YOUR SIXPENNY SUBSCRIPTION TO THE CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATION, MRS. GREEN."

"I DON'T THINK I CAN BELONG TO THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY THIS YEAR, MISS. I GET SUCH 'EADACHES AT THE WHIST-DRIVES."

photographs from the nursery at Regent's Park, with interesting notes by Mr. E. G. BOULENGER, the Aquarium Director. *Ponsonby and his Friends* (METHUEN, 5/-) is not, as I had rather hoped, the Opposition Benches of the Upper House vividly described for the little ones, but a charming cat-biography which has won Miss AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON the first prize in Messrs. METHUEN's competition; *Penn the Penguin* (MURRAY, 5/-), by Mr. ALLEN CHAFFEE, is a most agreeable story of penguin migration, with nice illustrations by Mr. HENRY SUSKIND; and *Master Toby's Hunt* (COUNTRY LIFE, 5/-) is jointly whipped in to very good effect by Mr. ARTHUR FISHER and Mr. FRANK HART.

I could browse on for ever amongst the Yule crop, but I can only mention a few more, briefly; those excellent annuals, *Tuck's* and *Chatterbox*, at 3/6 and 5/- respectively;

BLACKWELL's attractive medley, *Number Twelve Joy Street*, at 6/-; WARD LOCK's *Wonder Books of Aircraft* and *Do You Know?*—both at 5/-; two little books which make ideal gifts for the very small, Miss ROSE FYLEMAN's *Widdy-Widdy-Wurkey* (BLACKWELL, 3/6) and Miss CICELY ENGLEFIELD's *Billy Winks* (MURRAY, 2/-); and a book which will find its way into every cradle and every bathchair without any recommendation from me, Mr. WALT DISNEY's incomparable *Big Bad Wolf* and *Little Red Riding Hood*, produced by JOHN LANE at 2/6. It can have as many stars, asterisks and coloured spots as it likes.







"AND, NATURALLY, NOT A WORD ABOUT ALL THIS TO A SINGLE SOLITARY SOUL."

### Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

#### Dickens Distorted.

THOSE who know their *Bleak House* will remember the maxim of Captain Swosser, R.N. (Mrs. Bayham Badger's first husband) that "when you make pitch hot you cannot make it too hot, and that if you only have to swab a plank you should swab it as if *Davy Jones* were after you." Mr. HUGH KINGSMILL's *The Sentimental Journey: A Life of Charles Dickens* (WISHART, 10/6) has carried this excellent principle too far. He starts with a good idea, namely, that DICKENS's experiences in life are to be found reflected in his books. He develops it for a while temperately and well, but in the end he is so conscious of *Davy Jones* behind him that he runs it to death. And so we get Sam Weller routing *Serjeant Buzfuz* in order that DICKENS may have revenge for the boredom he endured as a law-reporter; Mr. *Vholes*'s respectability emphasized because DICKENS was not quite sure that he himself was respectable; Augustus Moddle lamenting that *Mercy Pecksniff* was "another's" because DICKENS had fallen in love with a lady out of his reach, and so on. Thus we are left at last with an utterly distorted picture of a weak hysterical creature almost wholly made up of self-love and self-pity. Mr. KINGSMILL has made his pitch altogether too hot.

#### Where Anstey Meets Landor.

Looking back, I am inclined to think that the pre-War Press attributed a readier wit to the reader than it honours in its present public. Nothing so clever as Mr. MAURICE BARING's *Diminutive Dramas*, of *Morning Post* fame, comes our quotidian way nowadays. If it did it would probably enshrine some subtle reference to electricity or cosmetics or life-insurance. Yet for vivacity of interest based on the assumption of an inexclusive culture, how utterly enjoyable is all the *Unreliable History* (HEINEMANN, 7/6) enshrined in this the first "omnibus" collection of Mr. BARING's enchanting trifles. *Lost Diaries*, *Dead Letters* and *Diminutive Dramas* have the twofold lure of period-pieces and enduring burlesque—period-pieces because they recall the days when we all parodied MAETERLINCK and could enjoy a malicious fling at "James Lee's Wife" enduring burlesque because there will always, I hope, be an audience to see the fine point of "The Aulis Difficulty," "Mrs. Milton's Diary" and *Rosaline's* version of the *affaire Romeo*. Handled to-day these themes might have exacted a spicier use of research and less of common humanity imaginatively bedizened. But the gain would have been a dubious one.

#### Young Men in the North.

Exactly how GINO WATKINS came to his end will never be known. It is probable that he was the victim of his own daring and love of solitude, qualities which every explorer

must of course possess but of which he, it seems, had more than most. Although he was only twenty-five, he had already made a name for himself. Had he lived there can be little doubt that he would have been numbered among the greatest in his kind. In *Watkins' Last Expedition* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 15/-) Mr. F. SPENCER CHAPMAN has paid a fine restrained tribute to his friend. But the tragedy occurred when the adventure had barely started, and, though they had lost their leader and their most skilful hunter—it was while he was hunting in his kayak that WATKINS was drowned—the three survivors decided to carry out, with certain inevitable modifications, their original programme. This is the record of their achievement, told with a directness and simplicity which is never colourless and the clarity of detail to be expected of a naturalist. Like KNUD RASMUSSEN and WATKINS himself, Mr. CHAPMAN loves Greenland, for all its bleak shores and perilous seas, and he finds the Eskimos charming. About land and people he has written a very admirable book, beautifully illustrated with photographs.

#### The Commercial Evangelist.

I doubt if any spot on earth  
(Or elsewhere) but in Yankee land  
Could tender for our temperate mirth  
A youth so curiously planned  
As he whom THORNTON WILDER's keen  
Resources of delineation  
(At 7/6 from LONGMANS, GREEN)  
Present in *Heaven's my Destination*.

Fresh from that springhead of the Arts,  
The Baptist College, Wanakee,  
As travelling salesman (books) he starts  
To hold the moral world in fee,  
Playing the prim quixotic prig,  
Boring with sermons every scoffer,  
Yet selling, as he'd put it, big  
The goods which his employers offer.

An irritating kind of youth  
He'd be to meet, there's not a doubt,  
This callous seeker after truth,  
Yet excellent to read about;  
But this I ask: Is he a sport  
From some highflown scholastic  
blunder,  
Or is he a familiar sort,  
And are there many more? I wonder.

#### Caverns in Parnassus.

The first thing for us to remember about Miss EDITH SITWELL (and perhaps for Miss EDITH SITWELL to remember about herself) is that for her poetry is a whole-time job, and for us one rare strand in the warp and woof of life. She therefore can be legitimately exercised in appraising a piece of highly-skilled juggling of which words happen to be the apparatus, or a pleasant texture in a string of uncommunicable gibberish. We have only time for the poets who have time for us, and to these Miss SITWELL is not

always a helpful guide. I should not like to take for an authority on light verse or pastoral a critic who has no use for AUSTIN DOBSON's artifice or the elegance of HOUSMAN's ploughboys. *Aspects of Modern Poetry* (Duckworth, 8/6), however, introduces some picturesque and remarkable figures—mostly American: critics like Dr. LEAVIS, who "showed up" MILTON; Mr. GRIGSON, who "enthrones and dethrones" his contemporaries, and a number of the enthroned and dethroned themselves, including T. S. ELIOT, EZRA POUND and SACHEVERELL SITWELL. An illuminating



"THANK YE, SIR, BUT NO. I USED TO DRINK, BUT I'VE BEEN A TEETOTALER NOW FOR EIGHT YEARS."

"OH, AND HOW D' YOU LIKE IT?"

"WELL, THE FIRST FOUR YEARS I SPENT WONDERIN' WHY I EVER TOUCHED THE STUFF, AN' THE PAST FOUR YEARS I'VE SPENT WONDERIN' WHY I EVER GIV IT UP."

study of W. B. YEATS is presumably a foretaste of the contents of the promised Volume II., which is to discuss more traditional-minded poets.

#### State Moderator.

In the Second Volume of the *Journals and Letters of Reginald, Viscount Esher* (NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 25/-) further evidence is piled up for the historian who shall attempt to resolve the curious problem of that remarkable man's influence. It is really hardly seemly in a country constitutionally governed for a political outsider to be offered Cabinet rank first by one party and then by the other, and to remain a kind of confidential intermediary between outwardly irreconcilable opponents. At times it seems as if his success in finding the perfect formula is almost too good to be true, and one's uneasiness is increased by a way he has when saying a good thing, which is not seldom, of almost audibly smacking his lips over it, yet the evidence is available in the letters reproduced. Undeniably he held the friendship of many and widely different men—BALFOUR, FISHER, MORLEY, KITCHENER, FRENCH—all of whom came to him for advice and sometimes took it. His principal qualification was the abiding confidence of KING EDWARD, whose death closes this volume. For the rest he had tact and common-sense, was a good shot, and kept himself reasonably free from the burden of convictions of the more troublesome kind.

#### Mangolds by Microphone.

If Mr. A. G. STREET had not told me at the beginning of his *Thinking Aloud* (FABER AND FABER, 6/-) that he was reproducing his recent broadcast talks I would have suspected it, because I seem to hear the B.B.C. announcer's voice heading each chapter. The theme of the book is a gentle defence of the countryside against the libels and misunderstandings of the towns. The author is a modern small farmer who "knows his oats"; he does not tell us what percentage he gets on his capital and labour, but I think his credit balance comes mostly from his enjoyment of the land and its people. *A propos* of which he quotes from a townsman who ran a small farm as an adjunct to his London work. The author asked him what he reckoned his eggs cost him. "About three-and-six apiece, and darned cheap at the price; and I don't want any blooming farm economics from you," was his reply. Now I agree with Mr. STREET that that man was a true country-lover and above the laughter of fools.

#### Slings and Arrows.

A little sandy-haired London clerk comes into a large fortune, is acclaimed by the Press, taken up by Society, goes the pace, has a fashionable wedding and gets a sensational divorce, loses all his money in foolish speculation and ends on the queue outside a Labour Exchange. This is briefly the theme of *The Modern Rake's Progress*, a series of colour pictures by LOW with words by REBECCA WEST. The little clerk, as LOW presents him, hardly suits the name of *Rake*.

There is nothing raffish about him. He rather suggests the character of *Kipps* without *Kipps'* good looks, but he gives LOW an excuse for introducing us to a gallery of caricatures of well-known people. One of the pictures, "The Press Hails a new Celebrity," shows the least amiable side of modern journalism and will give secret joy to Fleet Street. Another, "The Rake Invests in the Movies," will gladden the hearts of Elstree. But all the pictures are good, though a whole-hearted admirer of LOW, as this reviewer happens to be, might be allowed to wish that the race-course picture had been simpler in composition and richer in personalities. LOW's black-and-white work is swift and slashing in its attack, but his colour, though pleasing, seems to dull the edge of his wit. Messrs. HUTCHINSON are to be congratulated on having produced so attractive and amusing a book at the modest price of eight-and-sixpence.

#### B. P.

Several of the stories included in *Adventures and Accidents* (METHUEN, 5/-) have appeared in magazines, but

it is all to the good that LORD BADEN-POWELL has made a collection of them. For here we are given a true record of adventure and of sport by one whose life has been really wonderful in its variety and activity. Many and long books have been compiled from the material that is compressed into half-a-dozen pages in "A Story of the Matabele Rising." But look where you will, at "The Value of Skirt-Dancing" or at "The Bravest Man I Ever Saw," at "When I was a Spy" or at "The Emotion of Pig-Sticking," and you will find vivid experiences re-



lated without any fuss or pother. As an all-rounder B. P. is unbeatable in this specialistic age.

#### Sudden Death.

From the start to the finish of *The One-Minute Murder* (METHUEN, 7/6), an ample supply of villains keep Mr. J. G. BRANDON'S detectives, both professional and amateur, busily employed. Among those who followed the hunt, and was himself at times hunted, I give honourable mention to A. S. Pennington, "a hard-bitten scion of aristocracy" who, unlike the majority of sleuths in fiction, succeeded in being consistently amusing. With a vocabulary of his own and a most resourceful henchman A. S. P. kept the chase joyfully alive, and if he had not so everlastingly clipped his "g's" I should have no complaint to make against him. Mr. BRANDON'S Superintendent Burman may be rather too stubborn and stupid, but this is a trivial fault in a tale that in the main is told with zest and refreshing humour.

"A return was then made to the Twemlows, but the fox came down much too thick to make it possible to draw again, and hounds went home."—*Shropshire Paper*.

With their tails, one rather imagines, between their legs.



## Charivaria.

THE war between China and Tibet has now lasted for fifty years, and the recent series of battles, in which the Tibetans were victorious, is believed to have been arranged to celebrate the jubilee.

A London hostess complains of damage done to furniture and fittings by cigarette-ends. It is suggested that manufacturers might make the cigarettes half-an-inch shorter.

"Never run after a good meal," advises a doctor. Unless of course you suddenly discover you haven't enough for your restaurant-bill.

"The sight of a skeleton is very disconcerting to most people," remarks a writer. Especially to the hostess who had banked on the turkey lasting for supper as well.

"Fifty Gross of Stockings Hung Up," says a headline in a Trade paper. So children do still believe in Santa Claus.

Seven experts, assembled near Tunis to inquire into a motor accident, were knocked down and slightly injured by a motor-car. This seems an unrivalled opportunity for the driver to contend that they did it deliberately.

It is advocated that golf should be taught at the public schools. The view is taken that it is essential to a business career.

Every costume at a London fancy-

dress ball had to represent an animal. It is said that one gentleman appeared as such a realistic Alsatian that he was kept chained up in the cloak-room.

"The giver of Christmas gifts derives as much pleasure as the receiver," says

A man arrested on a race-course recently was found to be wearing six shirts. No doubt he knew a certainty for each race.

Gold has been tried as a cure for rheumatism. Stern moralists will be perturbed to hear that it is said to have been successful.

An author says there is nothing worse than trying to shave with a razor after a woman has sharpened a pencil with it. Hasn't he ever tried to write with the pencil?

A play entitled *A Woman's Word* was produced recently. Appropriately enough it lasted nearly three hours.

It is asserted that at bridge a good deal depends on the player. And the player on a good deal.

A man burst out laughing during a serious play in a London theatre. We understand that an attendant reprimanded him, pointing out that he was in a theatre, not a court of law.

London railway termini are to be decorated for

Christmas. At junctions there will be waits.

After January 1st all ten-year-old taxis are to be officially overhauled. The intention is to get rid of those which are overhauled most easily.

A reform society have headed a recent pamphlet "For the Intelligent Politician." They do not disclose who he is.



Crestfallen Visitor. "No, MY HUSBAND HAS NO GIFT FOR MAKING THINGS."

a critic. More, much more in the case of many gifts.

A new kind of invisible ink has been invented. This is the kind of ink used by most people in their diaries by about the middle of January.

Cambridge has two crews good enough for the Boat-Race. Optimistic supporters of the Dark Blues are hopeful that Oxford has one.

### In Praise of Fog.

Now Heaven be praised for the pea-soup fog that's blotted  
the world from sight!  
You can't see your hand before your face, so we can't go  
out to-night;  
It's R.I.P. to the stiff boiled shirt and the highbrow West-  
End show,  
I'll improve the time with a tale of crime and switch on  
the radio.  
To-night I shall shake no too-small shoe with the high-  
heart elderly young,  
I'm going to discover who stabbed the Duke and whether  
the chap was swung;  
The political stunts that vex men's hearts whenever they  
meet to dine  
May cause unrest in many a breast but not to-night in  
mine;  
For Providence looked on the husband's lot and saw it  
wasn't too bright;  
He works for a living from ten till six and he's dragged  
along at night  
At the tail of a crowd he hardly knows, dressed up like  
a Show Day dog,  
So now and again, to ease the strain, he's granted a pea-  
soup fog.

### A Topical Warning to Uncles.

THE rapid approach of Christmas, with all its jollity and  
frivolity, finds me with a certain settled conviction. Nothing  
Seroogeish, you understand, but simply a firm resolve that  
whatever form my contribution to the general fun takes  
this year it shall not be that of last year.

At our annual family gathering at Christmas the children,  
in accordance with the tradition of the house, always receive  
their presents in some ingenious way. Last year it was  
decided—I am still trying to remember who it was who  
perpetrated the idea—that the luggage-lift should be trans-  
formed into a chimney for the evening. Father Christmas  
was to be intercepted on his way down it and induced to  
distribute largesse in the form of toys, sweets and so forth  
to the assembled children. As the youngest and most  
defenceless uncle, it was I of course who was made to assume  
an evil-melling mask and take the name-part, while my  
big bullies of brothers were to be reindeer-noises (OFF),  
sounding down the lift-shaft from the top storey of the  
house.

The children, assembled on the first-floor, were to stop  
Father Christmas as he came down the rope. He was to  
stand on the top of the lift, which was to be moored unseen  
just below their level, and distribute presents. On hearing  
an agreed cue, "Good-bye till next year!" the brothers  
at the top of the house were to lower away the lift,  
thus engineering Father Christmas's further graceful  
descent down the chimney on some unexplained mission  
to the cook.

On Christmas evening, therefore, nearly a dozen children  
gathered about the lift-shaft, their wits mercifully some-  
what dulled by the gross over-eating in which they had  
just been indulging. Cries of delight burst from them as,  
gazing rapturously up the chimney, they saw a pair of  
wildly kicking sea-boots, followed by a red dressing-gown,  
rapidly descending in a shower of very unconvincing snow.  
This apparition was accompanied by an *obbligato* of shuff-  
lings and whinnys from invisible reindeer, apparently  
parked on the roof. The undignified manner of Father

Christmas's descent was largely due to the fact that in  
sliding down the rope his beard had become inextricably  
involved with the rope and his hands. (His mask, indeed,  
had the spectators only known, was a foot above his head.)  
Order was somehow restored and the face that eventually  
turned to the children in answer to their hail was undoubtedly  
benign if a little odd. One precocious and rather romantic  
little girl about twelve years old observed that his mouth  
seemed to tremble and that there was a far-away look in  
his eyes. (I can probably account for this too, because  
in some extraordinary way my eyes were looking out of  
Father Christmas's mouth and my ears were sticking out  
of his eyes.)

Perhaps this was the reason why two of the children  
broke into tears at this point. But on the whole the  
business was going admirably until a small boy began to  
bellow because he had been given a toy elephant and he  
wanted a real one. In order to pacify him Father Christ-  
mas said soothingly, "Never mind, I'll bring you a real  
one next year."

Instantly things began to happen. Father Christmas dis-  
appeared with an oath, except for his hands, which gripped  
the ledge on which he had been leaning his sack a moment  
before, while his feet drummed a tattoo on the side of the  
lift-shaft. From far below came the sound of toys crashing  
on the top of the lift, and of oranges bouncing joyously on  
it like indiarubber balls. From far above came an irate  
voice, presumably that of one of the reindeer: "You some-  
thing fool, that was the cue!"

That is why the rapid approach of Christmas finds me  
with a certain settled conviction. Nothing Seroogeish,  
you understand, but simply a firm resolve. Uncles  
all—particularly junior ones with elder brothers—You  
Have Been Warned.

### The Eve of the Staff v. School Match.

Fragment of a Common-Room Epic.

Who, Simpson, who can fittingly relate  
What shining honours crown the usher's state?  
Ours the best seats in Hall, and ours alone  
Bread one can eat and flesh no horse has known.  
Within these walls none else may hope to share  
The simple comforts one would find elsewhere.  
Shall we not therefore vindicate our name  
By seemly prowess at some manly game?  
Shall we not show them that, in spite of all,  
We still can kick a tolerable ball?  
So shall some wondering fag be moved to say  
As from the touch-line he observes our play:  
"Not all inglorious on the muddied plain  
The hands that wield the unrelenting cane!  
These sages, steeped in *quamvis* and in *cum*,  
Appear no mean performers in the scrum!  
Not in quadratics only they excel,  
But oh, behold them! they can hack as well!"

Sweet Simpson, if to shun the ensanguined field  
Might end our pains and lasting quiet yield,  
I should not venture this unholy game  
Nor yet suggest that you should do the same;  
But since, alas! around the usher waits  
A horrid legion of repulsive fates—  
Since nought may check the tin-tacks on one's  
chair,  
The flying dart, the butter on the stair—  
Come, Simpson, come, and join the gory rout;  
Between us, man, we should lay someone out!



### THE HEWART GEYSER

*(With apologies to everyone concerned.)*

[The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE hotly assailed the principles of the Supreme Court of Judicature (Amendment) Bill the Second Reading of which was moved by the LORD CHANCELLOR in the House of Lords.]



### An Old Contributor.

HAVING suddenly realised that the centenary of a famous and most diverting American who was born in 1834 and in 1866 wrote a series of articles on London for *Punch*, has not been commemorated in these pages, I am glad to be allowed to say something about him while the year still survives.

I refer to CHARLES FARRER BROWNE, better known as ARTEMUS WARD, who, so far as I can gather, was the first American humorist really to make multitudes laugh and to gain a reputation on both sides of the Atlantic.

He had his predecessors: in SEBA SMITH, who wrote the *Letters of Major Jack Downing*; in BENJAMIN PENHALLOW SHILLABER, who wrote the *Life and Sayings of Mrs. Partington*, and in GEORGE HENRY DERBY, who wrote under the name of "JOHN PHENIX" and was the real father of American printed foolery; but ARTEMUS WARD was the first to win universal fame and to be welcomed also in England, where in 1866 he lectured. Since then, the seed being theirs, many have grown the flower; but honour to pioneers always.

ARTEMUS WARD began his career on the Cleveland *Plaindealer* in 1858, whereas his close rival, JOSH BILLINGS, although many years older—he was born in 1818 and lived on to the eighteen eighties—was not really known until the early sixties, while MARK TWAIN, who was born in 1835, a year after ARTEMUS WARD, did not, with his celebrated frog, jump to fame until 1867 and then published under ARTEMUS WARD's auspices. We must therefore, dealing with the great line of laughter-makers, put ARTEMUS WARD first.

To the inquiry, Why should American humour, hitherto more or less a private matter for home or saloon consumption, suddenly, in the late fifties and early sixties, become a public need? I have a suggestion to offer. May it not have been because of the influence of that great and unconquerable joker, ABRAHAM LINCOLN? America was, before his rise to eminence, as fond of humour as ever, but is it too fanciful to say that it was waiting for Old ABE to popularise and nationalise it? Old ABE liked to hear good stories and to tell good stories and invent apologies to drive home his political points, and, as we are all imitative creatures, every one else wanted to be funny too. There had never been a jester in such a high place before, and the fashion was set.

Moreover, we are not only imitative: we like to gratify the great; and I have no doubt that every humorous writer in those days hoped that his efforts might catch LINCOLN's eye. LINCOLN, in the darkest hours of the War of North and South, was in the habit of reading ARTEMUS WARD's articles to his Cabinet, and for a while the rumour spread that it was actually he who disguised his identity under the name of JOSH BILLINGS.

According to one of the numerous biographies of LINCOLN, CARL SANDBURG's, he carried about with him a copy of JOE MILLER which contained more than a thousand stories, most of which are still being told, and it was his habit, when on his legal journeys, to read it aloud to his companions. Many of the anecdotes were quite in his own manner, such as, for example, that of the traveller who said that he, alone, had made fifty wild Arabs run: "I ran, and they ran after me." But, although JOE may have helped and stimulated, LINCOLN was capable of joking unaided; and my argument is that this man on his way to be President of the United States, and later actually President, who kept a jest-book in his pocket and loved to create laughter and to share in it, was the cause of the sudden outburst of American humorous writing of which ARTEMUS WARD and JOSH BILLINGS were the most articulate and most acceptable representatives.

ARTEMUS WARD was the more original of the two, and also, because nonsense can be largely a trick, had more derivatives. But sagacity cannot be imitated: you have to have it. What, however, no one could reproduce was ARTEMUS's radiance, which also is of the individual. In MARK TWAIN at his most absurd there is a touch of sternness, sometimes almost of ferocity; but ARTEMUS WARD was all fun and sweet reasonableness and profoundest commonsense, with an occasional barb that by its unexpectedness did the more damage. He gave himself additional reality by the assumption of the rôle of a travelling showman, with his wax figures and moral "snaks," by his wife Betsy Jane, and by the twins. These were very skilful dramatic touches beyond the capacity of the ordinary journalist or funny man. And he brought into literature a cheerful disrespect that it had not known before. MARK TWAIN's *Innocents Abroad*, in 1869, may be said to have registered the birth of irreverence; *Artemus Ward, His Book*, in 1862, was the first to treat with irresistible familiarity such august

figures as the President of the United States and the Heir Apparent to the English throne.

As an example of ARTEMUS WARD's most ingratiating nonsense, that very rare article, I think the last sentences of his interview with the President, may stand:—

"How kin I ever repay, you, Mr. Ward, for your kindness?" sed Old Abe, advancin and shakin me warmly by the hand. "How kin I ever repay, you, sir?"

"By givin the whole country a good, sound administration. By poerin ile upon the troubled waters, North and South. By pursuin a patriotic, firm and just course, and then, if any State wants to secede, let 'em Seseesh!"

"How 'bout my Cabinit, Mister Ward?" sed Abe.

"Fill it up with Showmen, sir!" Showmen is devoid of politics. They ain't got any principles! They know how to cater for the public. They know what the public wants, North and South. Showmen, sir, is honest men. Ef you doubt their literary ability, look at their posters and see small bills! Ef you want a Cabinit as is a Cabinit, fill it up with showmen, but don't call on me. The moral wax figger perfeshun musn't be permitted to go down while there's a drop of blood in these veins! A. Linkin, I wish you well! Ef Powers or Walcutt wus to pick out a model for a beautiful man I scearly think they'd sculp you; but ef you do the fair thing by your country, you'll make as putty a angel as any of us! A. Linkin, use judishusly and firmly the talents which Nature has put into you, and all will be well! A. Linkin, adoo!"

He shook me cordyully by the hand—we exchanged picters, so we could gaze upon each other's liniments when far away from one another—he at the hellum of the ship of State, and I at the hellum of the show bizniss—admittance only 15 cents.

There is no fun, I can assure you, in writing an article on ARTEMUS WARD, for the simple reason that I want to quote from every page and there is no room. No other humorist takes you so often by surprise and has such convulsing hair-pin bends, so to speak. "Dear Betsy, I write you this from Boston, the Modern Atkins, as it is denomynated, altho' I skurcely know what those air"—what can be said of a man with such a mind as that? And what can be said of the publishers of America who have let him go out of print?

In real life there was no Betsy Jane. CHARLES FARRER BROWNE died a bachelor and died at the age of only thirty-three: a too early death, but we must suppose that Heaven, at that moment, was short of laughter.

E. V. L.

"CRICKET.

ESSEX TO BREAK FRESH GROUND AT ILFORD."

Newspaper Headline.

That should help the bowlers a bit.



FOR YOUR PARTY THIS YEAR.

CHOOSE A FATHER CHRISTMAS FROM THE FATHER CHRISTMAS PARADE IN THE MAIN HALL.



"AND ME A PAPER-CAP, SAM. 'E MIGHT AS WELL LOOK CHRISTMASSY."

### Delayed Concussion.

PERHAPS I ought not to have used a spanner. Possibly some other tool would have been better suited for coping with George's screw-driver mind. Maybe I erred. You shall be the judge.

George and I were clanking along in George's car to a party. I say "clanking" not merely from a desire to be derisive about George's car but because there being snow on the roads and chains on the wheels we were actually proceeding at the clank. And the further into the country we went the deeper became the snow.

George smiled amiably at the falling flakes and spoke genially of the windscreen-wipers. "A statue should be erected to the man who invented the electric windscreen-wiper, undoubtedly one of the best things science has given us. Why," he continued, twiddling the steering-wheel so as to keep the car on what he hoped was the road, "what do you suppose we should be doing now if we had the old kind, operated by hand?"

I hazarded a guess. "Operating it by hand?"

"Precisely," he said, blowing in

high derision—"and manipulating the steering-wheel, the dip-switch and the horn with the knees, teeth and eyebrows respectively."

"You draw a weird picture."

"Whereas as it is we bowl along merrily, despite the weather without."

So saying, George trod happily on the accelerator and propelled the car faster along the thickly-carpeted road. Simultaneously he began singing to himself (or it may have been to me) and was thus exercised when the windscreen-wiper came to rest. The moving wiper wiped, as it were, and, having wiped, failed to move on. Nor all George's piety nor wit (if the words he used could be called witty or pious) would get the darned thing to go again. The wiper hung like a broken thing (which indeed it was). A thick white curtain blotted out the scene and we were left in the inner gloom. Wisely George stopped the car.

He twiddled with the knob. "It's gone dead on us."

"Never mind; you can work it by hand."

I made the suggestion in the kindest possible spirit, but George took it with acerbity.

"By hand!" he howled. "I ask you, Sir, are we living in civilised times or is

this the Middle Ages?" And without even waiting for a reply he got out of the car.

"Close the door after you," I said. "It's cold in here when it blows."

In a few moments he returned from the outer whiteness, bringing a good deal of it in with him. He made some pretence of stamping it off on the running-board, but distributed most of it on the floor of the car, where it slowly melted. In his hands I noticed a screw-driver, a pair of pliers and a spanner—rather a heavy spanner.

"You don't mean to say you're going to try to mend it?" I questioned, wondering what other explanation there could be.

"Of course!" he said, with a sort of fanatical-electrical gleam in his eyes. "I know exactly what it is—it's one of the brushes. If you wouldn't mind holding the parts as I unpick them—"

I could see by the way he was plying the pliers that he would much prefer spending the evening with a few tools to romping with youth and beauty at a party. Nevertheless I made one eloquent effort to dissuade him.

"George," I said, pressing the screw into his unwilling palm, "do not do this thing. Put it back in its hole and we will travel these twelve odd miles behind



a hand-wiped screen. Let mine be the hand. See! By extending an arm I can reach the thingummy and push the do-what hither and thither while you drive. Uncomfortable for me, perhaps—awkward for you. But possibly inevitable. Even if you took the thing to pieces you probably wouldn't know how to mend it."

That was the flaw in the appeal—I see that now. It had begun well. For a moment I believe he was on the verge of starting up the car and resuming the journey. For a second the screw had trembled in the balance. Now he thrust it into my hand with a sharp cry. It was a shrewd thrust, and I uttered an even sharper cry.

"Wouldn't know how to mend it?" snorted George. "You watch."

Giving me the spanner to hold he attacked the mechanism ruthlessly. But I grew weary of watching and switched on the wireless. A rather entertaining song about the Esquimaux in the Frozen Snaux was being emitted.

"Not any more of that, please," said George.

"You're busy," I reminded him. "Does the man who plays with the wiper call the tune?"

"Invariably," said George.

I toyed with the spanner. It occurred to me that anyone who received a tap on the head with it would wake up with a lump. Some song-sisters began to sing some songs then, so I tried another station and found that a radio play was about to be radiated. I lit a cigarette and abandoned myself to the drama. Fortunately, except for a little loud breathing, George worked in silence, and I was able to enjoy the play, which was, as a matter of fact, the first wireless-play I have heard in its entirety.

After that it was announced that the Martha Plunkington Trio would scatter a little chamber music, which it did.

"How are you getting on, George?" I inquired after a time.

He grunted. In the beams of the indirect, inefficient, interior-of-car lighting his face took on the aspect of some strange wizard of old fooling around with some absurd box of tricks.

I had no idea what time it was. The chamber musicians had disseminated their stuff and dispersed. At Broadcasting House they were beginning a talk on "Motoring at Night," and I felt it was about time we did some.

Suddenly George's heavy breathing stopped. Sensing the dramatic I turned off the wireless. Inside the car there



"HOLD THESE BALLOONS, DEAR, THEY WILL TAKE THE WEIGHT OFF YOUR PARCELS."

fell such a hush as falls in a great auditorium before the curtain goes up. George twiddled with the knob and, wonder of wonders, the heavy curtain of snow slowly lifted and the scene was revealed to us.

It was quite a different scene from the one we had last witnessed. The road was completely blotted out by an undulating waste of snow, level with the side-lamps.

"There!" said George in triumph; "I told you so. I knew I could do it.

The thing's working perfectly now. This is an Age of Science."

"And this," I said, "is a fall of snow. Do you think we shall be able to open the doors?"

"Hardly worth while," said George, taking up his screw-driver again. "We shall probably be here for a bit. I wonder if I could do anything to improve the tone of that wireless?"

The spanner nestled conveniently in my hand. It was a suitable size and weight. Did I do wrong to use it?

### Twickenham Reflections.

THE result of the Oxford *versus* Cambridge Rugby Football match is by this time, it seems probable, fairly generally known.

However, for the benefit of those who rightly refuse to be gulled by the daily Press (you can't believe everything you see in the papers, my dear) and prefer to await the verdict of this journal (*Punch* for Probity!) on matters of national importance, it may be as well to announce

#### CAMBRIDGE'S OVERWHELMING VICTORY

or, in case this makes it any easier to bear,

#### CRUSHING DEFEAT OF OXFORD.

This was certainly a popular win. The fact that Cambridge had not won for six years necessarily made it so.



THE IMPERTURBABLE GRIEVE.

Cambridge men felt that a score of twenty-nine points to four was just what they needed to set them up again after the harrowing monotony of past encounters. The *Neutrals*—for, inconceivable as it may seem, such a state of mind is confidently reported to exist—expressed their approbation on somewhat similar grounds; after all, they meant to say, it was Cambridge's turn. And even for Oxonians the blow was somewhat softened by the reflection that it was not in mortals to command success *every* time. After the game you could hear them all round the ground telling each other that they hadn't even begun to shave when such a thing was last heard of. The words "Nineteen-twenty-eight" rang in one's ears like the tolling of a great bell.

Besides, Cambridge played such attractive football that only the most bigoted spectator could possibly grudge them their success.

(I have asked the printer to put that last sentence in heavier type, not because I am particularly proud of it but because I like to follow journalistic procedure in these matters.)

The Oxford pack came to Twickenham with a great reputation and they started off with the clear determination

to trample their opponents to death and throw their mangled remains to the touch-judges. The Cambridge eight, however, held other views. They refused to bite the dust. In fact after the first flurried quarter-of-an-hour they were little if at all inferior in the tight scrums and



THE FIRST CAMBRIDGE TRY.

definitely, it seemed to me, superior in the loose. As the game progressed they were helped of course enormously by the knowledge that they had only to get hold of the ball and heel it for something fairly emphatic to be done with it by the men behind—an encouragement which the Oxford pack did not enjoy.

Where the whole Cambridge eight played so splendidly it is perhaps unfair to single out any one of them for special mention, but W. J. Leather, J. H. Bowman, J. R. C. Lord, A. M. Rees, C. D. Laborde, R. O. Murray, G. A. Braithwaite, Old Uncle H. P. Dinwiddy and all were outstanding.

Behind the scrum one remembers above all else the



EXPRESS DELIVERY.

K. C. FYFE.

running of K. C. FYFE. For singleness of purpose this terrible man would be hard to beat. Only let him be presented with the ball and he will carry it up hill and down dale, scorning all manner of obstacles, and never rest till he has laid it safely beside the corner-flag. He runs very

fast and with immense determination, yet with such wonderful balance that at the last moment, when it seems certain that he will crash or be crashed into the flag, he can make a sudden and completely devastating inward turning movement to score. He got three superb tries



A GOOD SCRUM HALF.  
O. C. BROWNING.

and that though his opposite number was an English international. Need I say WARR?

There was also W. WOOLLER, who can draw his two men and send along a perfect pass to his wing as nicely as you could wish. Last year he was quite off colour, but this year his strong clever running was one of the features of the game. He also, I am told, dropped a mammoth goal from the halfway line.

But at this point my hat was knocked over my eyes and I missed the whole thing.

This was shocking bad luck for WOOLLER.



CRANMER RECEIVED EVERY ATTENTION FROM WOOLLER.

The Cambridge attacks, probably of intent, swung generally to the left, but P. L. CANDLER and W. G. S. JOHNSTON on the right wing each had his moment. CANDLER's reverse pass to C. W. JONES (hereinafter to be referred to, if the occasion arises, as "the elusive Welsh-

man") was the high-light of what was probably the most aesthetically satisfying of all Cambridge's tries; and JOHNSTON, when at last he got his chance, went hurtling away for the goal-line with a speed and fury that FYFE himself would have been hard put to it to better.

However, we can't go on indefinitely praising the Cambridge backs in this almost offensively fulsome way.

The Oxford three-quarter line, outpaced on the wings and handicapped by a rather slow service in the scrums, could hardly be expected to distinguish itself. Both centres worked hard in defence, and once at least REES-JONES came across from the left wing, in the C. N. LOWE manner, to assist his colleagues in the arduous business of hurling FYFE into touch, but they never got going in attack—if one excepts a long dodging run by REES-JONES in the first half and a typical CRANMER break-through in the second. In fact they were really out of the picture. For constructive and entertaining back-play one looked to Cambridge,



IN OFF THE FLAG.  
CAMBRIDGE'S SECOND TRY.

and not even the most incorrigible Oxonian can deny that they provided it.

I want to say a few words about the young woman who always sits behind me at Twickenham.

I had occasion to refer to this female a year ago in these columns, and I said then that it was her unquenchable thirst for knowledge, her determination to find out on any given occasion exactly *why* the whistle blew, which formed the gravamen of my charge against her. But this year, though she was there right enough, immediately behind me as usual, *she asked practically no questions at all*. Instead she simply stated things. "Foot-up!" she said, and "Off-side," and once, all in one breath, "Not-bringing-the-ball-into-play-with-the-foot-after-a-player-has-been-tackled-in-possession." This new (and doubtful) omniscience I find far, far more provoking than the old discarded method of attack.

She has also acquired a new trick of ramming her knees into the small of my back in moments of excitement.

Is there nothing I can say or do that will make her GO RIGHT AWAY?  
H. F. E.





Maid. "MR. SCROOXY DOESN'T BELIEVE IN WAITS."  
Leader (grimly). "HE WILL BEFORE WE LEAVE."

### Mr. Punch's Poll of the People.

- (1) Do you like Mr. LLOYD GEORGE?
- (2) Do you walk under ladders?
- (3) Would you like to have your time over again?
- (4) How often do you write to the papers?
- (5) Were your schooldays the happiest days of your life?
- (6) Do you ever have a queer sensation that what is happening to you has happened before?
- (7) Has it? Give examples.
- (8) Have you made the smallest attempt to understand the Gold Standard?
- (9) Do you read leading articles?
- (10) Have you
  - (a) a sense of humour?
  - (b) a broad mind?
  - (c) a will of your own?
  - (d) sound ideas about most things?
- (11) Have you ever seen a lord drunk?
- (12) How will you vote at the General Election?
- (13) Are you married?
- (14) Why?
- (15) In your experience, which of the following is true:—
  - (a) "Absence makes the heart grow fonder"?
  - (b) "Out of sight is out of mind"?
  - (16) Do you feel that if you were Dictator for one year you could put most things right?
  - (17) How would you begin?
  - (18) Can you make
    - (a) a pie?
    - (b) a bowline?
    - (c) a speech?
    - (d) money?
    - (e) friends?
    - (f) love?
  - (19) Have you ever served on a jury?
  - (20) Did you enjoy it?
  - (21) Have you read the Report of the Joint Committee on India?
  - (22) If not, presumably you have formed your own conclusions about Responsibility at the Centre. What are they?
  - (23) What proportion of lucky people, do you think, deserve it?
  - (24) Would you like to be
    - (a) Prime Minister?
    - (b) Editor of *Punch*?
    - (c) Director-General of the B.B.C.?
    - (d) the Lord Chief Justice?
    - (e) an Archbishop?
    - (f) Minister of Transport?
  - (25) If so, for how long?
  - (26) If not, who *would* you like to be?
  - (27) If nobody, what are you grumbling about?
  - (28) Does your wife vote?
  - (29) Do you tell her how?
  - (30) How much do you (a) know, (b) mind about the Polish Corridor?
  - (31) Have you the remotest idea of the difference between the Jugo-Slavs and the Czechoslovaks?
  - (32) If you were shipwrecked on a desert island with food for a month, which would you rather have with you—
    - (a) *The Oxford English Dictionary*?
    - (b) a wireless set?
    - (c) twelve dozen champagne?
    - (d) two nice girls?
    - (e) CHARLIE CHAPLIN?
    - (f) your wife?
    - (g) Dean INGE?
  - (33) Do you believe the following—
    - (a) "Kind hearts are more than coronets"?
    - (b) "Stone walls do not a prison make"?
    - (c) "'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all"?

- (34) What is Canberra?
- (35) Are you any of the following, and which:—
- |                     |                       |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| (a) an average      | } man<br>or<br>woman? |
| (b) a plain         |                       |
| (c) a lucky         |                       |
| (d) a deserving     |                       |
| (e) a misunderstood |                       |
| (f) a middle-class  |                       |
| (g) an overworked   |                       |
- (36) If you were in a Continental café how would you distinguish
- (a) the Swedes?
- (b) the Danes?
- (c) the Norwegians?
- (d) the Lithuanians?
- (e) the Magyars?
- (f) the Croats?
- (37) When you go to the play do you generally feel that you could write that sort of thing just as well if you tried?
- (38) Why don't you?
- (39) Would you be ready to enlist in the infantry if—
- (a) France invaded Germany?
- (b) Germany invaded France?
- (c) Italy invaded Jugoslavia?
- (d) Japan invaded Australia?
- (e) America invaded Canada?
- (f) Russia invaded Germany?
- (g) Switzerland annexed Austria?
- (h) India declared a Republic?
- (i) you had nothing else to do?
- (40) In your opinion does Art do more good than Golf? If not, is Science better?
- (41) Which, if any, of the following is your motto (i.) in business and (ii.) in love:—
- (a) "Look before you leap"?
- (b) "Nothing venture nothing have"?
- (c) "Safety first"?
- (d) "*De l'audace, toujours de l'audace!*"?
- (42) Do you feel in church that, while you yourself sing the psalms rather pleasingly, the person behind you would do better on the whole to worship in silence?
- (43) What is your principal hobby?
- (44) Do you find it difficult, with all possible goodwill, to understand *exactly* the attraction of other people's hobbies?
- (45) If you were compelled by law to take up one of the following, which would you choose:— Music, Fox-hunting, Golf, Carpentry, Bridge, Yachting, Deep-sea Fishing, Stamp-collecting, Old China, Mountaineering, First Editions or Aquarium Keeping?



A DISTORTING MIRROR AT THE WESTMINSTER FUN FAIR.  
THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE VISITS THE SHOW.

- (46) Who is BENES?
- (47) Would it upset you if aeroplanes were abolished?
- (48) Which would you rather be—a fool or a knave?
- (49) I mean, a poor fool or a rich knave?
- (50) Are you quite sure?
- (51) Is it a better thing to be a leading lady, a leading violinist or a leading Free Trader?
- (52) Do you think there is too much
- (a) lipstick?
- (b) speed?
- (c) fog?
- (d) psychology?
- (e) alcohol?
- (f) chatter?
- If so, which of these would you do away with if you had your way?
- (53) Do you find that while you are describing your pain to the doctor it goes away?
- (54) What is the difference between—the Lord President of the Council, the Lord Privy Seal, the Lord Chamberlain, the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Lord Chancellor, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster?
- (55) What *exactly* is the point about the Chiltern Hundreds?
- (56) "We hardly notice freedom in England because it is the air we breathe."—*Mr. BALDWIN*. Comment upon this, mentioning any occasion on which you have felt slightly short of breath.
- A. P. H.





"GOOD NEWS, MISS BRIGGS. IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT ABOUT OUR DATE FOR THE PICTURES. I'VE GOT CHRISTMAS-EVE OFF."

### Darkness and Light.

(A scientific book recently published in Germany announces that the non-Nordic races come between Nordic Man and the rest of the animal kingdom, and form the missing link between man and the beast.)

SCIENCE, whose busy mind  
Is ever prowling round  
For some new thing to find  
Which isn't much when found,  
Has sought thro' many an age  
Some semi-beastial shape  
To mark the halfway stage  
"Twixt Man, alas, and Ape.  
For this she sought the cave  
And tapped the solid stone,  
Which somehow never gave,  
For all her care, a bone;  
It showed a want of taste  
But little less than crime,  
And was, in fact, pure waste  
(Which serves her right) of time.  
For, mark you, all the while  
The goal was well in sight  
(Heil, Deutschland—HITLER, heil,  
To whom we owe the light);  
The Nordic Type is Man;  
The rest, from Celt to Chink,

Red, sable, white and tan,  
Compose the Missing Link.

It has been held till now,  
This creature would, by law,  
Be simian of brow  
And sticking-out of jaw;  
But who may greatly dare  
To cavil or demur?  
In such a grave affair  
When does the German err?  
Opposing thumb\* and calf†  
Avail him not the least;  
He is at best one half  
Man, and the other Beast;  
Only the Nordic stock  
Is full and utter Man;  
The rest may bear the shock  
In any way they can.

DUM-DUM.

### Propaganda.

It will be remembered that by an Ordinance of December 13th, 1934, politicians of all parties were forbidden under pain of severe penalties to make "any statement upon any subject that meant anything, or could be supposed to mean anything, or to be capable of

\* An essentially human characteristic.

† Ditto, but rudimentary in the gorilla.

any construction whatever." It was felt in some quarters that the Ordinance was rather superfluous, but the Prime Minister explained that a recent speech by the Minister for Root Herbs on the subject of carrots had been misquoted by a British News agency, that the misquotation had been further misquoted by a German News Agency and spoken of at Geneva as a deliberate and unprovoked attempt to insult the Emperor of Sark, who happened to have red hair.

Thus robbed of their chief source of misquotation and misrepresentation, propagandists of all sorts turned to the pages of Literature, and in a few weeks the memorable controversy about the real meaning of GRAY's *Elegy* occupied the minds of the masses. The torch was lighted at the annual meeting of the Prohibitionist Union, when Daniel Spoffin spoke for two hours from the text, "Where did the ploughman plod?" He pooh-poohed the poet's suggestion that he plodded "homeward." GRAY was undoubtedly in the pay of the brewers, who had bribed him to conceal the fact that the ploughman's weariness was due to alcoholic excess. The audience wept copiously as Spoffin described the ploughman



sitting each evening in a sinister saloon while his little children waited in vain to "hisp their sire's return." He pointed out that the lisp was probably the direct result of the sins of the father being visited on the children.

"Swiftly the ploughman plodded on the downward path," Spoffin concluded brokenly. "Within a month he was stone deaf, so that he could not hear 'the cock's shrill clarion or the echoing horn.' Shortly afterwards, as the poet so feelingly puts it, he was mute and inglorious, and a year later they were heaving the turf over his mouldering feet."

The possibilities of the ploughman were quickly realised by other propagandists. The Labour Party pointed out that under capitalism ploughmen were obviously worked until they were fit to drop. The Slitherfoot Boot Company, on the other hand, suggested that if he had worn Glydeesi Gum Shoes he would no longer have plodded but walked with springy and elastic step.

The Anti-Noise League appointed a committee to investigate ways and means of stopping owls hooting between 11 P.M. and 7 A.M., and waged fierce warfare against cocks' shrill clarions and echoing horns. "The weariness of the ploughman's plodding," as the President remarked, "was no doubt largely due to the fact that the poor fellow never knew what it was to have a night of unbroken slumber."

Perhaps the most remarkable result of the controversy, however, was the impetus given to the Deep-sea Diving Industry. In England alone four-hundred-and-ninety-three companies were formed to search for the "gems of purest ray serene" which the poet alleged "the dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear." An era of unparalleled prosperity gladdened the populace, and *The Directory of Directors* appeared in seven volumes.

Other countries were not slow to follow our lead, and the League of Nations had an anxious time trying to divide the dark unfathomed caves of ocean among its members. Britain generously waived the North Sea, but both France and Germany claimed it and increased their armaments and made unkind speeches about each other. War seemed imminent, and Britain declared her intention of fighting on both sides; but luckily, before anybody could find a pen to sign an ultimatum, the Diving Companies started to smash without having actually done any fathoming. A salutary depression supervened and the world plodded home in Peace.



"ALL I'VE GOT TO REMEMBER IS THEY DON'T EXIST NOWADAYS."

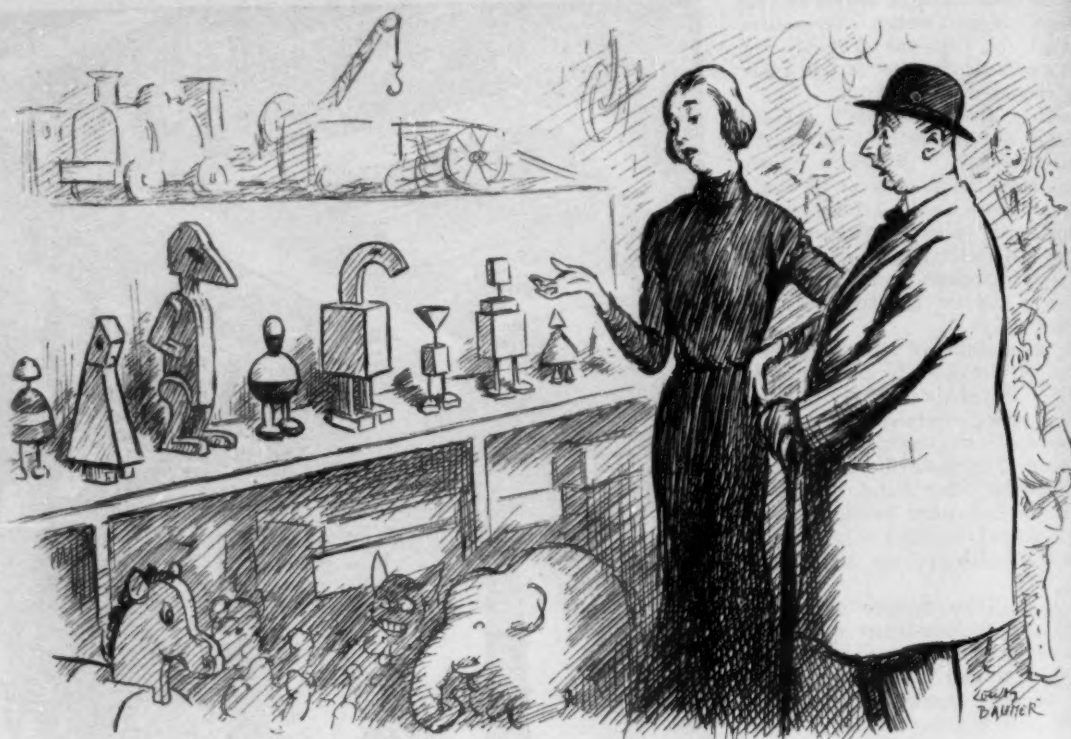
### Concerto Capers.

WHERE do they go  
When the music plays,  
Miss Singleton-Sands  
And the girl in red,  
The pale young man  
With the inky hands  
And the elderly knight  
With the pear-shaped  
head,  
Where do they go  
When the music plays?

One goes back to  
The olden days  
In an elegant boa  
And white kid-gloves,  
Dances a step  
In well-cut stays,

Fritters awhile  
With early loves.  
One gets out of  
A crested car  
To sit in a palace  
Of wealth untold  
And order a supper  
Of blue caviare.

And one to the wide  
Green hills has strolled  
To lie where the snipe  
Come down to drink;  
And one of the four  
Has gone to sleep.  
So far from time  
And blotted ink  
And household cares  
Will fancies leap  
When the music plays.



"... OR PERHAPS THE LITTLE GIRL WOULD LIKE A DOLL?"

### Kultur.

Typical english Conversations for nordic Students.

Made in Germany.

X.—AT THE WAXWORKS.

*Lord Smith.* We have paid up. Now we shall enjoy the fun.

*Viscount Brown.* I pay attention with interest to Waxworks. The effigies are so vivid.

*Lord Robinson.* Yes. For instance keep an eye skinned on yonder polizeman, who stands just without. Shall he be wax formulated to a striking likeliness to a polizeman, or shall he be a polizeman similar in appearance to wax? It is difficult to tell.

*Lord Smith.* Pop a question to him and see whether he makes a riposte to it. If he does, then he is not wax.

*Viscount Brown.* I know. I shall place this dollar on his palm and watch if he wink an eyelash.

[The polizeman closes his fist and makes off.

*Viscount Brown.* Ei! There goes my dollar. I do call that not cheap at the price, I must say! What a take-in indeed! Oh my, I am now the poorer.

[The others laugh out loudly, they think it so comic.

*Lord Robinson.* Come now! There is here a Chamber of Horrors. Let us once repair there and see for ourselves the frightful sights, which are arranged in rows to startle us.

[They enter in.

*Lord Smith.* Ugh! Ghastly! These spectacles make my hair sit up no end with affright.

*Viscount Brown.* I perspire fluently with feelings of timidity.

*Lord Robinson.* For my part, I enjoy these sensational views. Perceive that grisly relict of bygone days when persons were twisted and screwed?

*Lord Smith.* No, I shall stay here no later. Such an atmosphere repels a man of sensibility.

*Viscount Brown.* I am with you on your side.

*Lord Robinson.* Then I will see you subsequently in the room of calmer views. Historical sights and personages for example. So long till by and by! I shall remain and feast my eyes sumptuously. [They move on.

*Lord Smith.* He is a man of not the same tastes entirely as our.

*Viscount Brown.* Come! Let us examine the other figures.

### Our Outspoken Contemporaries.

"Jumble will be welcome—Ladies bring your husbands."

Church Notice in Local Paper.

### The Refinements of Art.

"See also how different kinds of ash change the colour and texture of two or more objects made of the same clay. For instance, note the superior quality of 'Rose Bowl' (114), glazed with apple ash, compared with the 'Lobed Cup' glazed with apple ash."—Daily Paper. It just shows, doesn't it?

### Suggestion of Which We Cannot Approve.

"It has been explained to me that this general cheapness inside the house has been made necessary because in London the structural costs are so high, but in this connection I believe a liaison between the architect and the housewife would be of the utmost value."

Scots Paper.



*Prospero.*

*"The isle is full of noises, sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight."*







OUR PEACE PLATOON.

SAAR-GEANT EDEN. "SLO-OPE—ARMS!"





## Impressions of Parliament.

### Synopsis of the Week.

Monday, December 10th.—Commons:  
Debate on Indian Reform.



"PUT NOT YOUR TRUST IN PRINCES."

Duet by Colonel WEDGWOOD and Lord WOLMER:—

"If they were going to hand India over to the Princes . . . they should do it with their eyes open."—Colonel WEDGWOOD.

"He could not believe that there was any safety or honour in relying on the Princes."—Lord WOLMER.

Tuesday, December 11th.

—Lords: Debates on Osteopathy and Appointment of New Judges.

Wednesday, December 12th.

—Lords: Debate on Indian Reform.

Commons: Debate on Indian Reform.

### The Curtain Rises on India.

Monday, December 10th.—It was fitting that debate on recommendations of Joint Select Committees should be opened by Sir SAMUEL HOARE himself, whose unwearied assistance to the Committee and whose unfathomable knowledge of his subject have created such a deep impression both in this country and in India.

Faced with the task of explaining to the House in course of an hour's speech a scheme

which had kept him in the witness-box for nineteen days (during which he had answered many thousands of questions), he came quickly to three basic points of reform, Provincial Autonomy, All-India Federation, and Responsibility with safeguards. These, he said, arose inevitably from a century-and-a-half of British teaching and Indian experience; the first was justified because the complexity of modern problems demanded real provincial responsibility, which must include that for law and order; the second because a strong hub was necessary to balance new powers on the circumference, and the third because such precautions were essential to the working of the scheme, their very existence making it unnecessary nine times out of ten to bring them into play at all. The analogy with Ireland, he declared, which had frequently been made, was absolutely untrue, for the Irish Governor-General had no army behind him in the ultimate crisis.

The SECRETARY OF STATE wound up a most impressive speech by stating his conviction that the scheme would work and by appealing to good sense of India to recognise and accept this great opportunity offered by a Government with majority behind it.

For the Labour Party, Mr. ATTLEE, while he admitted immensity of the Indian problem, struck Socialist note very hard and regretted that proposed Constitution did not do more to relieve Indian masses from burden of capitalism

and landlordism; he saw in Report too little flexibility and too great distrust of Indian nationalism. Coming from Mr. ISAAC FOOT, there could be no greater compliment than that which he paid Sir SAMUEL HOARE in quoting



BONES.

LORD ELIBANK.

CLARENDON'S tribute to CROMWELL; and, although he expressed fierce Liberal objection to the principle of indirect election suggested for Central Lower Chamber, he promised his party's support. Later in the debate House was entertained to find Lord WOLMER and Colonel WEDGWOOD unexpectedly united in their lack of faith in Princes.

Tuesday, December 11th.—Commons were not after all to monopolise Parliamentary floodlights to-day, for in Lords three matters of unusual interest were discussed. Lord MORTISTONE denounced Lord ROTHERMERE for having charged him in his newspapers with quoting inaccurate figures during last Air debate, and for not coming down to House either to make good or apologise for his accusations. In spite of stern disapproval of Lords MOYNIHAN and DAWSON, a Bill introduced by Lord ELIBANK to give osteopaths a register was read



CUTTING A NEAT FIGURE.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA.



## IN OLD CATHAY.

HOMAGE TO THE VETERAN HUMORIST WHO FIRST FOUND SOMETHING FUNNY TO SAY ABOUT EGGS.

a Second time; and in remarkably frank speech Lord HEWART attacked the LORD CHANCELLOR's new Supreme Court of Judicature Amendment Bill, saying that it put composition of King's Bench Division into hands of Government Whips and was a personal affront to Lord SLESSER. An official reply will shortly be made.

In Commons, Indian debate was kept going at a lively speed all day. It was resumed by Mr. MORGAN JONES, who invited House to give with both hands and to give until it hurt—where he did not say; he was followed by Mr. R. A. BUTLER, who explained case for a separate constitution for Burma to most Members' satisfaction; and then came the Wicked Uncle of the Conservative Fairy Tale, Sir HENRY PAGE CROFT, unabashed at the dismal failure of his late rebellion, to put Die-hard point of view with eloquence, to be sharply corrected by the SECRETARY OF STATE on some of his points, and to end with slightly presumptuous assertion that the Almighty would deflect the Government from their Indian reforms.

Lord EUSTACE PERCY, who made an exceedingly good speech, analysed the scheme and insisted on necessity for strong Government at the Centre;

and Major COURTAULD accused the Viceroy of bullying the Princes.

Wednesday, December 12th.—India again, in both Houses. So much was said and of such relevance that Mr. P.'s R. proposes to serve up the more important speeches *en terrine*:—

**Lords.**—Lord HALIFAX: Conclusions of Committee had been reached with astounding degree of unanimity. Lord SALISBURY's anxiety about transfer of police responsibility was unjustified, as every existing Governor of an Indian Province was in favour of Committee's recommendations. He believed sufficient number of States would accede, and that Federation was in their interests.

Lord SALISBURY: Declared that he attached more weight to views of experts on constitutional government than to expert Indian views cited by Government. Asked that no opinion should be registered by their Lordships until they had seen provisions in actual Bill. Described proposed constitution as founded upon quicksand of finance and predicted that communal question alone would make scheme unworkable.

Lord SNELL: (Labour): Regretted absence from Report of the phrase "Dominion status," considered that Committee had ignored fundamental

right of Indian people, but appealed to India to accept what was offered.

**Commons.**—Sir JOHN SIMON: Found no great divergence, as critics pretended, between Report of his own Commission and Committee's Report; Commission had been confined to British India, whereas Princes' declaration enabled Committee to draft Federation scheme.

Mr. CHURCHILL: Had impression that a ship was going down on a calm sea and that some very reassuring observations were being addressed to the passengers, if not by the Captain, by the Chief Steward. By forcing Bill Government would depress vital heartbeat of Britain all over globe.

Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN: Described his conversion as process of reasoning founded upon facts impressed upon him during Committee's sittings. Rebuked Mr. CHURCHILL for making use of irrelevant Irish analogy. Had great confidence in generous opportunity afforded by Report for legitimate activities of Indian public men.

Mr. BALDWIN: Denied Major COURTAULD's allegations against Viceroy. Defended democracy and was certain that we were giving India cleanest form of Government and were encouraging Indian public conscience.



## A Plea for Projections.

To Mr. Punch.

SIR,—Racked as I am by the gout and rheumatism that invariably afflict us old campaigners at this season, I take up my pen to request—nay, Sir, demand—that you launch an immediate offensive against this idiotic fetish of “streamlining.” Upon my soul, it is well-nigh impossible to pick up any so-called newspaper nowadays without encountering this gibberish. I cannot even find the word in my dictionary!

My niece, however, upon whom I rely for information regarding such abstruse modernisms, and whom, I regret, I am unable to deter from the dangerous practice of flying, tells me that “streamlining” originated with aeroplanes, and means the “shaping of the contours” of those infernal machines “to conform with the natural directions of air-streams.” Well, she can keep her contours and air-streams, for I, on my part, am resolved never to leave *terra firma* for the stratosphere. And, now that (as my niece also informs me) “streamlining” is affecting the shapes of motor-cars and railway-trains, I mean to eschew *them* also. Henceforth, at whatever bodily cost, I shall travel on horseback, unless (Heaven forbid) horses also succumb to this abominable, this indecent tendency.

My main bone of contention, though, is that this “streamlining” bunkum is spreading from the sordid realms of mere mechanics to those of everyday life, even to human physiognomy. Believe it or not, Sir, but the other day I happened to glance at the woman’s page of a well-known paper and read this heading: “Chins Must Recover Their Streamline”! I suppose it will now become the fashion actually to cultivate recession of this once-respected feature—as if the chins of the spineless young men and women of to-day were not retreating more and more rapidly in any event. Bah!

I am proud to say, Sir, that my own chin shows not the slightest tendency towards “streamlining,” and this explains why I am writing you this letter. If ever there was one comforting, stable sight in this kaleidoscopic world, it is the spectacle of you, Sir, sitting afresh at your easel each Wednesday morning, always smiling, always the same. What a chin! And what a nose! No “streamline” nonsense about *those*—if I may use the expression—noble promontories. And, egad, what a hat! (If it weren’t for what my niece would say, I would ask you to send me a



“WOT ‘URTS MOST IS THAT UP TILL NOW I THOUGHT I WAS POPULAR.”

similar one.) May all three—if I may say so—majestic protuberances continue to cleave big holes in the air and never, like the emasculate faces surrounding us in ever greater profusion, “conform with the natural directions of air-streams!”

Will you not, therefore, Sir, before everybody and everything comes to resemble a sausage or a cough-lozenge, and literally neither head nor tail can be made of matters—before, in fact, the country, the world itself, streams to the dogs—will you not make a determined stand, point those (may I say?) powerful projections of yours against this unwarrantable invasion of “streamlining”? People would listen

to you, while I am afraid they might not to

Your humble, yet indignant,  
admirer servant,  
ARCHIBALD JUTTING, Gen. (Ret.)

P.S.—My niece, who, I fear, is extremely irreverent, says that with your nose and chin you ought to have no difficulty in cracking nuts this Christmas, but adds that you look “rather a dear.” What are you going to do about it?

More Commercial Candour.

“Cigar Connoisseur writes of — Cigars: ‘Extremely good value at the price.’—Prove it for yourself by sending 4s. 6d. for sample box of six. You will give them to your friends.”—Advt. in Daily Paper.



## At the Play.

"YOUNG ENGLAND" (KINGSWAY).

It is bruited about the town that *Young England* was written in a mood of desperate seriousness and spiritual agony by Mr. WALTER REYNOLDS; that it was received, to his dismay, when first presented, with loud cries of ribald laughter; that his honest heart came near to breaking; that his management, on the other hand, seeing how the public was taking it, handsomely (or unhandsomely, as you view these things) played up, turned the whole business into a long joke and received sufficient support from the fribbles to bring the play up to the Kingsway.

There are difficulties about this hypothesis. I would not put it past (as the saying is) any London management to have deceived the good man from the beginning. If that is so, the joke is rather a cruel one. Perhaps, more relevantly, it is not a very good one. There are of course occasions for laughter, the loudest laughter being very naturally given to those "*doubles ententes*" which are readily offered by the association of boy scouts and girl guides in camp. But, though I have always accepted as the price of dutiful service to my paper the necessity of suffering to a just bearable point, there are limits, and when the kindly interval came I had been so overcome by the knees of the elderly Boy Scouts, by the jests of the comic Boy Scout and comic Girl Guide, and by many other sad things which it would be tedious to mention, that I felt absolved from further attendance. An intentional organised joke can, in clever hands, provide entertainment for two-and-a-half hours; not so an unintentional joke which drifts without rudder hither and thither. Neither was I able to help a faint wondering whether all the cries which proceeded from the audience were absolutely spontaneous.

On the night on which I was privileged, or doomed, to attend, a thinnish house did not seem to me to play up to what I suppose must have been the expectations of the manage-

ment. But to turn from these speculations to the play itself.

To summarise essentials it falls into two periods—pre-War and post-War. In the pre-War period golden-haired, velvet-gowned ladies of the town and starving, wounded "old contemptibles" give their last sixpences to the very, very poor; aeroplanes buzz overhead; delicately nurtured maidens expect

irregular offspring and are deserted by passionate and affluent Hebrews. (There may be a Nazi touch here, though, to counter this, there is an upright Jewish sergeant and a reluctant but Jewish recruit.) In the post-War period there were eleven scenes to be endured. My courage failed me at the seventh. Here "conchie" have become rich, and made into tortuous mayors

who plan alliances with impoverished noble families for the unmitigated cads they have begotten. Pale, slender, noble prigs deal knockout blows to hefty "wrong 'uns"; the Scouts and Guides prank and frivol in God's free air in the attempt to turn C3's into A1's, and so forth and so on. It cannot honestly be denied that there is some entertainment in all this.

One rather serious question arises. If the author is as genuine in his belief in "*Young England*" as his open letter to his audience, printed in the programme, suggests, can he honourably acquiesce in the continuance of this perversion of his *magnum opus*? Can one, in fact, sell one's dreams for a mess of royalties? A rhetorical question obviously. T.

## Letter from a Publisher to a Poet.

DEAR SIR,—  
Your songs and verses  
Entitled "*Wedding Bells and Funeral Hearses*"  
Which you so kindly to this firm addressed  
Were read with interest,  
But, as demand for verse is small  
While its supply  
Is large and subject to inflation,  
We fear this fact would fail to justify  
Their publication.  
Assuring you of our regret for this refusal  
We venture to express,  
In sending back your MSS.,  
Our thanks for their perusal  
And have the honour to remain,  
Yours very truly,  
(Signed) MESSRS. GROOLY.

## Sailors, Beware!

"For some time now nine squadrons of the Royal Air Force have been using motor spirit from the Askern Works, and several destroyers and other naval vessels are burning it in their boilers."

Sunday Paper.



A YOUNG ENGLANDER (BAD SPECIMEN).

Jabez Hawk, junior . . . . . MR. GUY MIDDLETON.



MAYOR AND GREY MARE.

Mrs. Hawk . . . . . MISS MINA GREENE.  
Jabez Hawk, J.P. . . . . MR. JOHN OXFORD.



"SUITS YOU PERFECTLY, DARLING. SOMETHING PREHISTORIC, ISN'T IT?"

### Irregular Ode.

(Suggested by Sir BUCKSTON BROWNE'S recent letter in "The Times," recommending snuff as a preventive of catarrh.)

HAIL, Sternutation, hail!  
 Potent for bliss or bale,  
 Enthroned within the caverns of the nose  
 Since first that bold protuberance arose  
 To lend the contours of the human face  
 A feature redolent of Parkerian grace.  
 Mysterious goddess! whom from earliest times  
 The sons of men in widely sundered climes,  
 Resolved to rise superior to their fate,  
 Have sought to challenge or propitiate,  
 Whether because the sneeze  
 Is ominous of disease,  
 Or by its loud and stertorous convulsion  
 Betokens the expulsion  
 Of evil spirits; or heard upon the right  
 Brings tidings of delight  
 To anxious lovers, as CATULLUS taught  
 In language exquisitely wrought—  
 I never could begin to comprehend.  
 But, since this sentence clamours for an end,  
 I hasten here and now  
 Sincerely to avow,  
 For all you have inflicted or bestowed,  
 You certainly are worthy of an ode.

Shorn of all mystic rites  
 And amorous delights,  
 At times upon our ears your accents fall  
 With the shrill resonance of a trumpet-call;  
 Anon they prove the undisputed sign  
 And presage of that malady malign,  
 Catarrh or cold,  
 Whose virulent and violent attacks  
 Thousands of worthy medicos enrolled  
 Upon the register, millions of quacks  
 (In spite of science suffered to endure),  
 Have failed so far to conquer or to cure.  
 Yet now by an amazing paradox  
*The Times*, of sanity the *magna vox*,  
 Accords especial prominence to the plea  
 Not for inoculation but rappee!  
 And, giving it a special powder—"puff,"  
 Maintains that snuffling can be cured by snuff!

Tobacco in the leaf  
 Assuages human grief,  
 It cheers the cockles of the weary heart  
 And plays a highly paregoric part;  
 But from the powdered forms which smear and stain  
 Fastidious souls refrain.  
 Wherefore, though POPE was minded to rehearse  
 Its social merits in heroic verse,  
 Defiantly I dare  
 In doggerel to declare,  
 If snuff alone can make us cease to sneeze,  
 The remedy is worse than the disease. C. L. G.



## As Others Hear Us.

## Preparing the Charade.

"Has anybody thought of a word?"

"I haven't."

"Neither have I."

"I keep on thinking of marvellous words but I don't think they'll do."

"Oh, I expect they're marvellous, really. What are they?"

"Oh, things like *Violin* and *Oxygen* and *Indefatigable*. It ought to be a long word, don't you think?"

"Like *Sesquipedalian*, d'you mean?"

"Well, I'm not sure if I was *exactly* thinking of *Sesquipedalian*—still, I should think it would do beautifully. Only would they know what it meant?"

"Oh, that doesn't matter. How could we do it?"

"Well, there's *Ses*—we could make that 'Sez you' and all be frightfully American; that'd be fun. Then how do we do *quip*?"

"Perfectly easily; just be Elizabethans. They were always having merry quips and things like that. Of course we should just have to have one—a quip, to make it fair. We can wear ruffs and things."

"Look here, do stop talking nonsense. We've simply got to think of a word. How would *Bluebell* do?"

"Rotten."

"Well, then, *Caramel*."

"Putrid."

"I suppose *Cough-mixture* wouldn't be fair?"

"Now look here, I've got an idea. Let's do the thing properly and have the same story running right through the different scenes."

"Oh, that's marvellous. What story? Puss-in-boots or something?"

"They want to know if you're nearly ready yet."

"No, we're not. I say, we *must* hurry up. Where are the clothes? Look here, we must do something that'll bring in that priceless rabbit-fur."

"What about *Rabbit*?"

"Too difficult. Besides, we ought to have three syllables. *Rab-bit*. You see it wouldn't do."

"Now look here. How about me being a brigand or something and wearing a slouch-hat and blacking my eyebrows and going on saying 'Ha!' or something?"

"The only thing is, is *Ha!* the first syllable of anything?"

"*Harness*."

"*Harmonium*."

"*Harpsichord*." Oh, that's frightfully good! D'you see? *Harp*—we all come on playing harps; *Sick*—Channel-crossing, of course; *Chord*—somebody strikes a chord on the piano."

"They sent me to ask if you'll soon be ready?"

"We shan't be a second now. Do look at the check cap. We ought to bring that in."

"I say, couldn't we stage a murder somehow? They're always frightful fun."

"I'll murder Aunt Mary."

She once knew someone who died of one or something."

"Aunt Mary sent me in to say, 'Please could you be careful of the blue dress, because she wants it for the Mission next week?'"

"O.K. Which is the blue dress?"

"That blue over there."

"And she says are you doing each syllable and then the whole word, or what?"

"We'll come on and say when we've settled. We shan't be half-a-minute now."

"Look here, shall I go and get the stage ready?"

"Yes, do; it'll keep them quiet. We must settle something."

"What about *Car-pet*?"

"It's frightfully old."

"Oh, it'll do marvelously. 'Car'—we're all going out in a car and it breaks down, and 'pet'—what about me being a lion-tamer and you can all go about roaring on all fours?"

"But how does that make 'pet'?"

"Oh, well, I can just stroke one of you, like a kind of *pet*, you see."

"I say, they're getting frightfully impatient. I've fixed the stage. I've made it look like a *shop*, with chairs and a counter and all sorts of ornaments off the chimney-piece."

E. M. D.

"Among the interested company on Wednesday were the Mayoress, who was presented with a bouquet of carnations, several nurses, a doctor, and a doctor's wife."

Local Paper.

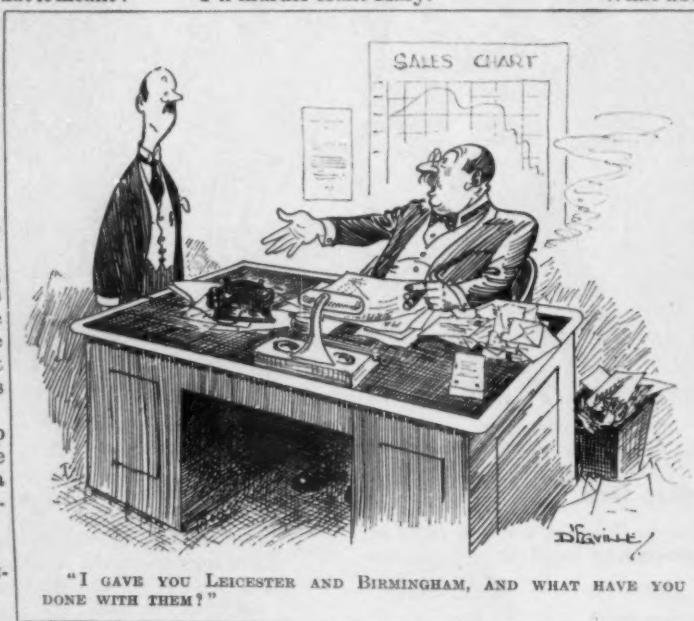
Is she thinking of starting a private sanatorium?

## The Retort Courteous.

[Being an answer to the lines ending, "No, Sir, we don't sell socks, we're chemists."]

YES, Sir, we *do* sell socks  
Out of a cardboard box—  
Fit-in-your-shoes kind of socks.  
Yes, Sir, *two* kinds of socks,  
Nice cool Boracic Socks  
And Rheumacine Medical Socks  
Created for Rheumatic creaks,  
Warm to the feet and the hocks,  
As worn by the 'Varsity Cox  
And Big Burly Brutes on the docks.  
We sell dozens and dozens of socks,  
We're Chemists—

Good Chemists.



"I GAVE YOU LEICESTER AND BIRMINGHAM, AND WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THEM?"

"No, I'll murder you."

"We can all murder each other. It'll be more fun."

"We can make it the Gunpowder Plot, then Podge can wear his slouch-hat and things."

"That's a marvellous idea. Who blew up who?"

"You're being frightful unhistorical. If you don't mind my saying so. The Gunpowder Plot was only GUY FAWKES, and it was a complete wash-out, as it happens, because the gunpowder never went off at all."

"Comes of getting cheap stuff, I suppose. Then we'd better do the little Princes in the Tower."

"And you do all the smothering? I don't call that at all a good idea."

"Well, let's have a surgical operation and lashings of blood. That's always fun."

"Aunt Mary doesn't like operations."





**RESTAURANT ENTERPRISE.**

WHY NOT CATER FOR THOSE WHO CANNOT AFFORD A LUXURY CRUISE, AND CAPTURE ALL THE JOYS OF CHRISTMAS-TIME AFLOAT BY INSTALLING OUR NEW MECHANICAL TABLE-ROCKER?

## Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

XV.

From Alistair Peat, Secretary, The Golf Club, Glenbroom, Scotland. (Addressed to Patrick Whelk, c/o The Editor, "Punch.")

22nd November, 1934.

DEAR SIR,—A lot of my members here are under the impression that I have been writing your "Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club" which have been appearing in *Punch*, and that Glenbroom is none other than Roughover.

Could you please send me a letter to clear me of this before the place is made too hot for me?

Enclosed herewith you will find copies of part of the correspondence which I received last week.

Yours faithfully,

ALISTAIR PEAT.

[ENCLOSURE 1.]

From John Blair, O.B.E. (late Inspector, Mercantile Marine Survey Staff), Heather Cot, Glenbroom.

16/11/34.

DEAR SIR,—Ref. the series of letters which you have been contributing in *Punch*, I must ask you in future to refrain from casting me in the rôle of Admiral Sneyring-Stymie and from enlarging on matters about which you and I have seen fit to differ.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN BLAIR.

[ENCLOSURE 2.]

From Major Hamish Hook, D.S.O., M.C., Ross and Moray Light Infantry, Castle Tattie, Glenbroom, N.B.

19th November, 1934.

SIR,—I suppose you think you are very clever getting those letters into *Punch*; but allow me to tell you that if I see myself again as General Sir Armstrong Forcursue there will be trouble.

Yours faithfully,

J. H. HOOK.

[ENCLOSURE 3.]

From Rev. William L. Green, B.A., The Manse, Glenbroom.

20th November, 1934.

DEAR MR. PEAT,—Although I have for years pleaded with you to get the Committee to build a writing-room to the west gable of the Club House, I consider it most unjust of you to have had the gist of our correspondence thereabout published in *Punch*. And under what a thin disguise!—the sug-

gested addition altered to a bicycle-shed, and myself to the Rev. Cyril Brassie.

I trust that you will make a public apology in due course through *The Glenbroom Weekly Standard-Bearer*.

Yours faithfully,

W. L. GREEN.

From Alistair Peat, Secretary, The Golf Club, Glenbroom, Scotland.

26th November, 1934.

DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for your letter. The position is already easier.

Yours faithfully,

ALISTAIR PEAT.

From Basil Bent, Secretary Whinley Common Golf Club, Whinley.

27th November, 1934.

DEAR PAT,—At a hurriedly-convened meeting yesterday my Committee accused me of giving you material (about matters which had occurred here) for your "Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club."

They sprang it on me straight out of the blue, and I fear I was so taken aback that I made a very poor defence—in fact I am perfectly certain I did not convince *anyone* of my innocence. So please, old man, will you come over and explain matters?

If you would agree to do this I would summon a meeting for any day next week except Thursday. Now please be a good soul and don't let me down. I would send my car for you and give you lunch.

Yours ever,

B.

P.S.—If you come I promise to get up a bottle of that old brandy we had when you helped me with the Scotch caddie-master.

From Admiral Charles Sneyring-Stymie, C.B., Roughover.

27/11/34.

SIR,—I have just discovered that you have been publishing a lot of my letters to you in *Punch*, and to be perfectly frank I am utterly astounded at your audacity in making them public. Kindly note that I am going round to consult my lawyers about it this morning. Unless I am greatly mistaken you are in for a pretty stormy passage—and it will be well deserved.

Yours faithfully,

C. SNEYRING-STYMIE.

P.S.—It is now quite clear to me why several numbers of this magazine have been missing from the Reading Room lately. You have presumably forbidden the steward to put the ones with your contributions on the table.

From Lionel Nutmeg (Malayan Civil Service, Retd.), Old Bucks Cottage, Roughover.

27/11/34.

SIR,—I hear that several letters which I have written to you recently have been printed in *Punch*.

Kindly note that if this is true I intend taking immediate action.

Yours faithfully,

LIONEL NUTMEG.

P.S. 1.—I always thought *Punch* was a funny paper.

P.S. 2.—It has just occurred to me that you probably receive money for these contributions, in which case I should have a share. As far as I can see you are selling the copyright of work which is not your own.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., The Cedars, Roughover.

Wednesday, November 28th, 1934.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—Nutmeg has just rushed in to tell me that you have been publishing a lot of our correspondence in *Punch*, but naturally I refused to believe him as he was greatly flushed and gave me the impression he had been drinking. In any case, you wouldn't dare.

I write, however, to ask you to confirm that no such letters have appeared in order that I may put him in his place when I play him in the first round of the Christmas Knock-out Competition the day after to-morrow.

Yours truly,

ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

From Julian Square, of Allphlatt and Square, Lawyers, Roughover.

1st December, 1934.

DEAR PAT,—I have recently received letters from Mr. Ignatius Thudd, Mr. Barnabas Hackett, the Rev. Cyril Brassie and his sister Miriam, Mrs. Humpitt, Mr. Herbert Pinhigh, J.P., Mr. Edward Chloride, B.Sc., Mrs. and Miss Gopherly-Smyte, Mr. Harry F. Lounge, the British Representative of His Highness Prince Suva Ibrahim bin Mackintosh Abdullah, Professor Reginald Truelove, D.Sc., F.Inst., Mrs. Adela Higgs, Mr. William S. Under-shot (Trudgett Magna), Mr. Meyer Jacobsen, Dr. Prometheus Plimsoll, Professor Aloysius Greenshanks, Miss Pinn, Mrs. Whin and the Honourable Norah Spoon; also several visits from Admiral Sneyring-Stymie, Mr. Lionel Nutmeg, Commander Harrington Nettle and General Sir Armstrong Forcursue—all wanting to know if they cannot obtain some redress in view of the fact that you have recently pub-





## THE GRAMMAR LESSON.

Governess. "NOW PAY GREAT ATTENTION, MARY. 'THE HORSE WAS IN THE FIELD.' WHAT MOOD?"  
 Mary. "THE COW."

lished letters either from them or about them in *Punch*.

Although I hope to get the matter tidied over without much difficulty, I think that in the meantime you would be well advised (for your own sake) to take a holiday.

Yours ever,

JULIAN.

P.S.—What have you been doing in the North of Scotland? There have been some threatening letters from Messrs. Grigor, McGregor, Grigor and Isaacstein, a firm of lawyers in a place called Glenbroom.

From Julian Square, of Allphlatt and Square, Lawyers, Roughover.

6th December, 1934.

DEAR PAT,—I have just received your cable from Schnitzwurzel asking for news, and I am glad to report that things seem definitely easier; in fact Forcursue, Sneyring-Stymie and Nettle would welcome you back with open arms as they have had an appalling row with Nutmeg because the latter was seen grounding his club in a bunker on Tuesday when he thought F., S.-S. and Nettle weren't looking. So far as I can

make out the idea now is that there should be a sort of Public Court-martial in the Reading Room at an early date, but they want to talk over the procedure with you first.

With regard to the others, I think that if you returned in about a week's time you would be comparatively safe.

Yours ever,

JULIAN.

P.S.—My wife wants to know if you can bring her some edelweiss, or is it the wrong time of year?

G. C. N.





"MAY I SHOW YOU THIS SWEEPER, MADAM? IT CAN BE WORKED BY A CHILD OF EIGHT."  
 "NO, THANK YOU. I'VE BOUGHT ALL MY PRESENTS FOR THE LITTLE ONES."

### Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

#### India of the Liberals.

THE strong, just and sympathetic hand which Lord MINTO assured Lord MORLEY was the hand needed to cope with India is abundantly and honourably in evidence throughout MARY, Countess of MINTO's *India: Minto and Morley, 1905-1910* (MACMILLAN, 21/-). Here the MINTO-MORLEY correspondence is supplemented by Lady MINTO's journal, the letters dealing with the intricacies of legislative reform, frontier disturbances and various outcrops of sedition, the journal amplifying as a rule the ceremonial or domestic aspect. Its writer gets and provides what entertainment she can from these—witness her amusing vignette of the unfortunate HABIBULLAH; but her book's abiding interest resides, as it should, in her husband's initiation of reforms. Unlucky in succeeding CURZON ("*Sense and Sensibility*," it was said, "after *Pride and Prejudice*"), Lord MINTO took no pains to secure a good Press, and, like all realistic reformers, was anathema to extremists on either side. MORLEY, with his too reverent appreciation of the "honest Englishman's" notion of India, was, it appears, a far from ideal colleague. That Lady MINTO has handed on the story as it was lived from day to day, with little retrospective criticism, is the measure of its interest and impressiveness.

#### Queen of Hearts.

IN *A Stuart Portrait* (PETER DAVIES, 7/6), Miss ALICE BUCHAN gives an unprejudiced study of Princess ELIZABETH, Electress Palatine and Queen of Bohemia. None of the faults of tactlessness, indiscretion and extravagance is omitted; yet we are left with the impression of a gay gallantry that outlived all disappointment. Much of the pathos of the book, with its descriptions of the Pauper Palatines, is relieved by extracts from the memoirs of the Princess SOPHIA, who inherited her mother's quickness and whose salted wit must have been a trial to the three governesses, of whom she wrote: "They kept me busy until ten o'clock, except when, to my comfort, kind Providence sent them a cold in the head." In fact, apart from a lack of sequence (for Miss BUCHAN will range among the dates), we are given a more than readable and very well written story of the misfortunes of a family. It may be complained that the author speculates too much about ELIZABETH's thoughts and feelings, but all the same a portrait-come-to-life is better company than a monument, and the QUEEN of whom Sir HENRY WOTTON wrote—

"Tell me, if she were not design'd  
 Th' eclipse and glory of her kind,"

appears to have been most excellent company.

#### Highbrows' Guide to Spain.

There is a story that EL GRECO and CERVANTES met and conversed in Toledo, and it is pleasing to remember that

at the same period in the world's history WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was writing his plays (unless indeed they were written by someone else) in London. This is not exactly the fruit of my individual research, but culled from the thirteenth chapter of Mr. H. M. TOMLINSON's latest work, which he has called *South to Cadiz* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), and it gives perhaps a fair idea of the spirit in which our author travels. He has an eye too for the unusual, perceiving things that the ordinary traveller would miss, and he can write with the pen of a master-craftsman. I confess that his introductory chapters seemed a little trite. His preparations for the journey and the conversations with his three companions on the way to Madrid were not done in his best manner: they might have been the work of a minor star. Nor did I quite like the padding out of this book on Spain with two unconnected essays at the end on "Sea-Light" and the "Road to Concord," interesting as these undoubtedly are taken by themselves. But there are many excellent things scattered here and there in the body of the work. Certainly this is nothing like your ordinary book of travel; it is rather the record of an imaginative mind stimulated by strange scenes in a foreign land.

#### Galsworthy to Garnett.

Shop, especially artistic shop, is seldom worth reviving unless it deals with technique rather than material and elucidates in the dealing some vital problems of art. This *Letters from John Galsworthy, 1900-1932* (CAPE, 7/6) emphatically does not do, although the correspondence was initially addressed to Mr. EDWARD GARNETT in his capacity of a particularly discouraging publisher's reader, a position which developed successively into the monitor, the confidant and the admirer. In the limited edition to which the book is restricted—only two thousand copies are available for England—it will doubtless add completeness to the long row of GALSWORTHY *opera* which Mr. GARNETT as a critic so soundly deprecates. It does not stand on its own merits; and compared with such records of literary friendship as, say, the COLVIN-STEVENSON correspondence it is singularly destitute of both pith and grace. There are a few clinching comments by GALSWORTHY on himself—notably the contention that his best work is "simply the criticism of one half of myself by the other." There is an abortive letter to the Censor. But these are hardly sufficient to animate a fugitive record of social assignations and literary small-talk.

#### The Ship in Little.

The title of Mr. KEBLE CHATTERTON's handsome volume called *Sailing Models* (HURST AND BLACKETT, 3 guineas) is perhaps a little misleading, suggesting as it does that it deals exclusively with working or, as Mr. CHATTERTON



"ARE YOUR BIRDS BRITISH?"

"YES, MUM."

"WELL, I DON'T SEE ANY STAMP ON THEM."

"STAMP, MUM! THEM'S TURKEYS, NOT BLACKPOOL ROCK."

terms them, "practicable" models, a few examples of which are in fact included in the book. For the most part, however, it is concerned, like an earlier volume on the subject by the same author, with ships in miniature, produced either for practical, ornamental or votive purposes, which were never intended to take the water. Builders' models of the Pepysian and later periods, rigged models of Dutch Indiamen, *ex-voto* models from Spanish and Hanseatic churches, reconstructed models by present-day experts, all find a place in this fascinating gallery, whose many admirable illustrations are full of interest to all those connected with the ever-growing cult of the little ship. In one respect, indeed, the arrangement of the book is not perfect for purposes of reference. The ideal format for such a work is that in which the letterpress faces the particular plate to which it refers; failing that, an index in which both the page and the plate numbers are given is eminently desirable. These matters apart, however, the book is an attractive addition to the connoisseur's shelf,



containing as it does many examples not to be found in preceding volumes on the same subject.

### Rural England.

Here comes, to join the hard-pressed army of defenders of an England fast a-spoiling, a stout ally—Mr. HUMPHREY PAKINGTON, with his quite admirable *English Villages and Hamlets* (BATSFORD, 7/6). He has wandered like a roving lover up hill and down dale, in cars and afoot, and here tells his love very prettily and indeed very wittily—and forcefully withal. A most intelligently-arranged book too, with map end-papers, a combined index of text-references and illustrations, with differentiating figures, with the place-names in the text set in capitals to catch the questing eye—for inevitably one looks up one's favourites first—and gives at the end his list (so different from mine or yours) of prize belles among villages, with names as beautiful or strange as their quiet faces. A rival publisher assures me that this book simply cannot be done for the money, with its four coloured and twenty-three line drawings and no fewer than one hundred-and-sixteen photographs (I have counted them)—and excellent photographs too. But here it is.

### The Childhood of Man

Captain R. S. RATTRAY is a Government anthropologist of wide knowledge, and in *Leopard Priestess* (THORNTON BUTTERWORTH, 6/-), a novel of native life and customs on the West Coast of Africa, he tells a tale of savage courtship, poisoned arrows, suicide and primitive taboos. His main theme is the black man's prohibition of union between cousins, a law which the author derides; yet it is not so long since the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill struggled past strong opposition in the House of Lords. We still have cruel taboos in this civilised land. Captain RATTRAY has written an interesting book but one which will intrigue the medical student more than the general reader, who may be embarrassed by descriptions of certain native ceremonies. The book is well illustrated by Mr. STANISLAUS BRIEN, an artist familiar with his subject.

### Good Fare for Christmas.

They will indeed be *Happy Families* (CAPE, 7/6) who find Captain HARRY GRAHAM's story of that name among their Christmas presents. Charming illustrated by Mr. LEWIS BAUMER, whose work is so pleasantly familiar to readers of *Punch*, it is just the kind of book that children love—full of detail and movement and with real animals or thrilling adventures or lovely descriptions of food—including "mrangs" (meringues)—on every page. *Alice*, *Martin* and *Timothy* are dears, and when they get mixed up in the theft of the *Duke of Dorchester's* emeralds everyone with a scrap of proper feeling must read on—or listen—in wildest excitement till the happy ending. But Captain GRAHAM would be wise to take cover whenever any of our bright, modern, forty-year-old aunts draw near; they might be intending to avenge on him *Aunt Emily* and her button-boots!

### The Cricketer's Encyclopædia.

Blessed by Mr. D. R. JARDINE *The Language of Cricket* (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 10/6) is really an amazing addition to the literature of the game. With an enthusiasm that is only equalled by his industry, Mr. W. J. LEWIS has collected more than a thousand main entries descriptive of terms used by cricketers over a period of two centuries, and in performing this labour of love he has consulted some two hundred books. If you want to find a record of Test Matches or batches of averages, you will not find them here. Mr. LEWIS leaves such things to the statisticians. But for the rest I have hunted in vain for an omission. Inquisitively I looked to see if "cow-shot," for instance, had been forgotten. But on page 53 Mr. LEWIS has traced this dangerous, though effective, stroke to its very source. Especially I must commend the rescue of obsolete terms, such as "Pilch's poke," from the oblivion that was threatening them.

### Village Diary.

Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS as an enthusiastic Devonian is always good for a few runs in the perpetual Town v. Country match. So when he invites us to spend *A Year with Bisshe-Bantam* (BLACKIE, 7/6) we surmise that we are to turn rustic for at least that period. This is in fact the diary of a small squire who is devoted to his garden and his acres. *Bisshe-Bantam* is a high Tory, a humanitarian and, it would seem, a member of the R.P.A. He is better read and has a more nimble wit than most of his type, so that his comments make excellent reading, even where they call for refutation. One may



"YOUR CHRISTMAS GOOSE GOT BURNT TOO, MUM!"

object that some of his topics are rather trivial, but give him an important bone to gnaw and he will soon expose some valuable marrow. In his praise of country life and interests he reaches a high pitch of eloquence.

### Bamboozle.

Mr. HYLTON CLEAVER is always a lively entertainer, and in *Gay Charade* (METHUEN, 7/6) I find no fault with him for choosing a theme which gives him opportunity to evoke more chuckles than guffaws. A party of people, in the depths of depression because their summer holidays had nearly ended, were suddenly provided with such a startling sensation that their gloom was entirely dissipated. For the first time in their drab lives they were involved in mysteries and face to face with crime, and Mr. CLEAVER in recording their reactions to this situation is, apart from one or two rather absurd incidents, as amusing as he is light-hearted.

Mr. Punch welcomes the *Punch Calendar* for 1935 (M'Caw, STEVENSON & ORR), containing "an appropriate quotation for every day" from his columns. He also wishes to acknowledge a parcel of delightful Christmas Cards and Calendars from the Medici Society, and Desk Calendars from the "At-a-Glance" Calendar Co., Ltd.



## Charivaria.

THE loss of an attaché-case containing undelivered speeches was reported the other day. They were understood to be of no value to anyone but the owner.

A man crossing the West-End early the other morning on his way to his work had an unusual experience. He saw lying in the gutter what appeared to be a string of imitation pearls, and it was.

"How to make the festive party go" is described as a problem of the season. An effective way is to pretend not to notice that his glass is empty.

Attention is drawn to the increased membership of the House of Lords. And there is a long waiting-list.

A fire broke out in a railway-station waiting-room. This was due, we understand, to a young and inexperienced porter putting on a lump of coal.

Sir THOMAS BEECHAM says there is no such thing as complete or approximately perfect reproduction of any sound, though "some sounds," he admits, "reproduce better than others." Coughs of course reproduce best.

We are told that a popular musical comedy has been visited by over 920,000,000 people, many of whom went several dozen times. Some may even profess to know the words of the opening chorus.

The ending of a play running in London has been altered. A captious critic complains, however, that it hasn't been put any nearer the beginning.

"One doctor advised me to diet and another told me to eat well, so I just take the middle course," a correspond-

dress are particularly enhanced if a pale bridegroom is worn hanging on the right arm.

A former Oxford boat-builder recently celebrated his hundredth birthday. He must be one of the few people living who remember the last time Oxford won the Boat-Race.

"The golfing beginner is a true optimist," says a professional. This may be gauged from the fact that he always takes a putter along with him.

An Italian aviator and inventor is planning to eat two breakfasts on the same morning, one in Rome and a second in New York. He will be running the grave risk of spoiling his lunch.

Mr. O. H. MYERS told the Egypt Exploration Society that while there were many things which the Egyptians did and we did not do, there was none that we could not do. All the same, there are difficulties in the way of anyone setting out to live three thousand years ago.

In a recent will over three thousand pounds was disposed of in four lines of verse. So sometimes there

really is money in poetry.

A doctor declares that night-club life is destructive of good looks. This perhaps explains why the London police are not top in the inter-Constabulary Beauty Competition.

Rose-pink is a fashionable wear for the bride. The delicate hues of the

A card posted in Islington in 1928 has just been delivered at Highgate. It must be admitted, however, that the journey is uphill.

"Even in the busiest time the resources of the Post Office are not strained," says a writer. This also applies to the ink.



"YOUR NEW COAT DOES LOOK SMART, BILLY."  
"YES, BUT TERRIBLY WASTED IN SUBURBIA."

ent remarks. And several helpings of it?

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## Verse in the Making.

I AM sorry to say that owing to the absurd demands of the printers I have not had time to finish this little masterpiece, but have had to leave it all anyhow and full of odds and ends. Some of the suggested variations would no doubt be incorporated in the completed *opus*. Others not. Anyhow, the whole thing needs more polish if it is to rank as a real contribution to the poetic literature of the present age. But I give it you for what it is and just as it stands.)

Fog . . .

Beauty . . .

Balm from I know not what of doubt and fear

Breathes over *Hackney Wick* and *Haslemere*

*Ponder's End*                      *Brighton Pier*

*Rothermere*

Europe with the dying year.

Tranquil the *Aryan eagle* folds its claws

*Goebbels*

*Hitler*

*pauses*

Obedient to the . . . . . laws

Mildly the *Aryan eagle* folds its wings

Obedient to the League's admonishings;

A happier France observes with pealing bell

The ceremonial customs of Noel.

(*This is not good. But the fun may  
differ locally, as it does over here.*)

Hungarians at one with Yugo-Slavs

Divide the Christmas bakemeats into halves

(*Too improbable?*)

Kill for each other's sake the fatted calves

(*Very doubtful again. Try valves—  
salves—shaves—enclaves.*)

And boughs of holly decorate once more

The precincts of the Polish Corridor

Bereft of wrinkles

Immune from wrinkles . . . . . brow

Untouched by care is the marmoreal brow

Of Mussolini the Dictator now,

And the rough Stalin with a honeyed smile  
rude?

Puts off the starkness

(*How could he do that?*)

Conceals the starkness

(*But would it?*)

Changes for Western modes his Soviet style;

Whilst, sent from Eden on their glorious quest

With housewife . . . pants and undervest,

With sprigs of olive on each manly chest

Britannia's troops perambulate the Saar

To see fair play in every public bar  
when warring factions jar.

And what of England?

(*This part is much easier.*)

From laborious pleas

Our statesmen turn to Yuletide revelries;

Conscious of work well done, with clamorous joy

They pull the cracker and disclose the toy.

*Baldwin, MacDonald* . . . . .

*MacDonald, Baldwin, Elliot, Runciman,*

*With faithful service and well-ordered plan*

. . . . . *Belisha*

. . . . . *feature*

Those that refuse to rhyme, that fail to scan,

Look back with pride on the accomplished task,

Join in the rumba or commence the masque

*unbubbling the cask;*

Only one sits alone, aloof and sad,  
Reckoning the good with care against the bad.

*Here's to the health* . . . . . *champagne*

*Where has that form got now?* . . . *blain*

*Need I* . . . . . *explain*

Mercy be with him! Charity constrain

The Christmas dreams of Mr. Chamberlain! EVOE.

## As Others Hear Us.

After Christmas.

"HAVE you written to say 'Thank you' to Aunt Margaret?"

"I haven't written to Aunt Margaret."

"Well, have you written to your godfather?"

"No, I haven't written to him."

"Have you written to say 'Thank you' to anybody?"

"Not yet."

"Look here, you simply must. Get Grandmama and Aunt Margaret done to-day."

"The others haven't written theirs either."

"Never mind that. They'll have to, and so will you. Why don't you just sit down and do it now and then it'll be over."

"Oh, Mummie, I couldn't now!"

"Why not?"

"Oh, I just couldn't. Honestly I couldn't."

"You must."

"I shan't know what to say."

"You've only got to say 'Thank you,' and that you liked what they gave you, whatever it was."

"Couldn't I do it after lunch?"

"No."

"Will one page be enough if I write very large?"

"I expect so."

"Mummie, I haven't got anything to write with."

"What's happened to your fountain-pen?"

"Some savage brute has stolen it."

"Do you mean you've lost it?"

"Some savage person went and took it out of my room when I wasn't there."

"But when did you have it last?"

"Oh, just in the garden, when we were playing football."

"I see. We'll go and look for it afterwards. Now get on with Grandmama."

"How many letters have I got to do to-day?"

"Two will be enough."

"Can I do them in here?"

"All right, only be careful."

"I think I'd better do them in the schoolroom, Mummie, if you don't frightfully mind."

"I don't mind at all. Why?"

"Oh, the others are up there, with the gramophone, teaching the cats to do circus tricks, and I think it'll be easier to write."  
E. M. D.

## Our Temperamental Rugger Stars.

"We cursed our Wooler roundly at Twickenham last December, but then he was not wholly fit. Perhaps she should never have played."—*Evening Paper*.

"She tank she go home" perhaps?

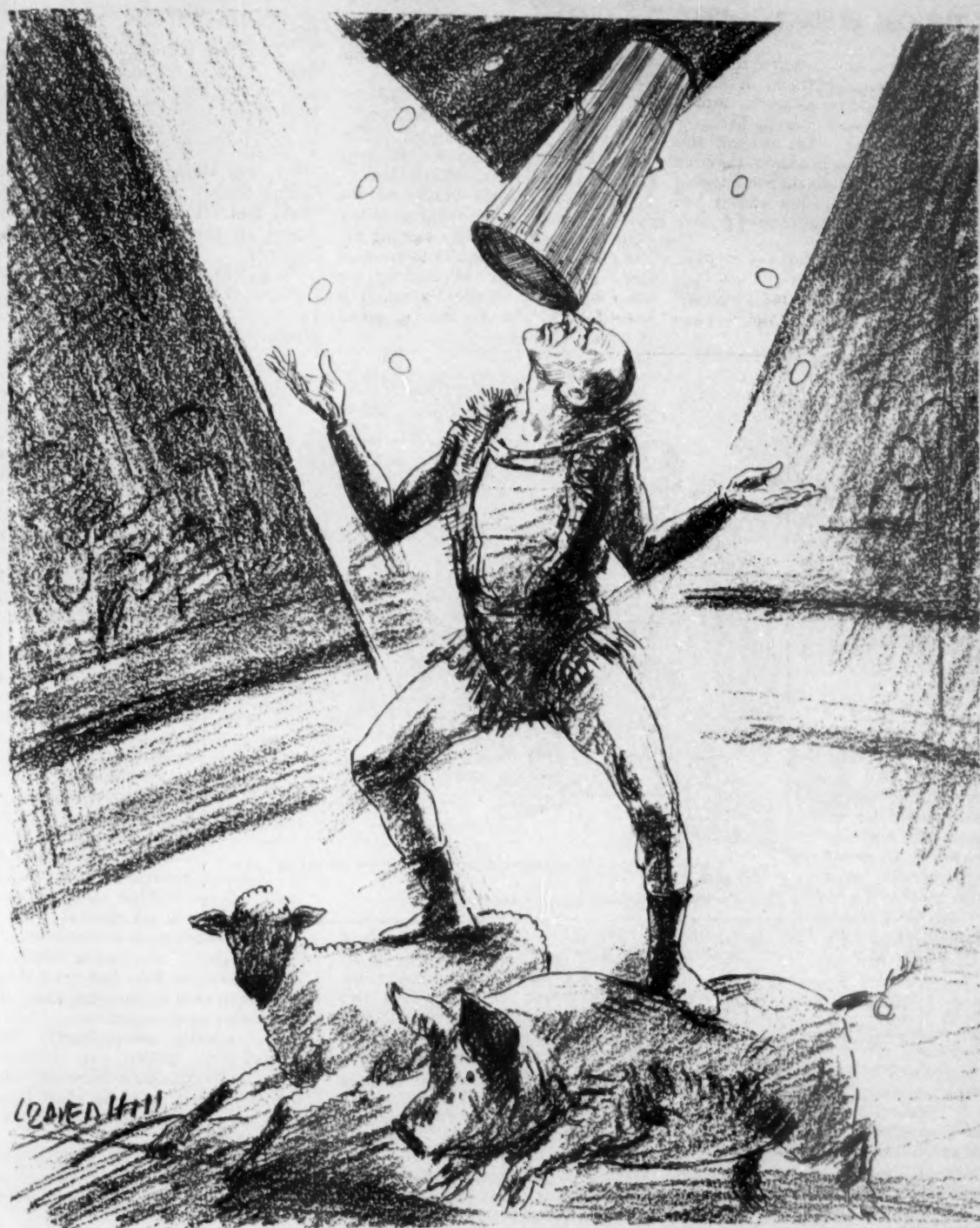
"A few surplises and two cassocks, worn and old, to be given away.—Rector, Patching, Worthing."—*Advt. in Church Paper*.

Too old even for Patching?

"The Royal Wedding gave more pleasure to more people than any event since the War."—*Daily Paper*.

We got no pleasure from the War.





### WONDERFUL WALTER:

AN IMPRESSION OF ELLIOT THE EPOCH-MAKING EQUILIBRIST IN HIS ASTOUNDING AGRICULTURAL ACT—ONE OF THE OLYMPIAN SENSATIONS OF 1934.



## The Case of the Traveller.

"DEAD, was he?" inquired the Great Detective's sceptical friend, J. Smith.

"A glance told me as much," replied the Great Detective, leaning back.

J. Smith said, "Let me get this straight. You were in a train; the train stopped; this man stood up and looked out of a window to see why it had stopped, and almost at once sank back into his seat, dead."

"You put it with admirable conciseness."

"Someone has to do these things," J. Smith pointed out. "And you say this was murder?"

"No death with which I have had to deal ever proved to be anything else," said the Great Detective, not without pride; but he did not hear J. Smith say that he could well believe it, for he was engaged in drawing on the back of an envelope a little diagram which may be roughly reproduced in type thus:—

X X X X X X

X X X X X X

This he presented for the inspection of J. Smith, who, after according it a boiled stare for a few moments, said it appeared to be meant to help persons learning needlework; which was far, the Great Detective then informed him, from the truth.

"Let me change it," he added, "thus":—

X D X X X G

V M X B C X

Displaying this, he then said, "There!"

J. Smith declared now that it was either an Etruscan inscription as reconstructed by DIONYSIUS of Halicarnassus or "Gewgaw's" coded selection for the 2.30.

"Nothing of the kind," said the Great Detective. "It is a plan of the railway compartment."

"Six a side? No corridor?"

"It was in the Christmas holiday season. Lovers of the antique are never so well catered for as in the holiday seasons, when all the best rolling-stock

(this is the only theory that fits all the facts) is put away for—"

"D," of course," cut in J. Smith, who had been examining the diagram, "stands for 'Dud.'"

"It stands for 'Detective,'" said the other coldly. "That is where I sat."

"Exactly," J. Smith agreed. "The cross to your—let me see, to your right would indicate a resilient blonde."

"Resilient" would hardly be the adj—and in any event the cross to my right does not affect the case at all. The only people important to however slight a degree are indicated by the other letters: V is the Victim, G a beautiful Girl who was looking out of the other window—"



"I WAS PLAYING IN REPERTORY THEN, 'CHERRY ORCHARD' AND ALL THAT."

"I KNOW. COVENT GARDEN STUFF."

"Do you mean to tell me," said J. Smith, his eyes starting out of his head, "that without any prearrangement whatever no fewer than two passable-looking girls were in your compartment? In a lifetime of experience of the railways of this country I have never known— Was there nothing in the papers?"

"It was all kept out of the papers," said the Great Detective. "The other three letters, M, B, and C, indicate the positions of the three chief suspects, a Manufacturer, a Butcher and a Candlestick-maker, all of extremely villainous aspect, and all, it turned out when I questioned them, possessing adequate motives for murdering the Victim. Though for the matter of that the Girl too had an adequate motive: we all had. The Victim was one of those railway travellers who talk—"

"I know," said J. Smith. "And they all sat and allowed you to question them?"

"There was nothing else to do. The train had now begun to move again, and anyway, jumping out would merely have meant jumping into a stretch of icy water we were then traversing on a suspension-bridge."

"I was thinking rather of their having thrown you," said J. Smith, "into that. I take it you sat cross-legged on the luggage-rack for this inquiry?"

"I sat where I was. A little questioning elicited all the relevant facts, and the problem was solved before the train arrived at the next station."

"By you?"

"By me."

"You put them on their honour, I suppose? 'I cannot tell a lie,' the culprit said. 'You will find my little hatchet—'"

"Not a hatchet," said the Great Detective. "The Victim had been felled, as another hasty glance informed me, by an exceedingly blunt instrument; indeed, throughout my career I have never known a blunter. I based my questions on the assumption that the crime had been committed with the very bluntest instrument known to science. Examination of the suspects' replies in the light of this fact made the criminal obvious."

"What questions did you ask them?"

"I asked what their hobbies were."

"Heh! Heh!" J. Smith bleated. "The Butcher said he had no hobby and thought only of business, and you accused him on the spot."

"No, his hobby was philately. The beautiful girl's hobby was billiards, the candlestick-maker's fretwork, and the manufacturer spent his spare time writing letters to the newspapers about—I forget what about."

"He knew, did he? Now there was a master-mind among newspaper-correspondents. He must have been the man."

"No one," said the Great Detective, "was the man."

"Pah! If that's your idea of a—"

"The culprit, as I realised at once from these answers, was the girl. She had done the deed," said the Great Detective, "with a billiard-ball."

"I don't call that blunter than a stamp-album."

"She," the Great Detective went on, "had been leaning out of one window while the Victim had been leaning out of the other. It had been child's-play for her, a constant practiser of trick-shots, to reach upwards and backwards, using her umbrella as a cue, and so hit a ball that it travelled across the roof of the carriage and dropped over the other side directly on to the Victim's head."

"You could give me a diagram of that, perhaps," said J. Smith hopefully. "I should enjoy seeing a diagram of that."

"As I expected, you are wondering why this should have done anything more than stun the Victim. The fact is that it did not. My original hasty glance had misinformed me. He recovered soon afterwards."

"I should think that put you out a good deal."

"Not so much," said the Great Detective, "as the whole thing seemed to annoy the people I had been putting my questions to."

"Ha!" said J. Smith. "Let me apply your well-known methods of deduction. I deduce that this is roughly what they said," and he gave details.

"Quite right," said the Great Detective in a tone of gloom. R. M.

### Under Which Queen?

"It took brains to make a good housewife, and the unfortunate thing was that so few people believed it. However eminent a woman might become in literature, art or the professions, unless she knew how to run a household she was a failure as a woman."

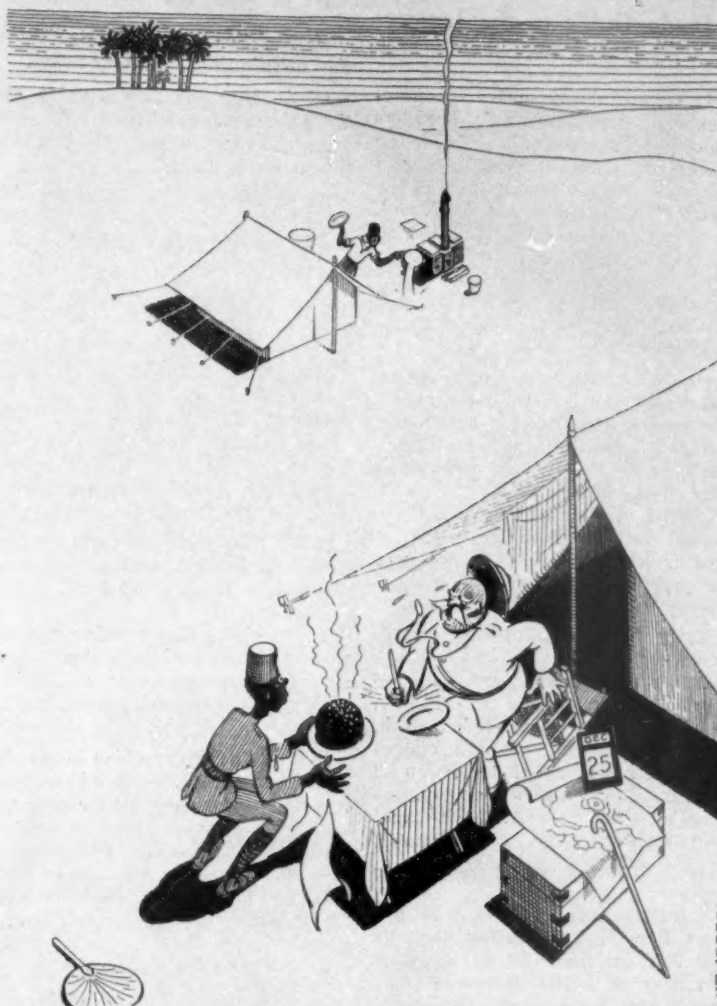
Dr. ELIZABETH SLOAN CHESLER.]

How many a helpmeet, sound at heart,  
Renowned though her far-flung repute is

In the vast realms of books or art,  
Fails at her mere domestic duties!  
A tidy income she may earn  
With some most entertaining novel  
And yet reveal the knack to turn  
Her house into a hovel.

A myriad knees to her may bend,  
But she, poor dear, be quite unable  
To keep her maid a month on end  
Or deck a decent dinner-table.  
The minds of thousands she may sway  
On an absorbing public question,  
Yet leave her suffering spouse a prey  
To chronic indigestion.

And there are housewives neat and trim  
Well worth their cost in silk and satin,  
Whose shrewder wits are all a-swim  
In subjects such as Greek or Latin;



"WHAT! NO HOLLY!"

Who boast no college-gown or tab,  
But have an eye for honest mutton  
And are (thank Heaven!) a perfect dab  
At sewing on a button.

Their husbands are their constant care;  
And when the wifely cerebellum  
Notes that their slippers need repair  
They seldom hesitate to tell 'em.  
Into the wide world's parlous state  
Their noses they refrain from thrusting  
Deeming it meet to concentrate  
Upon their private dusting.

Others, when they propose to wed,  
May pause ere'er they choose the latter,  
Or dally round the first instead—  
I nurse no doubt upon the matter.  
Give me the lass who'll ply through life  
The common task with nerve unshaken;  
That is the type I'd take to wife—  
And (may I add?) have taken.

A. K.

### News from the Mistletoe Front.

"MISS LUMB'S DEVASTATING SQUASH."  
Headline in Daily Paper.

"Continuing, Mr. O'Donoghue characterised Mr. O'Gorman's motion as all tripe, and said of all fish in the sea he hated tripe."  
Irish Paper.

Anglers agree that it's horribly difficult to get off the hook.

"The size of the crowd could not be estimated, for three-quarters of it was invisible."—Daily Paper.

We could never do multiplication by fractions either.

### Bombshell in the Dramatic World.

"The Early-Victorian melodrama, 'The Drunkard; or The Fallen Saved,' is, to meet the special demands of the licensing authorities, to be renamed, 'The Fallen Saved; or, The Drunkard.'"—Sunday Paper.



## Handy Guide to the Lottery Law.

IN spite of the expansive announcements of HIS MAJESTY'S Ministers there is still a faint doubt or two in the minds of a few of HIS MAJESTY'S subjects as to the precise effect of the Betting and Lotteries Act, 1934, and, as the day (January 1st, 1935) is nigh upon which Part II. of the said measure will come into force, I think it right to answer some of the conundrums which are worrying my acquaintances as nearly as I can:—

(1) *Question. After January 1st, if you are swimming in the Irish Channel and meet a large fish which carried a foreign lottery-ticket in its mouth, is it lawful to abstract the ticket and land in English soil with the same?*

*Answer.* Yes, for it is lawful to "bring" a ticket "into Great Britain," provided that you do not bring it "for the purpose of sale or distribution" (Section 22 (1) (d).)

(2) *Q. Will it make any difference if money passes?*

*A.* Not to you, for it is not an offence merely to buy, acquire or possess a ticket. And not very much to the fish, for he has already committed an offence by "distributing" a ticket (Section 22 (1) (c)). But if he insists upon payment he has also been guilty of "selling" and will probably receive a severe sentence.

(3) *Q. What sort of sentence will he receive?*

*A.* Pretty awful. For any offence under Part II. (the lottery part) he (and you) are liable (a) on summary conviction to a fine of one hundred pounds, and, for a second offence, to two hundred pounds or three months' imprisonment—or BOTH; while (b) on conviction or indictment you may be fined five hundred pounds, and, for a second offence,

one year's imprisonment,

or

a fine of seven-hundred-and-fifty pounds,

OR BOTH.

Golly!

(4) *Q. However, you have not committed an offence—yet. Now, may you keep the ticket?*

*A.* Yes. In fact you may flaunt it in the face of policemen and magistrates—provided that you do not give them cause to suppose that you intend to sell or distribute it.

(5) *Q. May you give it to a friend?*

*A.* No.

(6) *Q. May you send it home by post to your wife?*

*A.* No.

(7) *Q. May you drop it in the street?*

*A.* No. For this would be (a) litter; (b) "distributing" a lottery ticket.

(8) *Q. May you take steps to win thirty thousand pounds with it?*

*A.* The extraordinary thing is that the answer is "Yes."

(9) *Q. May you now send ten shillings to the Irish Hospitals Trust as purchase-money for the ticket?*

*A.* Yes.

(10) *Q. If you have obtained your ticket, not from a fish but a friend, may the friend send your ten shillings to the Irish Hospital Trust?*

*A.* No.

(11) *Q. May you write direct to the Irish Hospital Trust, 13, Earlsfort Terrace, enclosing ten shillings and asking them to allot you another ticket?*

*A.* See ANSWER 8.

(12) *Q. May you write, as above, enclosing a hundred ten-shilling notes and asking to be allotted a hundred tickets?*

*A.* Providing that you do not want them "for sale or distribution"—yes. But the number may make the authorities a shade suspicious, not to say noseey, about you.

(13) *Q. Is there anything in the Act to prevent the Irish Hospitals Trust from sending you (a) a receipt for your ten shillings? (b) a nice letter to say that (i.) you have been allotted ticket number —, which they are retaining on your behalf, and (ii.) later, that you have drawn a horse or won thirty thousand pounds?*

*A.* We cannot discover anything.

(14) *Q. May the Post Office (a) open your letter and (b) confiscate your ten shillings, or (c) your thirty thousand pounds?*

*A.* (a) Yes. (b) and (c) No. This would be stealing.

(15) *Q. But was not the whole idea to prevent you (a) from sending ten shillings for and (b) from receiving thirty thousand pounds out of a lottery?*

*A.* Yes.

(16) *Q. Then is not the whole thing very ridiculous?*

*A.* Yes. (But see ANSWER 20 for Snags.)

(17) *Q. Are there no circumstances in which your ten shillings or your thirty thousand pounds may be confiscated?*

*A.* Yes. Under Section 30 (3) the Court in which "a person is proved to have committed an offence" shall order to be forfeited any coins and bank-notes which represent the price of tickets, prize-money or prizes.

(18) *Q. What about cheques?*

*A.* All documents (other than bank-notes) may be destroyed. But a cheque of course can be written again.

(19) *Q. Well, what does all this mean to me?*

*A.* (a) Your ten shillings is safe (we understand) so long as you handle the whole thing yourself, for then you have not committed an offence. But if you buy a ticket from a friend the ten shillings may be confiscated, for he has committed an offence by (i.) selling it (22 (1) (b)) and (ii.) attempting to send the ten shillings out of Great Britain; though all this must be proved in court.

(b) You will be very unlucky if you lose your thirty thousand pounds, we think, for we can find nothing in the Act to forbid the bringing or sending of prize-money into Great Britain; and you have not committed any offence by buying a ticket, even if it wins. But if, for example, you employed an agent to bring you thirty thousand pounds from Dublin and he was caught selling tickets or bringing tickets into the country for sale or distribution, then the Court which convicted him would probably confiscate your thirty thousand pounds. But it is quite easy and lawful to go over to Dublin and fetch it yourself.

(20) *Q. May there not be some unexpected Snags? For example, although it is lawful for you to buy, send money for, possess and even win a prize with a ticket, is it not possible that the Post Office, by opening and delaying correspondence, may make these lawful operations difficult—for example, in cases (9), (11), (12), (13) and (19)?*

*A.* Undoubtedly. For the Home Secretary, under the Post Office Act, 1908, may, by warrant, authorise the Post Office to open and delay any postal packet. In theory, therefore, though he may not confiscate your ten shillings, he may delay sending it until after the draw; and he may arbitrarily decide that he will not forward any letter from Ireland to you till it is too late for its purpose—or perhaps not at all. On the other hand, it is not easy to see why he should interfere with your individual purchase of a ticket, since in drafting the Act he was careful to leave that lawful. It would have been much simpler to jump upon you by making it illegal to buy or attempt to buy a ticket. And nobody quite knows why that was not done.

Since it was not done, it is questionable whether (a) he will wish, (b) he ought to use these large, arbitrary and dictatorial powers (entrusted to Secretaries of State for the purpose of serious crisis or emergency) in order to





CHARMING YET EFFECTIVE DISGUISE ASSUMED BY NOTORIOUS GANG OF HOUSEBREAKERS  
ON CHRISTMAS-EVE.



## EXTRACT FROM A RICH UNCLE'S LETTER.

"IN PLACE OF YOUR USUAL CHRISTMAS CHEQUE I'M SENDING YOU SOME RELICS OF THE DEMOLISHED WATERLOO BRIDGE I'VE BEEN LUCKY ENOUGH TO SECURE, WHICH WILL BRIGHTEN UP THE FRONT OF YOUR BUNGALOW AND MAKE YOU THINK OF YOUR DEAR OLD LONDON."

hinder transactions which he himself has declared to be lawful.

(21) *Q. Would it not be more satisfactory if he clearly announced his intentions in this matter, if only in order to diminish the temptation of the citizens?*

*A. Undoubtedly.*

(22) *Q. Is not every citizen supposed to know the law—what he may and what he may not do—at his peril?*

*A. Yes.*

(23) *Q. But how the — can he know that if the Home Secretary, of all people, deliberately deceives him?*

*A. Quite.*

(24) *Q. If you listen-in to the Irish wireless and write down a list of the numbers which have drawn horses in a sweepstake, where are you?*

*A. Not quite sure, for "printing," it seems, includes "writing" (see 22 (1) (c) and 28 (2) (a)). If you write it down "for the purpose of publication or distribution" you will be for it, without doubt.*

(25) *Q. If you read out the list at the "Red Lion," what then?*

*A. On conviction or indictment you may be fined five hundred pounds.*

(26) *Q. If you are walking or motor-ing on a lonely Welsh mountain or*

*Yorkshire moor and an aeroplane drops in your path a very large parcel of, say, five thousand lottery tickets, the airman having chosen the wrong mountain or moor, what is the wise and lawful course for you to pursue?*

*A. Not so difficult as it sounds. You have not "brought" the tickets into Great Britain; nor have you "invited any person to send" them in (22 (1) (d)). It is not an offence to have five thousand tickets in your possession, unless it is "for the purpose of sale or distribution." So, if you happen to want five thousand tickets you may take them home and send five thousand ten-shilling notes to Dublin. But you must not give one of them to your wife—or anyone else.*

(27) *Q. Is it all clear now?*

*A. Absolutely.*

*A. P. H.*

## Literary Convictions.

THE library at Lord TRENCHARD'S new police college is said to include the works of all the twentieth-century masters. This is expected to cause a great change not only in the general bearing of police-constables in future but in the prose style of their evidence.

No longer will they be content to say

that they were patrolling in a northerly or southerly direction when they spotted us reclining against a lamp-post, "very drunk, your wuship." Oh, no; things will be done much more subtly than that.

There will be the JOSEPH CONRAD manner, for instance, leading the magistrate leisurely and comfortably to the heart of the case:—

Tuan: perhaps—who knows?—London is as inscrutable as the English. Her streets, mere threads in a single enormous web, which seem so unremarkable to the inhabitants of that city, are always revealing to other eyes something at once astonishing and unfamiliar.

The prisoner was leaning against a post, when I came to him, in a state of curious immobility, shouting as if to make himself heard on the barge tugs that crowd the river two miles westward. His manner of speech, like that of most men in this section of the town, was overwhelming. He was brought to the court with his body drooping forward, head slightly to the left side, and a dented bowler-hat tilted extravagantly over one eye.

Or the H. G. WELLS style, a more personal and self-revealing form of



approach, particularly suitable for use with women magistrates:—

Looking back on it now in this court, the whole experience seems absurd and a little grotesque. Perhaps of all the situations of my life this is the most extraordinary and the most improbable. . . .

He was holding on to a lamp-post when I first saw him, gyrating slowly and singing at the top of an unusually penetrating voice. Yes, manifestly he was drunk. But it wasn't his speech or his actions, I think, which brought me to that conclusion. It was his breath somehow. . . .

Of course, some Benches might not consider this sufficiently terse and dramatic. With them the constable would have to rely on his knowledge of WARWICK DEEPING'S works:—

I crossed the road to him. God! It was my own son!

"Oh, my boy!" I whispered.

"Pater!" he said huskily.

"I ought to arrest you—but—my own boy!—I cannot take you, son."

"You must, Pater," he answered. He smiled at me with a lump in his throat. "Duty, you know."

This would be altogether too free-and-easy a manner to adopt if one were called to give evidence at the High Court. That would demand a more dignified and sombre touch. THOMAS HARDY would be ideal:—

Night had already descended on the street, and the light from a gradually diminishing patch of un-darkened sky revealed the figure of a man beneath a lamp-post at the far end. Closer inspection disclosed his features with greater certainty. They possessed that unusual mobility which suggested their owner's intoxication, and the words he subsequently uttered proved the surmise to be correct.

Other Benches might delight in a little nature-talk to take their minds from city streets and bring a breath of country air into the stuffy court. HENRY WILLIAMSON, of course. The POWYSES are a trifle morbid:—

As I was hurrying to the station after a particularly exhausting day I took several long breaths to draw into me some of the coolth of the evening. The road seemed clear but for myself and three cats searching for scraps of food in the gutter. Another, an old tom-cat, called plaintively from behind a dust-bin: "Wow-eeow!" Two hundred yards down the street a man was holding to a post for support, and over his head fourteen house-pigeons tire-



"TEA, SIR? NICE LONG INTERVAL!"

lessly circled, their passage making a faint whirr in the sky. As I walked away with the man there came again that sound, though fainter this time: "Wow-eeow-eeow!"

For a case in the Bloomsbury area one feels that none of these styles would be quite suitable. There would be something missing in evidence delivered in this manner, something that would fail to appeal to a Bench of intellectuals.

Here a more gentle, meditative and psychologically lyrical style will be needed that can only be acquired from a study of Mrs. VIRGINIA WOOLF:—

"He's drunk." And at once I thought, "I have been drunk too," for I remembered how at Canterbury,

at Mrs. Hayloft's party, I had swung on a chandelier quite half-an-hour, to and fro, to and fro, like the pendulum of the grandfather clock in a corner of the room, until someone had stopped me.

"He's drunk. I know he's drunk." As he stood away there under the lamp, the light falling rather vaguely on his face, his body turning beneath it, and his voice echoing through the empty street, growing and fading as with the rise and fall of the sea, I thought, "I shall always remember this."

In fact the possibilities are inexhaustible. It looks as if the lot of police-court reporters in the future will be an exceedingly happy one.



## At the Pictures.

## UNLIMITED LEHAR.

THE film version of *The Merry Widow* is an excellent object lesson in the differing methods of a stage producer and a screen producer. You see at once



J.H.D.

## WIDOW-WEAR.

Sonia . . . JEANETTE MACDONALD.  
Danilo . . . MAURICE CHEVALIER.

that their problems are not the same: the stage producer all the while asking himself what he can do, and the other asking himself if there is anything he can't do and where he ought to stop. In the circumscribed area of an ordinary stage an Ambassadorial Ball cannot, for instance, have ten thousand waltzing couples; but the film knows no limit.

I wonder if Mr. GEORGE GRAVES, in an off-moment while preparing to be the *Widow Twankey* in *Aladdin* at Golders Green, has dropped in anywhere to see this film. I should like to watch his face as he realised how his famous part has crumbled to dust, for it is now practically nothing, sacrificed in a measure to the clock, but mostly, I imagine, to the superior claims of the ballroom orchestra. A change indeed when we recall how hilariously the comedian held up the action. But by those who want music the loss of humour will not be resented, although it is possible that even their greedy ears may be satiated. Never can a tune have been so developed or, even in a lavish Hollywood production, can so many guests have taken part. I have modestly put the figure at ten thousand, all graceful and accomplished, and dancing everywhere except, oddly enough, on a staircase. Why there is

no staircase is a profound mystery; but there it is. And just as well, perhaps, for, as it is, you come away with a head bursting with the revolving melody, yet wishing that, in moderation, the waltz would return, to supersede the comparative inertia of modern dance-floors.

The same spendthrift hand of LUBITSCH has also aggrandised Maxim's restaurant into a vast palace, and at the same time has transformed its professional habitués into something more like Sisters of Mercy or Guardian Angels than, in my recollection, they used to be. But with fun he has been a miser. Not only has the spirit of GEORGE GRAVES been exorcised, but Danilo, after an excellent start full of gay insolence, sobers more completely into a misunderstanding and misunderstood suitor than JOSEPH COYNE ever did. And when I say that this fine initial swaggerer is MAURICE CHEVALIER you will appreciate our loss. So long as his maxim (so to speak) is "*Carpe noctem*" he is amusing company; but as a real lover, although acting very well, he tires us, and in the last half-hour there is hardly a laugh. As for the *Widow*, JEANETTE MACDONALD, she too might be merrier. But she can waltz.

It speaks well for the officers and petty officers of the American Navy that, if



J.H.D.

Waltz-Plugged Fan. "I WISH THEY'D REVERSE."

such a spirit of hostility and independence as animates our young friend JAMES CAGNEY is prevalent, they can get any discipline at all into their men. But that they do, the evolutions which form the background of *Here Comes the Navy* are a proof. How convenient for

Hollywood, by the way, that San Pedro, the Californian harbour, is so near, and that a portion of the Fleet is usually there, and permission to mix it up with a film was granted, for otherwise there would be no story at all. As it is, the proportions of the ingredients are two-thirds Navy and



J.H.D.

## STATEMENTS WE HAVE LEARNED TO DISTRUST.

Seaman O'Connor (JAMES CAGNEY). "I'M THROUGH WITH DAMES."

one-third CAGNEY and his feud with that excellent actor, PAT O'BRIEN; but what we want to know is if the punishment for neglecting duty and going ashore without leave and coming back after hours is in real life only brief confinement to the ship and loss of pay. If so, it is amazing that the ships are manned at all.

CAGNEY, a born law-breaker, thrives by disobeying orders; but, after so much unreason and venom, even his ultimate act of daring does not quite reinstate him in that place in the audience's sympathies which he used to occupy. It behoves him to become our hero again and quickly.

When real news gives out—that is to say, when there are no more Royal weddings—the camera-man is hard put to it to find material. The other day, having had an impression of the home-life of Mr. SAMUEL INSULL, fresh from his acquittal, a glimpse of Mrs. VANDERBILT 'twixt court and car, and less than a glimpse of GLORIA, our eyes were offered the spectacle of two men in the North of England engaged in a competition to decide which of them could eat the most steak-and-kidney pudding in a given time. Having averted my gaze for some distressing seconds I learned that the winner was from Oldham. E. V. L.

## The Face.

"Edith," I said as quietly as I could, "we must change our window-cleaner."

"Why?"

"Because I don't like his moustache. It is too long, too drooping and too red. I was writing an Ode to Minerva in the front-room and looked out of the window for inspiration. Scattered right across the heavens was the window-cleaner's moustache. I tore up the Ode to Minerva and wept. He must go. A poet cannot live in a house where red moustaches that droop are blowing hither and thither in the wind."

"I think you're being very silly," said Edith. "If you want to change the window-cleaner you must see about it yourself. After all, his moustache is Life, and I have often heard that the most successful poets are those who are not afraid to tune their lyre to Life in the Raw. I am quite certain that if SHAKESPEARE had seen our window-cleaner peering through his window he would have invited him to come in to have a glass of beer and then introduced him in one of his plays as a Second Citizen or something like that."

"We cannot all be Shakespeares," I said with an air of finality that Edith knows better than to oppose.

So Edith wrote to the Eureka Window-Cleaning and Carpet-Beating Company (Distance no Object) and told them that we would not require their services any more; and I called at the Primrose Window-Cleaning and Carpet-Beating Company (Estimates Free) and arranged for them to take over the job. The Primrose Window-Cleaning Company was not at home, but I arranged with his mother that he was to call in a fortnight's time. Although she was very deaf and not an easy person to converse with, I made a brave attempt to make sure that the Primrose Window-Cleaning Company was clean-shaven.

"Has your son got a moustache?" I said.

"Not now," said the old lady. "He found it too expensive to run, so he changed it for a barrow."

"You misunderstood me. Has your son got any sort or any kind of whiskers?"

"Yes," she said; "both my sons are fully insured."

I gave it up and went home.

Having settled the business, window-cleaning passed from my mind, and in the days that followed I knocked off quite a number of pleasing little lyrics about Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, Roses, Stars, Aphrodite and all the usual sort of thing.



"WHAT'S THE IDEA? YOU'RE THE FOURTH MAN THAT'S ASKED FOR OLD BOOTS."

"WELL, CONFIDENTIALLY, MUM, WE'RE COMIN' ROUND SINGIN' CAROLS TO-NIGHT AN' WE WANT TO MAKE SURE IT'S SAFE."

Two weeks later I settled myself comfortably in the library to write a poem called "Grey Skies." It was going splendidly and I looked up with an ecstatic smile at the grey skies themselves.

The paper dropped from my nerveless fingers. For a moment I thought that what Edith had so often predicted had happened and that my delicately-balanced brain had snapped, for there, glaring through the window, were two faces decorated with two long drooping sandy moustaches (one each).

I fetched Edith and was relieved to find that she saw the same as I did.

"How do you explain it?" I asked.

"It is quite simple," said Edith,

"and I would have warned you if you hadn't been so busy with 'Grey Skies.' The Eureka Window-Cleaning Company and the Primrose Window-Cleaning Company are brothers, and occasionally they join forces. . . ."

Miss Smith, De-bunker.

"And ever against eating cares  
Lap me in soft Lydian airs.—Milton."

Schoolgirl's paraphrase: "Let me have music during meals."

"TWO FORWARDS FALL OUT OF EAST  
MIDLANDS."

Northampton Paper.

They shouldn't have the pitch so near the edge.



"SORRY, GRANDDAD; I'M AFRAID I'M NOT FOLLOWING. ARE YOU DOING THE TANGO OR THE RUMBA?"

### A Christmas Holiday.

THE Christmas-cards, they lie, they lie:  
Where is the frost, the sunny sky,  
The sliders scooting to and fro,  
The revellers complete with snow?  
Where all the not unpleasant things  
Pictorial December brings?

There are, on dismal days like  
this,  
Some whom it charms to play the Swiss.  
While Alps conventionally freeze  
The nicest of them, fixed to skis,  
Tan sweetly in the Mürren sun;  
And some upon the Cresta Run  
Achieve the curve and cling like  
flies.

And others do contrariwise.  
Some, furthermore, circumgyrate,  
Stern first and solemn, on the skate.  
But this must be as it must be;  
It makes no difference to me  
For reasons (I detest pretence)  
Not unconnected with expense.

Similar reasons too prevent  
The natural experiment  
Of making whoopee to the noise  
Of Someone's saxophonic Boys  
And squeakers blown and popped balloons,  
Brass muted and misused bassoons.  
Such mirth, moreover, if divine  
To younger beings, is not mine;  
I cannot revel in a group,  
Dislike the Boys and do not whoop.

What then remains? Ah! let us make  
A seaward passage. Breakers break,  
Compelled by a north-eastern blast.  
The inn that housed us in the past,  
When summer sun and summer rain  
Revivified us, shall again  
Behold us dropping from the coach,  
And on our necks, as they approach,  
Shall fall with outcry and a laugh  
A homely but efficient staff.  
The cold and melancholy deep  
Shall lull us; and it will be cheap.

VERGES.





### A GOODISH YEAR.

MR. PUNCH. "WHAT'S THE MATTER, JOHN? LUMBAGO?"

JOHN BULL. "NOT AT ALL. I'M JUST TRYING TO PAT MYSELF ON THE BACK."

MR. PUNCH. "WELL, I THINK YOU DESERVE IT. LET ME DO IT FOR YOU."

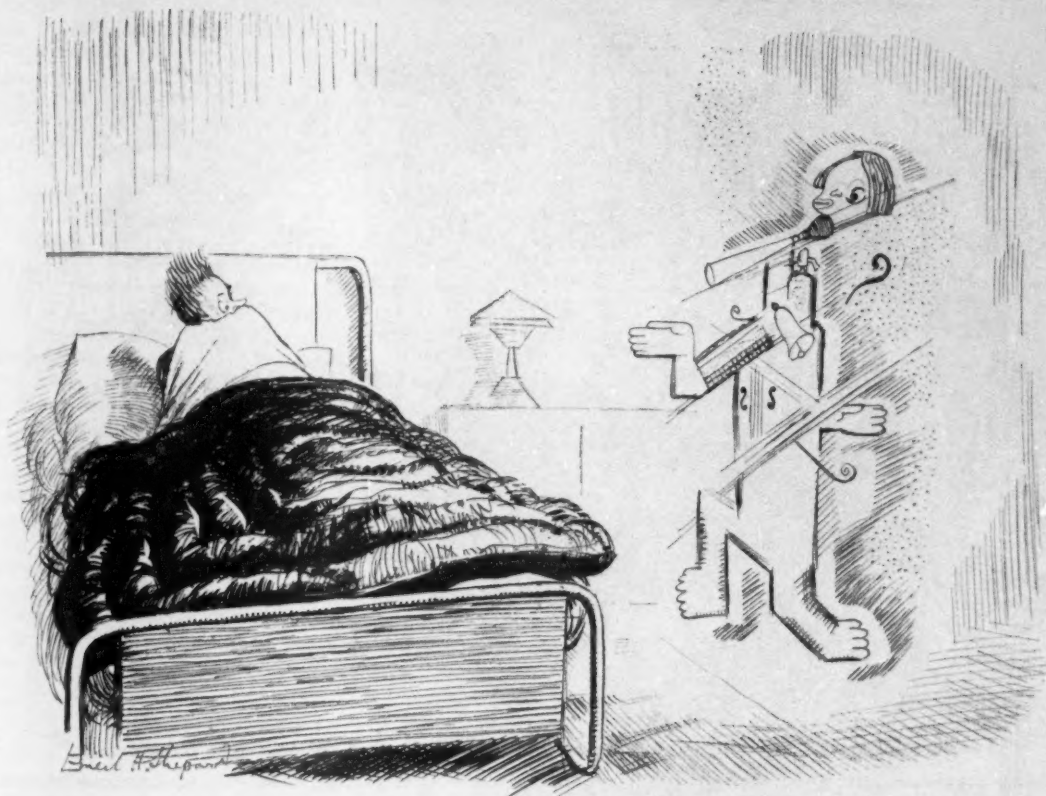
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THE END





THE FAMILY GHOST GOES MODERN.

### A Bridge of Sighs.

I took another muffin and sighed.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Chloe, looking at me in surprise. "What was that?"

"I was sighing," I explained with dignity.

"Sighing?" she echoed. "Why?"

"You see," I said, garnishing my explanation with detail, "I was thinking about the girl who I think is thinking of marrying me. I say," I added suspiciously, "why did you make that odd noise?"

"I too," said she, making it again, "am thinking about her."

"Oh!" I said.

"But why should you sigh?" asked Chloe curiously. "Is she so very ill-favoured?"

"No," I replied warmly; "she is, on the contrary, exceedingly good to look upon and of a most charming disposition. I sighed merely because I was reminding myself how unfitted I am to become a husband. You see, I have so many faults and failings."

"You don't mean," exclaimed Chloe, astonished, "that you are aware of them?"

"Most of them," I admitted sadly. "For instance, I am somewhat short of temper and long of face at breakfast."

"That," observed Chloe consolingly, "is infinitely better than being hearty and cheery."

"Furthermore," I proceeded, "I am incorrigibly lazy and indolent."

"You won't be," said Chloe confidently, "when you are married. Marriage transforms many a confirmed sluggard."

"I am very moody," I went on abjectly. "In fact I am seldom the same man two days running. The girl who marries me will be marrying more than one man. Why, it will practically be bigamy."

"When you are married," replied Chloe soothingly, "you'll be less moody. You see, your wife's moods will take up so much of your time." She smiled charmingly. "There is always a bright side if you look for it."

"Sometimes," I observed, trying again, "I am very talkative and chatty. Boring, in fact."

"For the best of reasons," she riposted, "very few married men are talkative. Not, at any rate, in the home."

"At other times," I persisted doggedly, "I am sullen and taciturn."

"It's your liver," said Chloe wisely. "You should take more exercise and fewer muffins."

"Perhaps you're right," I murmured, taking another one absently.

"I am," said Chloe firmly, moving the plate out of my reach.

"Did I mention," I inquired, frowning, "that I am a spendthrift?"

"A spendthrift," countered Chloe, "makes a much more satisfactory husband than a tight-wad, for a husband's spending propensities can be directed by a skilful wife into suitable channels."

"I suppose so," I said.

I brooded in silence while Chloe poured out my second cup of tea.

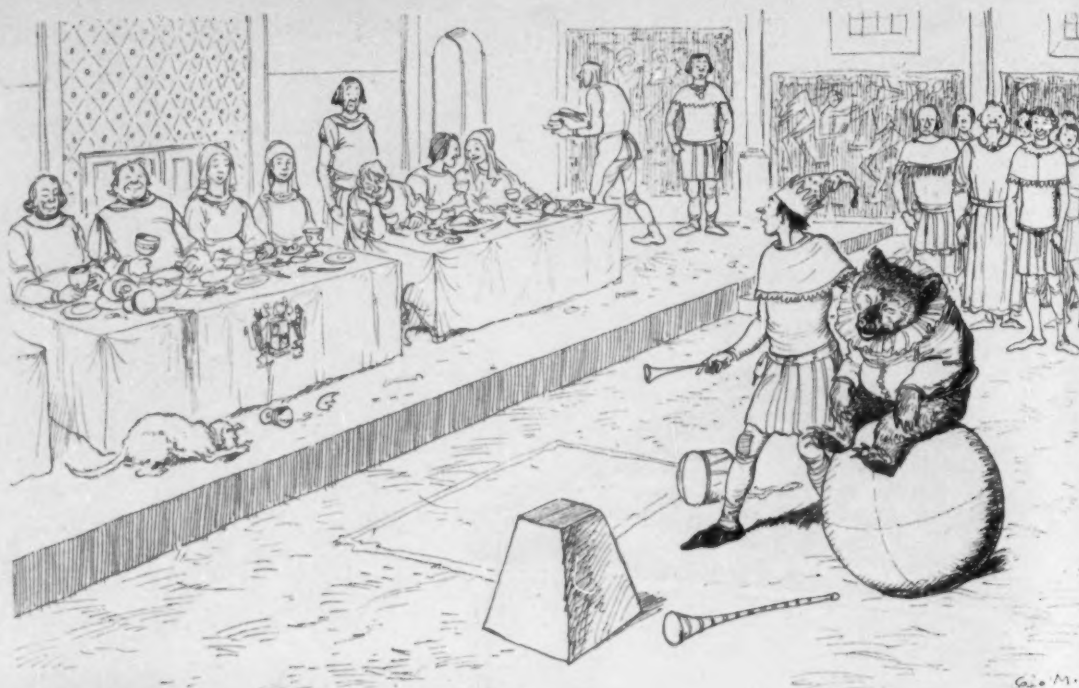
"Getting married," I murmured at length, "is a serious business."

"Not getting married," said Chloe wistfully, "is a serious business too." We both sighed.

"Of course," I said, brightening a little, "it may never happen. There's always that about it. I mean, she may refuse me."

"She usually doesn't," murmured Chloe doubtfully. "But even if she does there will be somebody else later





"I CRAVE PARDON, MY LIEGE, BUT I SHOULD NOT HAVE ATTEMPTED TO DO MY SHOW SO SOON AFTER DINNER."

on. And you will still have your bad habits."

"I suppose so," I agreed gloomily.

"Tell me," inquired Chloe inquisitively, "who—or rather whom are you thinking of marrying?"

I looked at her narrowly. "You," I replied simply.

"Me?" she echoed, staring.

"Yes," I said firmly.

Chloe regained her poise with commendable celerity. "Then I'm afraid," said she, shaking her head, "that it will come off."

"You—you will marry me?" I cried eagerly.

"Of course," she replied. "I've been thinking about it for months."

"You'll be unhappy," I warned her earnestly.

"If I am," she retorted bravely, "you will be there to share my troubles."

Then, rising swiftly to her feet, she stepped out from behind the tea-tray.

\* \* \* \* \*

The asterisks denote an interval of time during which a troth was satisfactorily plighted. It was a long time measured by the clock, but its passing was surprisingly fleet. When at length Chloe had resumed her seat behind the tea-pot she peeped at me suddenly over her powder-puff.

"You're sighing again!" she exclaimed accusingly.

"Yes," I confessed.

"Why?" she demanded.

"Because," I explained wistfully, "I was thinking of the bad habits I am going to lose. For after all one's bad habits are the only habits one really enjoys."

Chloe contemplated me thoughtfully. Then impulsively she pushed the muffin-plate towards me.

"You may keep some of your bad habits," she promised generously. "I don't like a man to be too perfect."

"Thanks," I said gratefully and took the last muffin.

### Italian Souvenir.

THE warm October day was drawing to a close and the silvery-green leaves of the olive-trees reflected the slanting rays of the sun as the motor of the signore Inglese and his wife threaded its way carefully through the mass of gesticulating humanity which, as usual at that hour, encumbered the streets of Riete. It was just outside the gates that the tragedy occurred. A large white pig, appearing apparently from nowhere, was struck by the fender of the machine and without sound or

struggle succumbed. It seemed unbelievable to the horrified occupants, but there he lay—dead.

Instantly an ill-favoured individual, a large family of assorted ages and sizes at his heels, confronted the startled pair and amidst tears of grief and rage proclaimed himself the owner of the deceased animal. With impassioned eloquence he recounted how he had reared it from infancy and how it had become the delight of his life, the pride of his old age and the envy of countless other owners, who had on many occasions proffered large sums for it. With expressive gestures he indicated how those offers had been refused. As well, he asserted, have parted with wife or family.

A large crowd had by now collected and stood silent and intensely interested in the proceedings, when suddenly from the outskirts, during a pause for breath on the part of the bereaved pig-fancier, a shrill and mocking voice arose: "O Dio, Antonio!" it said, "thou knowest that thou hadst planned the killing of the animal for next week, wherefore then this outcry?"

This attack from the rear, seeming to impugn his good faith, caused the orator a moment's confusion, and the Englishwoman took advantage of it in fairly fluent Italian: "Your pig was

then to die anyway," she said, "and, behold, we have but done what you must have paid another for doing, since, dear as he was to you, never could you have destroyed him with your own hand, *e vero?* *Senta*, we have despatched the beast for you quickly, mercifully, and charge you nothing—nay, more, we give you these twenty lire as a mark of sympathy."

A murmur of admiration at this generous offer arose from the crowd, in which, however, the indignant owner and his family did not participate. The irate peasant was adamant and spurned the money, declaring that he had been grievously wronged and must have satisfaction. There was only one way, he said, in which the affront could be wiped out—by payment of the full market value of the pig, he to keep the carcass also. Again voices arose from the assemblage, this time in protest against such rapacity. Antonio, it seemed, was not popular in the community.

"How, then," the Englishwoman inquired, "can one determine the value of the beast since pigs are sold by weight?"

"At the butcher's!" cried the gathering in unison.

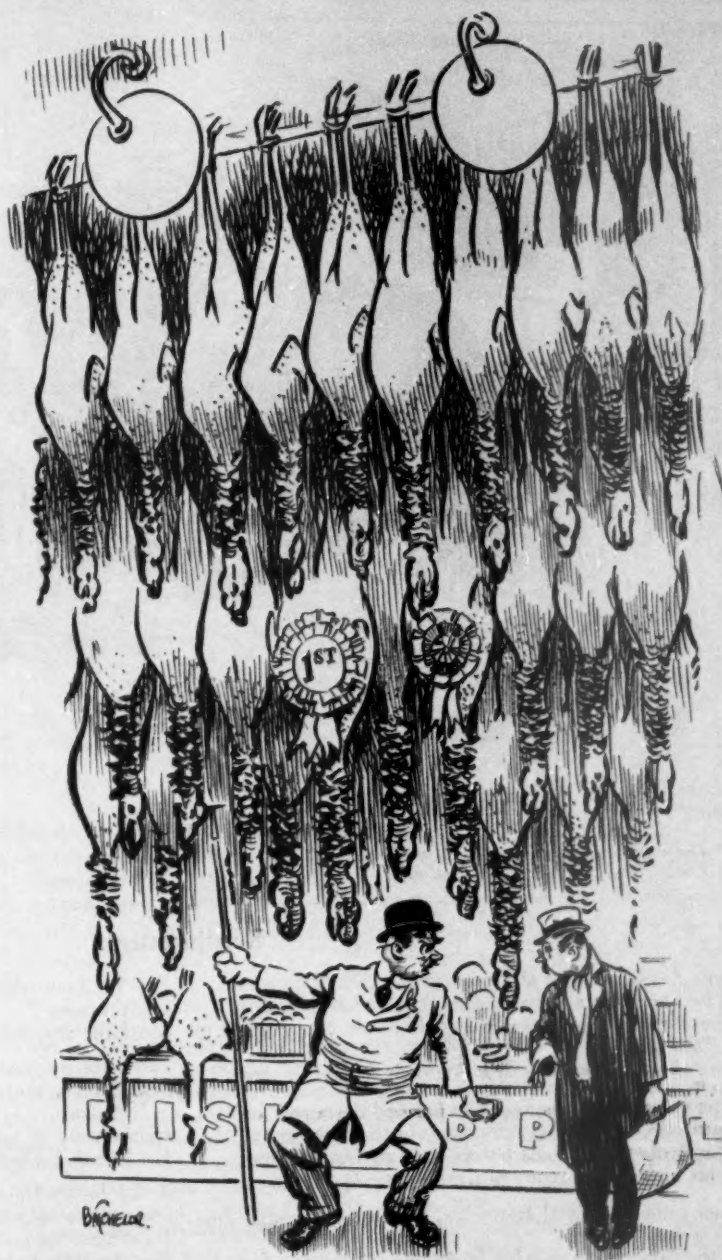
There being apparently no help for it, the carcass was hoisted on one running-board, the padrone, still bemoaning his loss, mounting the other, the crowd fell in behind and the procession made its way back to the town. But at the *dazio*, without which no city or large town in Italy is complete, a new complication presented itself. A Customs official barred the way and refused to allow the carcass to pass until duty had been paid on it.

At this new trial the indignation of Antonio passed all bounds. There was no justice for the poor man, he cried. Here lay the body of his pig, born and bred a stone's-throw away—a pig that had been wont to roam as he listed, free as a bird in the air and now that he had been done to death by alien hands his remains were denied entrance to his birthplace.

"Listen, thou," the official said calmly. "What thou sayest regarding the animal in life is true; live pigs may freely come and go without hindrance, but when they are dead they cease to be pigs and become pork, which, like any other comestible, is taxed under the law. *E vero?*"

Again the voices of the multitude arose, this time no doubt expressing the Italian equivalent of "A Daniel come to judgment; yea, a Daniel! An upright judge, a learned judge!"

Matters had now reached an impasse. The signori Inglesi flatly refused fur-



THE MAN WHO ASKED FOR A SMALL HADDOCK.

ther concessions and would make no recompense for the animal until his weight had been ascertained. It could not be weighed unless duty was collected, and the owner declined to pay it. The gathering were so completely absorbed in this new problem that they had become oblivious of all else.

Considering that their presence was in no way likely to aid the solution of

the problem, the English travellers decided not to tarry longer and, having quietly started the car, departed quite unobserved. Their last impression was that Antonio, with arms outstretched, was delivering an impassioned oration over the body at his feet. So must his great namesake have appeared on a certain memorable occasion in the Roman Forum nearly two thousand years before.





"OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES."

Dealer (to youth in search of Christmas presents). "BUY 'IM, SIR, AND THE LADY 'LL 'AVE THE BEST-LOOKIN' 'ACK IN LONDON."  
Client. "OH, HIS LOOKS ARE ALL RIGHT; IT'S HIS THOUGHTS THAT WORRY ME."

### Readjustment.

HERE I sing the past and present of a family quartet,  
Of two brothers and two sisters unrecorded in *Debrett*,  
Who survive, though somewhat altered in the progress of  
the years  
Since they confidently started on their several careers.

Peter was a portrait-painter, but pursued the normal ways—  
Quite unlike his lawless namesake—of the orthodox R.A.'s.  
John wrote very serious poems, animated by the aim  
Of his ultimate inclusion in the golden roll of Fame.

Then came Joan and Henrietta, whose complexions were  
a dream  
Of the perfect combination of ripe strawberries and cream,  
Neither of them interested in a saving faith or grace,  
But remarkably successful in the salving of the face.

Such were they when first I knew them, more than thirty  
years ago,  
With the confidence and rapture of life's springtime all  
aglow—  
For the sequel, gentle reader, listen to these halting rhymes  
While I tell of their reactions to the stress of post-War  
times.

John has ceased to scale Parnassus, but he lends his expert  
aid  
As the prosperous director of a most essential trade,

For 'tis John who in the background with unfailing zest  
prepares  
Sparkling anecdotic speeches for illiterate millionaires.

Peter has resigned his easel and his masterpieces hawks  
Sitting on a West-End pavement with a bag of coloured  
chalks,

Independent of art-dealers, yet comparatively rich,  
For he takes a taxi daily to and from his Mayfair pitch.

As for lovely Henrietta, on the margin of the Nile,  
Somewhere near to Damietta, she is making quite a pile  
By a farm for growing henna and exporting it in bales  
For the European beauties who incarnadine their nails.

Joan controls a pigment-parlour where "dark ladies," sable-  
tressed,

By the platinising process get themselves another crest,  
And, by marvellous plasticians in mysterious robes arrayed,  
Faces are most wonderfully and most fearfully remade.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Thus, endowed with varied talents and from ancient  
lineage sprung,

All upon life's ladder started very near the topmost rung;  
And, although they've failed in winning a conspicuous  
renown,

They've contrived to keep a footing little more than half-  
way down.

C. L. G.



### Burton-on-Trent.

[It is becoming increasingly difficult to find new localities to praise in song. The bard has never been to Burton-on-Trent, and can have chosen it only because "near there" rhymes with "beer there."]

SOME sing of the Swanee River  
And some of Mandalay  
And some of Tipperary  
(Which is a long, long way);  
Some praise the braes of bonnie  
Scotland  
And the purple heather's scent;  
But, low road or high road,  
That 'll be my road  
That leads to Burton-on-Trent.

#### Chorus—

Some sing of Sussex,  
Some sing of Kent,  
But I sing of Burton,  
Of Burton-on-Trent.  
I would live near there,  
Because they make the beer  
there—  
Burton-on-Trent for me!

Some sing of glorious Devon  
And "Uncle Tom Cobbley and  
all";  
Some sing of fair Killarney  
Or Garth's deserted hall;  
You may all go down to Somerset,  
But it is my intent  
To settle down  
Near the lovely town  
Of Burton, Burton-on-Trent.

#### Chorus—

Some sing of Sussex,  
Some sing of Kent,  
But I sing of Burton,  
Of Burton-on-Trent.  
Oh, I'd be living near there,  
Because they make the beer  
there—  
Burton-on-Trent for me!

A. W. B.

### The Snag.

At first glance he appeared a model of his profession. His hair swept in a series of mounting waves to an apex which must have been a full four inches above scalp-level. A pair of geometrically flawless side-whiskers grew down his sallow cheeks, and he had the smooth restless hands which mark the true barber.

"A hair-cut, please," I said.

He shrouded me with quiet competence and urged rather than tucked the cotton-wool into the hiatus between collar and neck—a sure indication of Class.

As soon as I felt his clippers glide smoothly into the stubble I knew that I had not been mistaken in my judgment. Here was no crude depilator, but



"HERE, HALF-A-MO, CHAPS! IT ISN'T MILES, AFTER ALL; IT'S FIVE HUNDRED FEET."

an artist, a technician who thought in terms of Heads rather than Customers.

Every touch of his scissors revealed a fresh aspect of his mastery. They rounded my ear as gracefully as a yacht, his beautifully-controlled blade-work seeming to melt the harvest rather than to reap it. With consummate delicacy he merged the now clipped neck into the denser strata above. His comb was a caress as it slid upwards with the scissors in its wake, and never once did he slice into the rough.

It was, I fancy, as he was thinning the top that the question entered my mind: what on earth was this supreme craftsman doing as an assistant in a small shop off Fulham Road, wasting his dazzling talents on the hirsute bourgeoisie? He should be an autocrat,

not a vassal on a standard wage. To him crowned heads should come and gladly lay their crowns on the rack, waiting for the "Next, please," with the humility due to genius.

If I were a millionaire, I said to myself (that being a favourite hobby of mine), I should sign him up on the spot as my personal and exclusive Groom of the Tonsure, or something pleasantly mediæval like that. In fact it was a miracle that he had remained so long undiscovered. He had everything the Master-Coiffeur needs—touch, technique, feeling, flexibility, an authentic appearance, a charming voice—

A sudden doubt disturbed my reverie. "Nice weather we're having," I said, and waited in an agony of suspense.

"G-g-g-g-g-lorious," agreed the Master.

## Calliope in Celluloid.

THE cinematic poet in me will no longer be denied. I am determined to write one of those beautifully elastic film-poems which are now known to the experts as documentary films. In the last few months I have seen and listened to a number of these and have been greatly impressed by the fact that they embrace all that is best in the modern poetic tradition; that is to say, while they are founded on a steel core of realism their outline is magnificently amorphous with a mist of pure imagination. A film-poet, for instance, who set out to lay bare the romance of the Portuguese lobster industry would be seriously mishandling his medium if he failed to work in a lingering close-up of the Taj Mahal or a cloud-banked sunset reflected in the pellucid waters of the Irrawaddy. It is no extravagance, I think, to say that we artists in celluloid have the cosmos for subject.

Most documentary films seem to hinge upon the exposition of some staple industry, and I have not found it easy to fix on my theme. First I dallied with the notion of recording the glamour of badger-hair-dressing, but soon my interest was transferred to the manufacture—a thrilling story—of collapsible cots; it passed quickly to the undying saga of the Glue-simmerers, rested for a little with the Armature-winders, an irresistible body, and stayed rather longer with the Salmon-smokers. It was not, in fact, until the Seed-crushers had enthralled me and in their turn been superseded by the Hat-renovators that I hit on a subject of such universal importance that it chose itself. *The clothes-peg.*

A noble theme for rationalised poesy.

"All through the ages," I shall begin lyrically in my mezzo-vox-humana, "since mankind first achieved self-consciousness the clothes-line has presented the same problem, which has been solved in only one fashion." The screen lighting up, we shall then be off for as long as we like on a series of shots showing the world's washing suspended through history. Cave-dwellers' skins supported by rough stone pegs . . . the primitive integu-

ments of jungle-folk dangling by twig-pegs . . . the underclothes of the centuries flapping out to dry. "Even NAPOLEON," I shall say, indicating a pair of bifurcated balloons—but stop. Who am I to ignore the chief unwritten rule of the documentary film, that in the first five minutes the camera shall be left running for a considerable time with a lot of ripe wheat blowing about just in front of its lens? As a matter of fact we can manage this pretty simply.

"Perhaps for most of us," I shall go on, "the prime association of clothes-pegs is with the English cottage-garden. Far from the turmoil of the towns, in some lavender-laden corner rich with the ambrosial scents of thyme we are sure to find them." Shots will



Wife of Taxidermist. "WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED WITH THAT, DEAR, WILL YOU COME AND STUFF THE TURKEY?"

follow of a row of bepegged rural lingerie at the edge of a garden *by a wheat-field*. The rest is easy. We have only to bung the camera into the grain and let it rip. No vocal explanation will be required, for words would only sully such an exquisite cereal tone-poem.

Having brought the story down to Mother-Earth in this way we should be silly not to seize the opportunity to obey the second unwritten convention of our craft and work in some sustained pictures of fat horses, amply curved aft, dragging any kind of agricultural appliance along the skyline. To do this I need only explain that "in the countryside the uses of the clothes-peg are varied, and in the heat of summer man's noblest friend is not above borrowing them." A close-up will then show that the animals are wearing straw-hats pegged securely to their ears. Neat, that, I flatter myself.

About this point—for this is the roughest of scenarios—we must get down to the industry itself. "Once the clothes-peg was the product of the strong fingers of craftsmen"—protracted shots of a couple of leathery old men bending over a carpenter's bench chipping gently at grubby bits of wood—"but now the goddess Mechanisation pours them from her lap." Somewhere or other there must be a giant clothes-peg factory which I can borrow for a day, and here it should be simple to fall in with the third of the unwritten rules and stagger my audiences both optically and aurally with close-ups of cams, pistons and differentials in hysterical activity. I shall also recite a good deal of the prose-poetry of rationalisation. "This steel

mammoth eats an oak-tree every quarter-of-an-hour and expectorates a thousand clothes-pegs a minute," and so on. It will be, to say the least of it, exceedingly impressive.

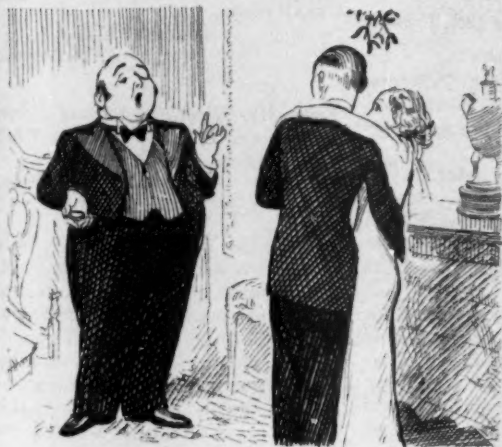
When I have finished with the factory I shall turn to the distribution of the finished article, and this should prove fruitful. "And so, in companies of fifty thousand, the British clothes-peg goes out into the world." This I shall show it doing, in aeroplanes and lorries and trains, in sound-verse after sound-verse of the incomparable language of steam and internal combustion, in a memorable fusing of din and cogs and propellers and smells.

Yes, smells. For here I intend that the fumes of hot engine-grease shall be scientifically injected into the auditorium, striking a utilitarian nasal chord which will not only symbolise the spirit of our age in a notably original fashion, but may also become a valuable addition to the conventions of the documentary film. Poetry should be, after all, purely an affair of the senses.

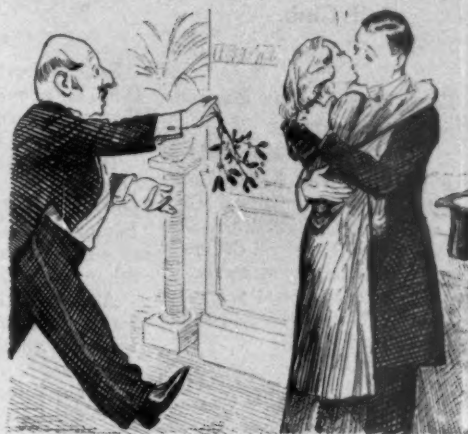
When I tell you that I have decided as an added originality to neglect both the Taj Mahal and the Irrawaddy you will realise that only one possible end remains for my film. It shall fade out on a huge cargo-vessel negotiating the Pool of London, charged to her Plimsoll line with pegs for the support of the outskirts of Empire. And behind it there shall blaze the most expensive sunset I can procure. ERIC.



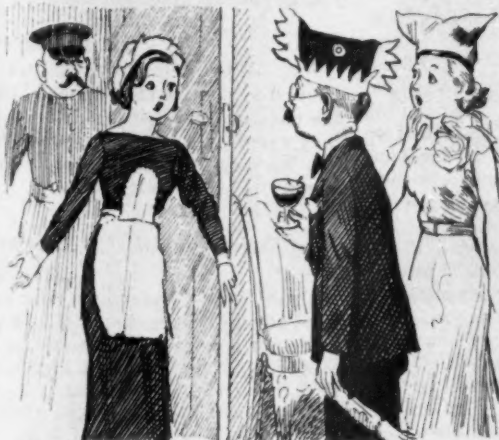
IF CHRISTMAS WERE OFFICIALISED.



"I'M AFRAID THIS MUST BE THE LAST KISS, MASTER JOHN. AS WE OMITTED TO APPLY FOR AN EXTENSION, THE MISTLETOE MUST BE REMOVED BY TEN O'CLOCK."



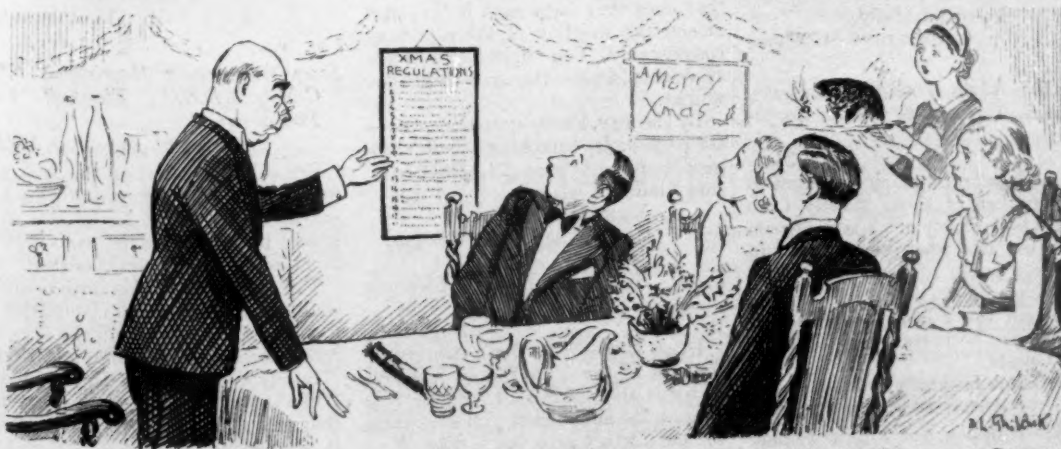
"IF YOU PLEASE, SAIR. NO KISSING WITHOUT THIS IN MEIN RESTAURANT. DO YOU WISH ME TO HAVE MEIN LICENCE REMOVED?"



"IT'S SOMEONE FROM THE ANTI-NOISE SQUAD, SIR. SAYS YOU HAVE BEEN USING CRACKERS WITHOUT SILENCERS."



"POSTMAN'S KNOCK AND MUSICAL CHAIRS ARE VERY NICE, DEAR, BUT CAN'T YOU CHILDREN THINK OF SOME GAMES THAT ARE FREE FROM ENTERTAINMENT-TAX?"



"BEFORE WE PROCEED WITH THE NEXT COURSE, MAY I CALL EVERYBODY'S ATTENTION TO NUMBER THIRTEEN OF CHRISTMAS REGULATIONS, WHICH LAYS DOWN THAT ANYONE FINDING THE LUCKY SIXPENCE MUST DECLARE IT ON HIS INCOME-TAX RETURN."



## Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

XVI.

*From Ralph Viney, Captain Roughover Golf Club, Roughover.*

5th November, 1934.

DEAR WHELK,—Yes, I suppose we had better have the Annual Club Dinner as usual, and I think the 23rd will be all right; but I will definitely take no part in the arrangements. I had more than enough last year over the Scotch Woodcock—Angels-on-Horseback controversy.

Why not do without a Dinner Committee this time? I'm sure you'd find it simpler to run the thing yourself.

I shall take the Chair if you want me to, but I expect to be in London round about this time.

Yours sincerely,

R. VINEY.

P.S.—All right, I will ask some "reasonable person this time," as you put it, to propose your health at the end. You can trust me to make it appear that the request did not emanate from you.

*From Admiral Sneyring-Stymie, C.B., Roughover.*

Thursday, 8th November, 1934.

DEAR SIR,—I have received a letter from the Captain suggesting that I propose your health at the Club Dinner on the 23rd November. I presume you asked him to write to me.

I shall be glad to meet your wishes in this matter, but I warn you I intend to be very frank, and what I have to say will not be at all laudatory. However, I suppose I shall let you down easier than anyone else.

Yours faithfully,

C. SNEYRING-STYMIE.

*From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., The Cedars, Roughover.*

10/11/34.

SIR,—What on earth do you want to have another of those ghastly Club Dinners for? Surely you learnt a lesson at the last one when you nearly had to make a public apology for the way Lionel Nutmeg ate his grapefruit?

I do not think I shall come, but if I do I agree to propose the health of "Our Guests."

Yours faithfully,

ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

P.S.—I suppose you will want me to recite "The Evening Wind," by WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, as usual?

*From Lionel Nutmeg, Old Bucks Cottage, Roughover.*

November 13th, 1934.

CLUB DINNER.

SIR,—I hear that Mark Bellows, O.M., is to be the guest of honour and that you have invited Forcursue to propose "Our Guests."

In the name of Heaven, what are you playing at? Surely you haven't forgotten that Bellows was the man Forcursue had the row with over moving the loose impediment on the 8th green in 1928?

Although I have absolutely no time for guests in any shape or form, I do feel that something should be done about this.

In any case, if Forcursue is allowed to make a speech at all, I shall most seriously consider not coming.

Yours faithfully,

LIONEL NUTMEG.

*From Anthony Olders, Crimea House, Roughover.*

14/11/34.

DEAR SIR,—I regret that I shall not be able to attend the Annual Club Dinner on the 23rd as I am laid up with gout and likely to be for some time. I am most annoyed, as this will be the first time I have missed the function for thirty-one years.

I would, however, be glad if you would read the enclosed typescript (after the apologies for absence). It contains a *résumé* of my speech for last year which General Forcursue so rudely interrupted, and deals with Golf Rule No. 17, Section 2: "A Ball Lodging in Anything Moving." I am sure all members will be most interested.

It is my intention to send a copy to the Rules Committee at St. Andrews at an early date, and I am confident that once they have read it they will amend the wording of the rule very considerably. You might mention this as it should give the subject greater weight.

By the way, kindly note the errata—On page 9, for "napkins" read "hatpins"; and on page 24, for "ball" read "bull."

Yours faithfully,

ANTHONY OLDERS.

*From Angus McWhigg, Glenfarg, Roughover.*

14/11/34.

DEAR SIR,—Why don't you make the cost of the Club Dinner inclusive of wines and spirits? I suppose it is because the hotel where you are having the meal won't give you a rake-off on all liquor served?

I expect the dinner will be very

badly attended. It is the cheap night at the Picture House. I do not think I shall come.

Yours faithfully,

A. MCWHIGG.

*From Mrs. Truelove, wife of Professor Truelove, D.Sc., F.Inst.P., Château Ichneumon, Roughover.*

Thursday.

(VERY PRIVATE.)

DEAR MR. WHELK,—I hate troubling you, but it is about my Reggie. He is, as you know, going to the Club Dinner, and I am always rather nervous when he is out at night by himself after 7.30.

Now, please, Mr. Whelk, do keep an eye on him or arrange to sit beside him and see that he doesn't overdo things, etc., etc. You know what I mean, don't you?

I shall probably prevent him from going at the last moment, but this is just in case he gives me the slip.

Yours sincerely,

M. TRUELOVE.

P.S.—Why are lady-members not allowed to come to the Dinner? I think the men are very selfish. It isn't as if they were better golfers, because I beat Mr. Nutmeg twice last year, playing level.

*From Herbert Pinhigh, J.P., Roughover,*  
15/11/34.

DEAR SIR,—If you have the same band to play during dinner as last year I am not coming. They were far too keen on all this modern highfalutin stuff like *The Merry Widow*.

If you will promise to get them to play "The Men of Harlech" and the "Keelrow" I might be persuaded to buy a ticket.

Yours truly,

H. PINHIGH.

*From Commander Harrington Nettle, C.M.G., D.S.O., Flagstaff Villa, Roughover.*

16th November, 1934.

SIR,—I notice that on the table plan for the Club Dinner which you have put up on the notice-board this afternoon I have been placed to sit between Mr. Lionel Nutmeg and yourself.

Unless you alter this immediately I shall report you to the Committee for having no clean towels in the dressing-room (the downstairs one) last Friday.

Surely you know by this time that I like to be near the serving-hatch so that my food isn't stone-cold before it reaches me?

Yours faithfully,

HARRINGTON NETTLE.



First Charlady. "WHAT'S MRS. STUBBINS BEEN UP TO LATELY, MRS. SMITH?"

Second Charlady. "WELL, I 'EAR SHE'S CARRYING ON SOMETHINK AWFUL. SHE'S MADE 'ER NAME A REGULAR BY-PASS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD."

Anonymous letter from "Well-Wisher," bearing Roughover postmark.

DEAR SIR,—This is to warn you that Mr. Lionel Nutmeg intends to bring his cornet to the Club Dinner on the off-chance of being invited to play a solo after the speeches. I should strongly advise you to see that this is taken away from him by force as soon as he arrives, otherwise there is likely to be trouble.

Yours, etc.,

WELL-WISHER.

From Ralph Viney, Captain Roughover Golf Club, Roughover.

24th November, 1934.

DEAR WHEELK,—I must write and compliment you most highly on the way the Dinner went off last night—a marvellous show and everyone so happy, the General and the Rev. Brassie actually nodding to each other after the former had recited "The Evening Wind," which shows you the amount of goodwill there must have been about as they haven't been on speaking terms since F. discovered it was the padre

who put the decomposed rabbit in his golf-bag. Heartiest congratulations.

Yours very sincerely,

R. VINEY.

P.S.—McWhigg's impromptu sword-dance was as good as a play, and wasn't Nutmeg's cornet-playing marvellous? I never knew he had it in him.

G. C. N.

"A seven hours' imprisonment and rigorous search of person by the German secret police was the experience of an American girl related to *Reuter*."—*Indian Paper*.

So he *has* a family!





"WHAT KIND OF SOAP, MY DEAR—BAR—TOILET?"  
 "I THINK IT'S JUST FOR WASHIN'."

### Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

#### A Stout Heart to a Steep Brae.

THERE is a certain difference between biography and autobiography, and a clash between the two is sometimes found. *Sir George Goldie: A Memoir* (MACMILLAN, 8/6), by DOROTHY WELLESLEY, is a book written in two halves: the first being a very interesting précis of his twenty years of disinterested work to gain, against the parochial and obstructionist views of the Government, a huge acquisition to the Empire, and the second being remembered conversations with the hero when the gifted authoress was in her early teens. This latter section, for some reason, makes me recall *Mr. Jorrocks's* comment after his reading of *Pomponius Ego's Review*: "It's all two for himself and one for my 'ounds." Frankly, I like the first and historical part of the book best. Facts speak for themselves, and the character of a very noble and altruistic man stands out through the official correspondence. In the second part Lady WELLESLEY pleases the reader by quoting poems written by Sir GEORGE. I can only be sorry that he did not publish a book of his own verse. The samples quoted are far above the modern standard; yet the comment is made that "his lack of discrimination was deplorable. . . . I suspect that he admired the

cheaper doggerel of Mr. Kipling." Yes? "When that great Kings return to clay, or Emperors in their pride . . ." This book is an attempt in prose to follow that great epitaph.

#### Revaluations.

These Early-Victorian novelists, "lawful and undisputed monarchs" of literature, whose works confront us in every library, handsomely bound and preserved, like museum pieces, behind glass doors, how do they look revalued in the light of the present day? Lord DAVID CECIL, who dealt recently with that stricken deer the poet COWPER, now reviews this squad of *Early Victorian Novelists* (CONSTABLE, 10/-) and finds them an extraordinary mixture of strength and weakness. DICKENS, who has recently been getting rather a "bad press," was sensationally unequal, full of meretricious melodrama and a remorseless squeezer of the pathetic lemon. DICKENS could be cheap, but THACKERAY was often a bore—which is a hard saying—and his characters were psychologically inconsistent. TROLLOPE had no style—he wrote unaffectedly, with a masculine friendliness, but at his best he could be paraphrased without losing any essential flavour, and at his worst he resembled a secretary writing minutes of a meeting. So much for the three men. Four women complete the list, for the feminine element was very strong in Early-Victorian fiction. The BRONTË sisters, CHARLOTTE and



EMILY, perhaps fare the best. They had an unsophisticated freshness, but whereas the former's was that of an immature girl, the latter's was that of a bird, while Mrs. GASKELL possessed the freshness of a candid disposition unsullied by too much contact with a sordid world. And as to GEORGE ELIOT, while she was the founder of a new school—the First Modern Novelist—she summed up in her single figure all that dowdiness and too earnest gravity that some of us find so distressing in the Victorian age.

### More Tony Morland.

I wonder whether the average link between *Christopher Robin* and *Homo sapiens* need be quite as much of a social misfit as *The Demon in the House* (HAMILTON, 7/6), so charmingly depicted by Mrs. ANGELA THIRKELL. Surely even the prep. stage of him has other interests besides speed, food and monkey-tricks; but *Tony Morland* and his bicycle, *Tony Morland* and his dirt-track, *Tony Morland* depriving Lord Stokes's peacocks of their predestined cake and *Tony Morland* playing a strenuous part in "the eternal game of Boys v. Masters" is the staple of a book which must be delightful if you like his world's handling of *Tony* and rather penitential if you don't. The don't party can console themselves (as I did) with the almost uncanny technical skill with which his creator reproduces the sublime and calculated inconsequence of *Tony's* conversation and with the fact that his appetites (as often as not aesthetic rather than sensual) will probably inspire him in time to be definitely critical of his somewhat Philistine circle. But almost anything may be predicted of a boy who objects (however nefarious the motive of his protest) to an otherwise sound cook breaking up pots of macaroni.

### Sir Robert Morant.

Education is a subject of supreme importance, but books about it do not as a rule provide exhilarating or romantic reading. The life of *Sir Robert Morant: A Great Public Servant* (MACMILLAN, 12/6) is an exception and a remarkable example of the triumph of character and energy over obstacles that would have disheartened and crushed the ambitions of nineteen men out of twenty. He suffered from ill-health—in spite of a powerful physique—all his life. Lack of means condemned him to privations at school and the university, and his eight years spent in Siam as the tutor of a prince and the confidential adviser of the King were wrecked by Court intrigues and the triumph of the French influence. Returning to England he obtained a subordinate post under the Board of Education and in seven years became head of the Permanent Staff. This meteoric rise was not due to social influence or wire-pulling but to his energy and enthusiasm and a mastery of his subject which impressed and converted Ministers so diver-



"DAMMIT, MAN, THE LAST BOAT IS JUST LEAVING THE SHIP."  
"I KNOW, BUT I MUST GET THE END OF THIS. IT'S THE FUNNIEST THING I'VE HEARD FOR YEARS."

gent in temperament as Sir JOHN GORST, the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. BALFOUR. And when, owing to a chance indiscretion, he was obliged to give up his post of Secretary to the Board, he threw himself with equal and self-sacrificing energy into the work of the Public Health Department. Dr. ALLEN has performed a difficult task with sympathy and discretion and fully justified the sub-title of his biography.

### Diversions of a Diplomatist.

There can be few busier men than a Permanent Head of a great Government Office in modern conditions, and it is accordingly pleasant to welcome Sir ROBERT VANSITTART's *Collected Poems* (LOVAT DICKSON, 6/-). His "Singing Caravan" is already well known to a few who enjoy English poetry on Eastern models—something of the nature of BURTON's *Qasidah*; but these selections from three other works will be to many their first introduction to a sensitive and scholarly Muse. Among the more serious pieces there

is a *Frater, ave atque vale* of deep and tender feeling—a poem in memory of his brother ARNOLD, killed in action near Ypres in 1915; and in lighter vein it is permissible to quote the whole of Sir ROBERT'S Prologue, only assuring him that it is impossible to agree with the sentiment of the last two lines:—

"It's not as easy as you think,"  
The nettled poet sighed.  
"It's not as good as I could wish,"  
The publisher replied.  
"It might," the kindly critic wrote,  
"Have easily been *worse*."  
"We will not read it anyhow,"  
The public said; "it's *VERSE*."

### Angelina Sees it Through.

It is, I suggest, at its peril that the English novel embarks on a purely sentimental or passionate relation: the loves of Edwin and Angelina are apt to acquire a touch of tedium or comicality—or both. Both, I regret to say, handicap the virtuosity of *Now We Set Out* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), though a well-portrayed crowd, including two unmistakable mothers-in-law, do their best to mitigate the deadly lack of humour with which *Stephen Perryman* and *Lita Glendinning* take their first six months of matrimony. Not that either party is over-concerned with ethics. *Stephen* just manages to leave a personable middle-aged mistress on the steps, so to speak, of the registry-office, and *Lita's* "past" is, corporeally, buried with the defunct partaker of it. But there is nowadays, you will have noticed, an etiquette of amorality, and it is that which makes these readjustments so uneasy, so complicated and so wearisomely self-conscious. Miss SUSAN ERTZ undoubtedly does her best with an ungrateful subject; but what she really enjoys (and her readers, I fancy, will enjoy too) is the double instalment of well-worn machinery with which she contrives a happy curtain.

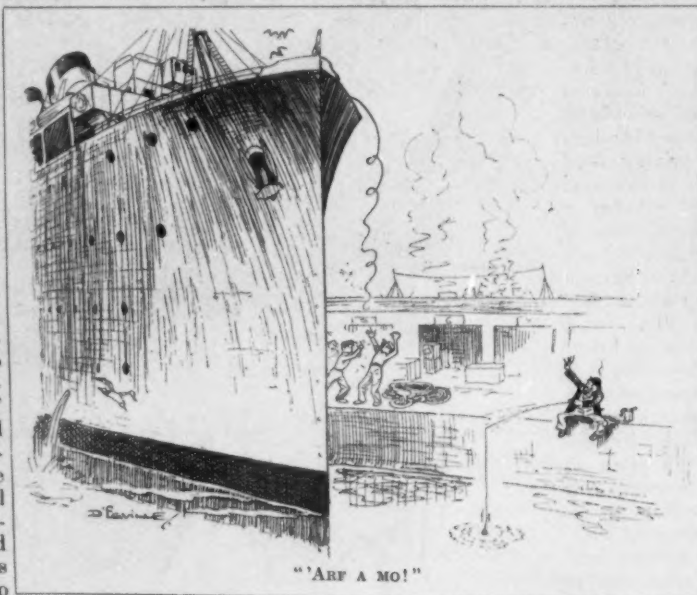
### Coastwise.

There is a peculiar poignancy in the title of Mr. FRANK G. G. CARR'S book, *Vanishing Craft* (COUNTRY LIFE, 15/-). It emphasises still further a melancholy fact which all lovers of sailing-vessels are increasingly realising. The coming of the internal combustion engine is bringing about in relation to coastwise and fishing craft a revolution as complete as and even more rapid than that which steam effected in ocean-going trade, and Mr. CARR, with the able help of Mr. FRANK MASON'S pencil, has here gathered together details and illustrations of some of these fast-disappearing types before it is too late to do so at first hand. In some cases indeed those here described and depicted already belong definitely to the past. The Deal luggers are gone, as are the Suffolk beach yawls. Other types are rapidly decreasing in numbers, the Brixham trawlers among them, while most of the Scottish Fifies and Zulus are now fitted

with auxiliary power, with a resultant cutting down of sail area. The same applies to the Northumbrian and Yorkshire cobbles. It should be remembered too, as Mr. CARR points out, that after the disappearance of these local craft far fewer data of them would survive than of the products of larger shipyards; and how soon details even of famous clipper ships can be lost for ever anyone who has had occasion to search for them well knows. Mr. CARR and his artists are to be congratulated not only upon a beautiful volume but upon what will one day be a valuable contribution to the history of craft no longer vanishing but vanished.

### Plots within Plots.

Mr. CUTHBERT HEADLAM'S second novel, *Knight Reluctant* (MURRAY, 7/6), would make as good a Christmas-present for any credulous girl or boy who has outgrown schoolroom fiction as it would for a lover of thrillers. I must say I found it difficult to believe that a Harley Street dentist would, even on request, strap a specialist to the chair in his chamber of horrors. The fact that after extracting a tooth he fell down dead behind the chair is, at any rate to the hardened reader of this kind of fiction, less surprising. Still, I can see the convenience of all this from the author's point of view, and I am not going to give him away by outlining the story, in which he introduces us to a kidnapped girl, an American gun-runner, an Orangeman who has all the necessary characteristics of the best hero-villains, several Sinn Feiners and many other strange people. The story is full of movement and excitement, but I wish the Harley Street specialist who acts as narrator showed a little more sense of



"'ARF A MO!"

humour in describing how he was dragged into a series of such curious adventures.

### A Life of Service.

To read *Lionel Ford* (S.P.C.K., 5/-) is to realise that all of the three great tasks with which he was invited to deal were by no manner of means easy. Neither Repton nor Harrow were, to put it mildly, in a flourishing state when in turn he went to them as Headmaster, and he was appointed to the Deanery of York at a critical moment in the Minster's history. All of this and a great deal more Dr. CYRIL ALINGTON clearly shows in a biography which is written with admirable tact and humour. For obvious reasons Dr. ALINGTON must have found difficulties ahead of him in the preparation of this book, but wisely he called for assistance and he did not call in vain. Reptonians have responded freely in their desire to pay tribute to "the Boss" who did such splendid work for their school; and nothing could be more illuminating than Mr. ARCHER VASSALL'S account of FORD at Harrow. And so we get a fine picture of a very human and vital figure, not free from foibles, but always loyal and more and more lovable as the years went by.





### THE GREAT PAMPHLETEER.

"It means war," he said.

"What does?"

"The Saar."

"Does it?" I said. "I hardly know any German to speak of."

He was a very orgulous man. We met at the top of Fleet Street, and he was scowling fiercely at me as he spoke.

"What is the Saar, anyway?" he went on, hitting his left palm with the knuckles of his right hand.

"Oh, I can tell you that!" I cried eagerly. "It's a basin. About as large as Surrey. I've read that again and again. Just think what a Christmas-pudding——"

"We shall be dragged into it," he said.

"Both of us?"

"Everybody in England will be dragged into the basin of the Saar."

I attempted to see the picture. I couldn't.

"Anyhow the Italians will be there," I ventured at last. But he scowled again.

"Have you seen the Ballot of Blood?"

"The which?"

He produced a white pamphlet. There were five questions printed on it. These were they:—

1. Should Great Britain remain a member of the League of Nations?
2. Are you in favour of an all-round reduction of armaments by international agreement?
3. Are you in favour of the all-round abolition of national military and naval aircraft by international agreement?
4. Should the manufacture and sale of armaments for private profit be prohibited by international agreement?
5. Do you consider that if a nation insists on attacking another the other nations should combine to compel it to stop by
  - (a) economic and non-military measures?
  - (b) if necessary, military measures?



"That is the Ballot of Blood," he said when I had finished reading them.

"I don't see any," I objected. "But it may have got in between the fibres. Have you sent a specimen to Sir BERNARD SPILSBURY yet?"

"If people say 'Yes' to those five questions we shall be dragged into a European war."

"Then why not say 'No' to them?" I suggested brightly. "That would make it a Ballot of Water or a Ballot of Ink."

"How would you answer those five questions yourself?"

"I should say 'Yes' to the first two."

"And then?"

"Oh, then I should say all sorts of things. I should counter-attack with *élan*. (That's a kind of thing the French used in the last War, you know.) I should ask how you get an international agreement when some of the nations weren't there to agree. I should ask how you abolish an aircraft when people seem so anxious to fly. And what would you do about frontier wars in the Far East? And who provides the guns and things for the nations that haven't got any armament factories. I should put them through the third degree. I should dazzle them with my brilliant ripostes. That is to say if the ink didn't run all over the page and make a horrid mess."

"And what about Question 5?"

"Oh, Question 5. Well, wasn't that exactly what we all were doing in 1914? And pretty glorious we said we were to do it."

"Exactly what I told you. We should be dragged into another Continental war."

"Ought we to have been dragged into the last one? Wouldn't that have been an interesting question to ask? I wonder why they didn't put that one in?"

"You're not taking the thing seriously, and it's a very serious affair. By sending troops to the Saar we are pledging ourselves to interfere in what is no business of ours."

"It doesn't say anything about the Saar in your Ballot of Whatever-it-is," I complained.

"The principle is precisely the same. There is one thing and one only that we ought to do. We should turn our backs on Europe and stretch out our hands to the brethren of our own race across the sea."

"If you did that in Gibraltar and Cyprus," I said thoughtfully, "you would have to put a line of brethren all along the north coast of Africa, wouldn't you? But look here."

"Well?"

"I want to take you to see a queer old chap who has been collecting pamphlets all through the past year of the most pacific nature, and made a big book of them."

"What's it called?" he inquired suspiciously.

"Practically speaking," I said, "it's entitled

'Punch or War?'

In fact, it happens to be his

One Hundred and Eighty-Seventh Volume."



